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PLAYBOY



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Interviewed**

**Inside
the Terrorist
Conspiracy:
A Chilling
Close-up**

**Vroom!
Checking Out
the Big New
Supercycles**

**A Pictorial for
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PLAYBILL

A FEW YEARS AGO, Sinatra had us all crying into our beers because Saturday night was the loneliest night of the week. Today, of course, Saturday night is the funniest night of the week (some weeks, anyway) and the reason is those three little words—NBC's *Saturday Night*. To see what makes this rowdy bunch of zanies really tick, we sent Associate Editor **John Blumenthal** and free-lance writer **Lindsay Maracotta** to interview the gang—including **Chevy Chase**. Blumenthal, our humor genius in residence (he loves to be called a genius), reports that he hasn't had so much fun since the pigs ate his brother.

And now on to other pleasures. Associate Editor **James R. Petersen's** two all-consuming passions are motorcycles and the male orgasm—and not necessarily in that order. His *The Extended Male Orgasm* will tell you everything you ought to know ever about the subject of prolonging your climax. And his *Long-Distance Runners* takes a road-burner's look at the current crop of supercycles now on the market. Chicago photographer **Paul Gremmler** took the super shots that accompany Petersen's bike article.

Joy is not unconfined, however, as witness the daily headlines. International terrorism is no longer the stuff that Ian Fleming novels are made of—it intrudes on our everyday lives. In *Terror, Inc.* (illustrated by **Eraldo Carugati**), journalist **David B. Tinnin**, the author of *Hit Team*—a portion of which was published in *PLAYBOY* last year—reveals the sources, training techniques and purpose of the wave of terrorism that's sweeping the world today. You won't like what you read, but you'd be wise to read it—along with another scarifying *PLAYBOY* article, *Crash*, by **Rob and Sarah Elder**. It's the story of the jumbo jet that went down in the Florida Everglades several years ago, as told by survivors and rescuers. *Crash* is an excerpt from the forthcoming book of the same name to be published by Atheneum.

Trauma of another sort is brilliantly portrayed in *Oral History*, a tragic story about South Africa's escalating black-white conflict by that country's leading novelist, **Nadine Gordimer**. Gordimer, who won *PLAYBOY's* best-fiction award in 1973, will be holding short-story seminars at Columbia University later this year. The artwork for *Oral History* was done by **Philippe Weisbecker**.

Another distinguished author making an appearance in this month's *PLAYBOY* (his first) is the noted Argentinian writer, poet and critic **Jorge Luis Borges**. His *The Other* is a weird philosophical tale of a professor who meets his youthful self one cold winter day on the bank of Cambridge's Charles River. (As literary trivia, we offer the fact that one of Borges' interests is studying Old Norse.) **Robert Sheckley** also explores a weird—if rather well-trodden—theme, the old three-wishes-from-the-Devil tale, in *Silversmith Wishes*. The ending, as you may have guessed, is twisted. The illustration for *Silversmith* was created by **Bill Vukсанovich**.

What else is there to say? Plenty! This month you'll also find our annual *Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast*, by **David Platt** (with on-location photography by **Helmut Newton**); *The What-Me-Stupid? Quiz*, by **Jack Sharkey** (sample question: What is the common link that unites a guinea pig's tail, a shark's sleeping habits, a rat's incidence of nausea and the location of public telephones at a race track?); actress **Patti D'Arbanville** as pictured by renowned photographer **David Hamilton** (she'll soon be starring in his first film); *Bewitched by Older Women*, with text by **Paul Theroux**; a crazy **B. Klibon** cartoon feature that's from his forthcoming book *Whack Your Porcupine and Other Drawings*, to be published by Workman; and **Kellie Everts**, the best-looking weight lifter you ever saw (she also lifts spirits as vice-president of the One World Light Church), photographed by **Jean-Paul Goude**. The rest of our May line-up we'll give you the pleasure of discovering for yourself.



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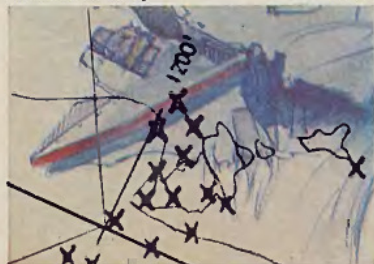
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COVER STORY

In case you haven't already noticed, in this month's cover, featuring Playmate of the Year Lillian Müller, the Rabbit is formed by the soda glass, maraschino cherry and straws. Now for some inside poop: That vanilla ice cream in the glass is actually mashed potatoes—we tried it with ice cream, but it kept melting under the strong light.

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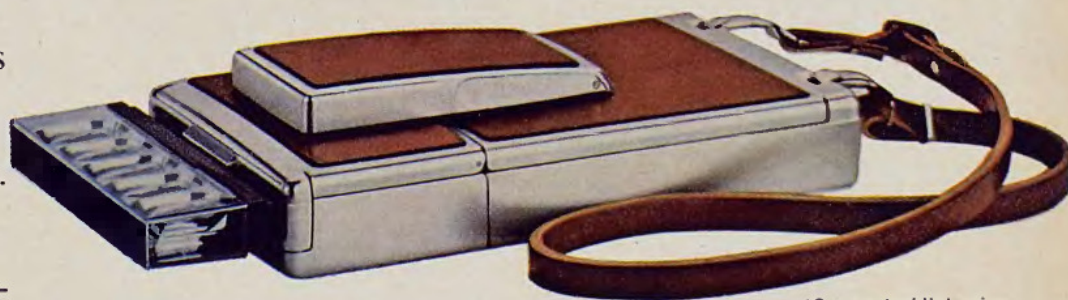
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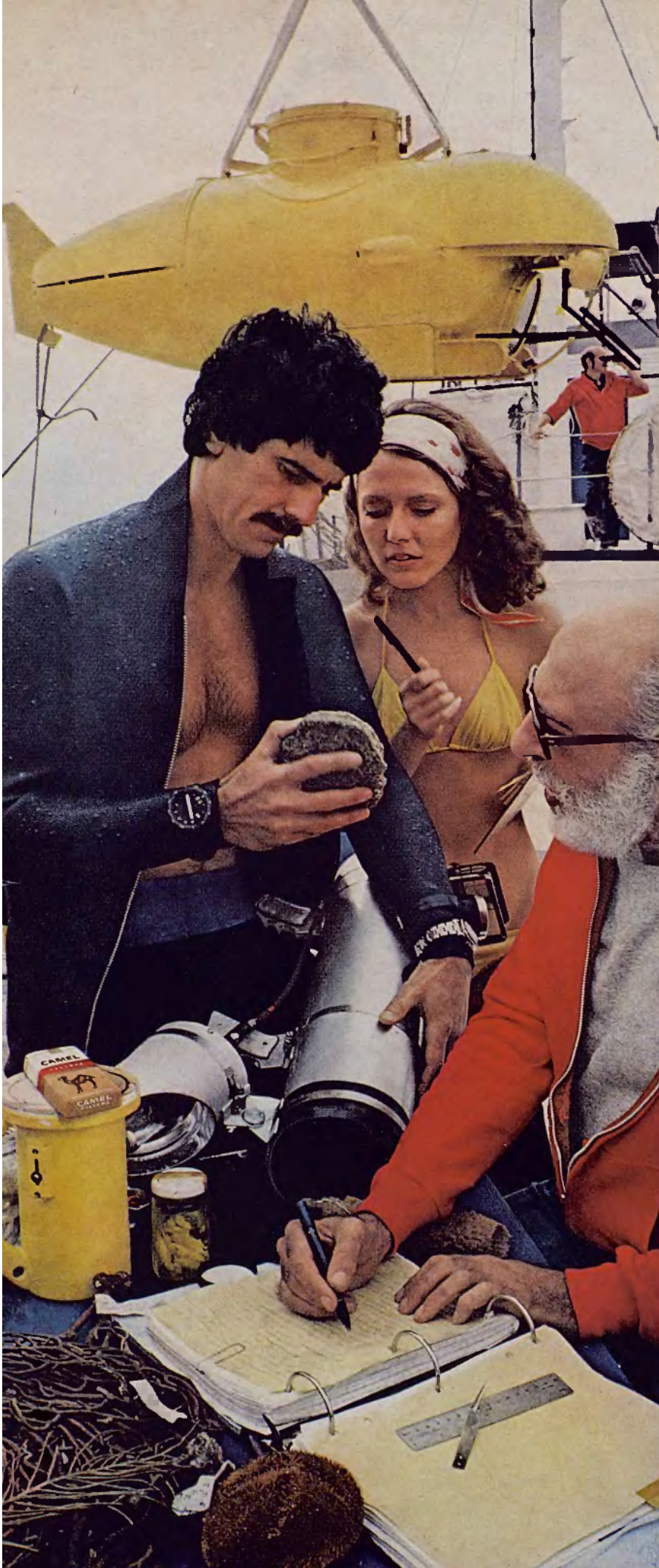
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STROUP: PROS AND CONS

When I read the Keith Stroup interview (PLAYBOY, February), I couldn't believe it. Finally, someone is in there fighting for a cause that is worth while.

Robert W. Zeglen
Schenectady, New York

Right on, Keith Stroup! I am fired up and outraged by the narrow-mindedness of today's laws, especially in Kansas. I am a middle-class housewife and mother who is tired of being forced to hide behind locked doors and pulled shades to indulge in smoking grass while drinkers are allowed to do considerably more harm to themselves.

Debbie Morris
Lyons, Kansas

Your February interview with Keith Stroup is superb. Wake up, America; marijuana won't hurt you.

(Name and address
withheld by request)

I wish rednecks would realize that grass is better than booze.

Dave Schultz
Batavia, New York

Thank God for people like Keith Stroup.

Rick Brooke
Williamsport, Pennsylvania

I am consistently amazed by the lack of objectivity on the part of those defending marijuana use. All studies that indicate harmful effects from smoking grass are lambasted as biased. These people hear what they want to hear and they don't want to hear anything bad about marijuana. My own opinion is that there's a process of cultural degeneration going on, of which smoking pot is as much a symptom as a cause.

Stephen A. McNallen
Berkeley, California

In my interview in PLAYBOY, there is one editorial error that I want to correct. The interview lists Senator Gary Hart as one of the major supporters of marijuana decriminalization on the Federal level. The correct reference is to the late U.S. Senator Philip Hart, a member of NORML's national advisory board and,

indeed, one of the staunchest defenders of individual rights, including marijuana decriminalization, in the U.S. Congress. In fact, Senator Hart once refused to cosponsor the major Federal decriminalization proposal on the basis that it was too much of a compromise; he didn't want any penalty at all for private marijuana smoking. Hart was a magnificent man who will be sorely missed in the United States Senate. Otherwise, I appreciate the continuing support that NORML receives from PLAYBOY and from the Playboy Foundation.

Keith Stroup, National Director
NORML
Washington, D.C.

An excellent interview with Keith Stroup and factual, too. I should know—I have fought alongside him.

John Finlator
Arlington, Virginia

John Finlator is former deputy director of the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs and on the advisory board of NORML.

It was bad enough to read the stories about the senseless prosecution of Hugh Hefner's assistant Bobbie Arnstein when her trial was going on. It became even worse to read in your interview with Keith Stroup just how stupid the whole thing really was. Did anyone really believe Bobbie was a hardened criminal who deserved to be put away? Beyond that, did the Drug Enforcement Administration ever have anything on Hefner?

Bill Tompkin
Chicago, Illinois

You conveniently arrange to have the Keith Stroup interview steered to a mention of the DEA investigation of Bobbie Arnstein, just so Stroup can parrot the PLAYBOY line—and you expect us to believe that the Government had nothing? Come on, now.

Norman Argus
Wichita, Kansas

The DEA investigation of Hefner was constructed solely on the principle that the public would believe that where there's smoke, there's fire. Perhaps a more appropriate view would be that expressed by John F. Kennedy when he said, "Where there's smoke, there's a smoke"

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machine," the smoke machine in this case being the Government. Here are the facts: As Stroup said in the interview, Bobbie Arnstein was not directly involved in the cocaine deal in Florida in 1971—she was merely the buyer's girlfriend. When the original indictments against those involved in the Florida deal were handed down in 1972, Bobbie was not indicted. It wasn't until 1974, two years later, that one of the original defendants, who'd been cooperating with the Government, suddenly named Bobbie as the person who had carried the cocaine from Florida to Chicago. One week later, Bobbie was arrested. (The informer, by the way, simultaneously managed to get his jail sentence reduced by two thirds, a situation that may make his testimony somewhat suspect.) During the pretrial legal maneuvering, there was testimony from a named conspirator that Bobbie had not carried the cocaine. That conspirator was mysteriously removed from the indictment. Before, during and after Bobbie Arnstein's trial, a number of witnesses were paraded before a Federal Grand Jury in Chicago and asked to testify about supposed drug dealings at the L.A. and Chicago Playboy Mansions. None of them could truthfully respond that there were any such dealings, despite prosecutorial browbeating, pressure, deception and tricks (in one such episode, prosecutors warned Bobbie of a death threat, hinting that perhaps Hefner was behind it). Ultimately, after reaping major headlines that made some reputations and defamed others, the Government prosecutors gave up, announcing that they'd found no evidence of any hard-drug use or dealings by Hefner. Those are the facts—you be the judge.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

I was disappointed with *Playboy's Playmate Preview* (PLAYBOY, February), because it doesn't include three lovelies who were featured in *Bunnies of '76* (PLAYBOY, October), Margo Miller, Nini Minor and Toni Consalvi. I feel that each of these women is an outstanding candidate for Playmate of the Month.

(Name and address withheld by request)

You've done it again, as only a magazine with class could have. My vote goes to the following beauties: Debra Jo Fondren, Deborah Kehoe, Lisé Kaiser, Kristine Winder and Sherry Marks.

Craig Siemssen
New Orleans, Louisiana

Christina Allen is the loveliest lady I have ever seen.

Mike Raubinger
Albuquerque, New Mexico

I'm in love with Debra Jo Fondren, I think. I say I think because you guys screwed up by showing only half of her

face. Not that I'm complaining—she's got a terrific profile—but how about giving us a look at her looking at the birdie?

Pete Trachtman
Madison, Wisconsin

Which birdie are you talking about? No matter. Here's an outtake of Debra Jo saying "Cheese" without moving her



lips. You'll be interested to know that Debra Jo has been asked to return for a reshooting, which is phase two of our selection process.

CRAZY JOE'S EXIT LINES

Crazy Joe Must Die! (PLAYBOY, February), by Paul S. Meskil, had me alternately chilled and laughing. Truth is, indeed, stranger than fiction.

Bill Powery
New London, Connecticut

Certainly one of the *weirdest* stories I've ever read. I'm looking forward to reading the book.

Alden Sumach
Montpelier, Vermont

SEX '76 STYLE

In *The Year in Sex* (PLAYBOY, February), you have a picture of the nude wedding of Linda and Joe Trosclair in Newport, Kentucky. Linda made a lovely bride in her traditional white garter. But her maid of honor is something else! The face of a young Liz Taylor and the figure of your own Annie Fanny brought to magnificent life.

E. Ries Meyers
Baltimore, Maryland

HORROR STORIES

Tad Szulc's *A Very Quiet Horror* (PLAYBOY, February) should make the political leaders of this country take a good, hard look at the path on which our foreign policy has led us. Our support of the Chilean government has done more to downgrade our image in the

world than have all the blunders that we made protecting the integrity of Vietnam.

Robert C. Pogachnik
Gainesville, Florida

Tad Szulc states that since the 1973 coup, "only 20 Chilean political-refugee families have been authorized to enter this country," and he adds, "So much for American humanitarianism." Does Szulc suggest that the United States should offer solace and refuge to a band of Marxists? Let them flee to a Communist country. I recommend Cuba.

John A. Knight
Dayton, Ohio

I just finished throwing up after reading Tad Szulc's article. You have to be an asshole to even dream of a relationship between jails in Chile and torture camps in Russia.

T. Figueroa
Tucson, Arizona

Orlando Letelier was imprisoned by the Chilean military junta for about one year, he was never tortured, he never saw anybody killed, he was permitted to receive letters and photos of his family, and finally, after one year, he was permitted to leave. And Szulc has the guts to call this the Chilean Gulag? He should apply his talent to reporting conditions in the prison camps in Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc., where the term horror would be well applied.

Vladimir Janatka
Oakville, Connecticut

I hope Jimmy Carter reads Szulc's interview with Letelier.

Sam Ognibene
Laredo, Texas

SWEET TALK

Part II of *The Motel Tapes* (PLAYBOY, February), by Mike McGrady, is even better than Part I, but how come you don't bill it as fiction?

Lew Tyler Harris
Memphis, Tennessee

Because it isn't fiction.

The thing I don't like about *The Motel Tapes* is the eerie familiarity of some of the conversations. It's almost as if you guys bugged my bedroom.

Steve Abelson
Omaha, Nebraska

POLLSTERS

Thank you, thank you, *Playboy Sex Poll* (PLAYBOY, February), for getting men's faces back where we want 'em! Seems like every guy I invite between the sheets almost immediately heads south. As for the results of your queries on cock-sucking, I can tell you why 58 percent of the women you interviewed were (supposedly) off target. It's because of all the

The Bulova Quartz Digital. Inside, the most advanced kind of watch movement, with Bulova solid-state engineering. Outside, a handsome piece of jewelry with a face you can read, without squinting, day or night. And above all: Bulova dependability. The watches you see, left to right: 82702, man's LED (push-button time), \$110. 82315, man's LCD (constant time, with night light), \$130. 82673, lady's LED, \$135. Suggested retail prices. © Bulova Watch Co.



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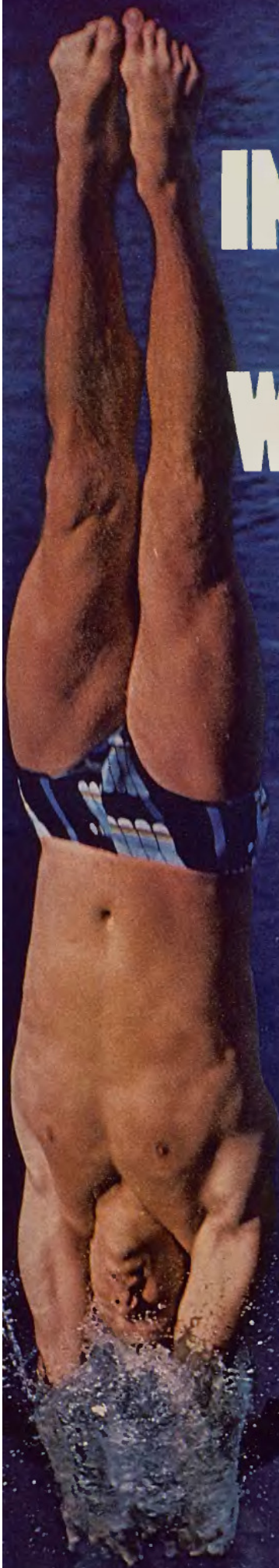
If you were wearing Jockey brand Dual Purpose underwear right now, you could just take off your clothes and you'd be ready to do any of the things you see on this page.

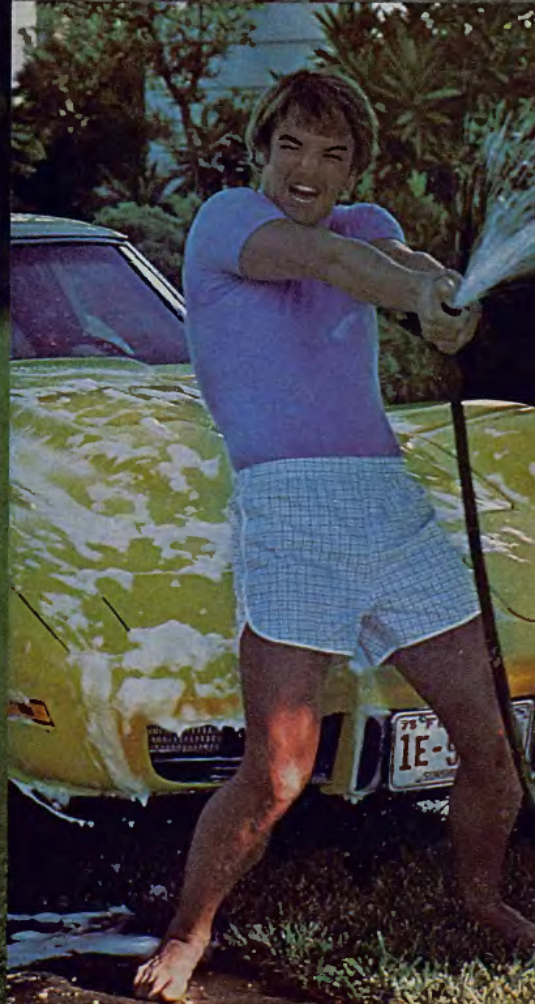
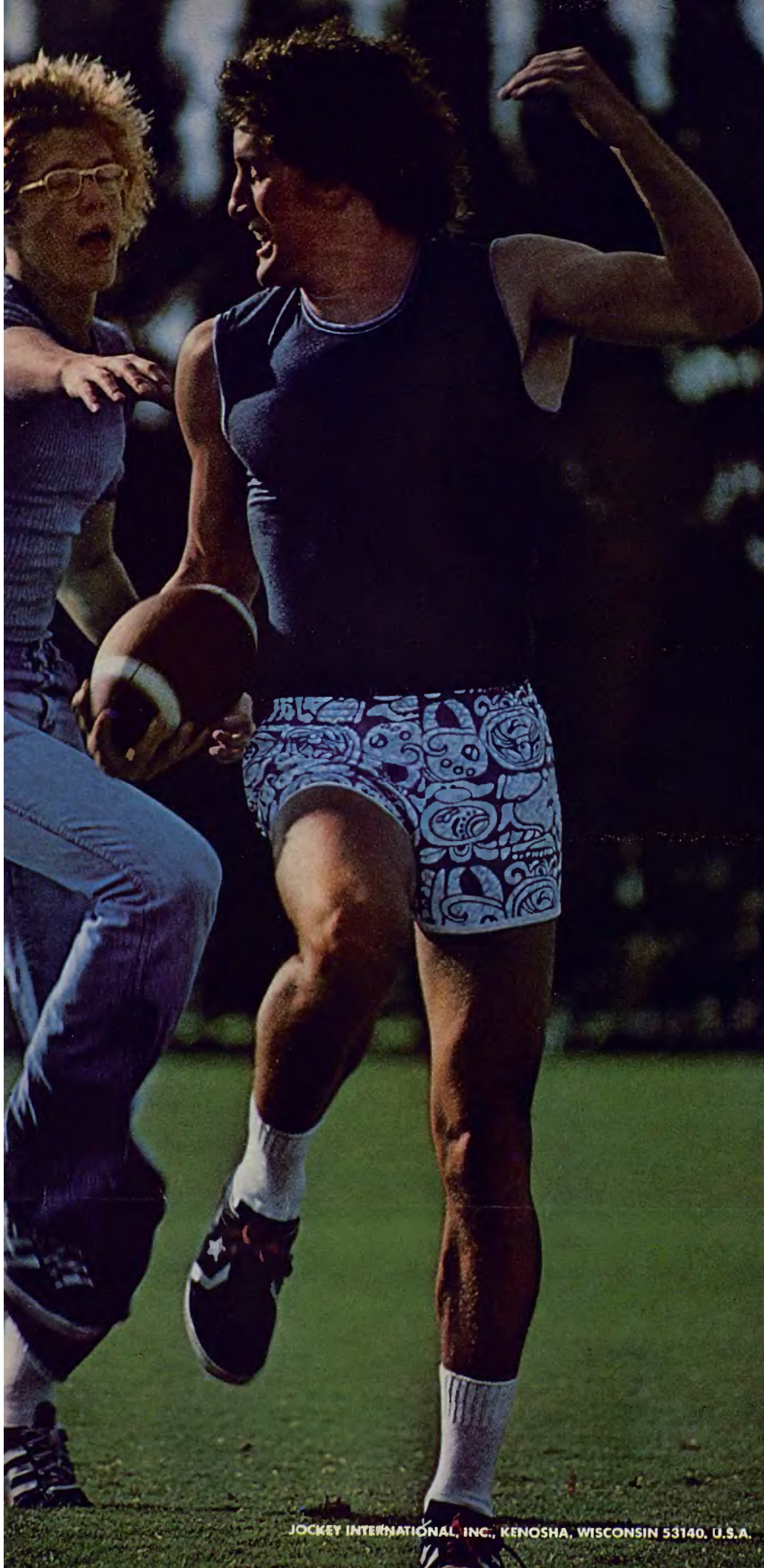
That's because Jockey Dual Purpose underwear is designed to be both underwear and everything from swimwear to gym clothes and walking shorts.

And besides being practical and comfortable, our Dual Purpose underwear is just plain nice to look at. As you can see, it includes fun tops, crop tops, sport shorts, lo-rise briefs and surf briefs. All in just about every size and color.

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"Oooohs" and "Aaaahs" and "Don't stop" and the one-night stands who call back because "you give the greatest head" they've ever had. Anyway, I'm keeping the issue, turned to the poll, for my intimate friends to read while I slip into something more comfortable.

(Name and address withheld by request)

The February *Playboy Sex Poll* cracked me up. Even when women are wrong (58 percent believed we like oral sex most), they're sweet.

J. D. Tarpenning
Martinez, California

Your so-called poll is a crock, if you ask me.

Len Fesker
Dallas, Texas

We didn't.

COVER BLURBS

As a photographer, I don't often get excited about your covers, but the one for your February issue is beautiful!

Jeff Peterson
Bloomington, Indiana

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder! Soft contact lenses are in the eyes of the beauty on your February cover.

Dr. Ronald P. Snyder, Optometrist
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

You're right, doc.

WELCH RAREBITS

O'Connell Driscoll's profile of Raquel (The Postcelluloid Tristesse of Raquel Welch) in your February issue is a fine write. And it's good to know that *PLAYBOY* continues to discover, nurture and publish brilliant young writers in an age when editors so often yawn and turn to Norman Mailer, Tom Wolfe, Larry L. King, et al., for the last boring word on everything.

John Brady, Editorial Director
Writer's Digest
Cincinnati, Ohio

O'Connell Driscoll's *The Postcelluloid Tristesse of Raquel Welch* is certainly

very enlightening, but when are we going to *really* see the lovely Raquel?

Paul Tyler
Paris, Texas

One picture of Raquel would be worth 10,000 words. Same goes for America's new, up-and-coming sex symbol Farrah Fawcett-Majors.

Lee Breslow
Princeton, New Jersey

All right, already. How's this for killing two birds with one stone? Our intrepid photographers just happened to catch Raquel and Farrah in this rather



compromising situation. Actually, this photo is a still from the 1970 film "Myra Breckinridge," featuring Raquel and Farrah—before the fancy hairdo. In case you can't tell who's who, that's Raquel on the left, Farrah on the right.

STARGAZERS

What can be said about your February gatefold? What stunning, graceful lines! The slim neck, and those knobs! Devastating, absolutely devastating. The silvery G string sends shivers down my spine! The girl isn't bad-looking, either.

Joe Bivona
New York, New York

As a fan of both rock 'n' roll and lovely females, I enjoyed your pictorial

on Star Stowe very much. Certainly the most interesting piece of "rock memorabilia" I've come across recently.

Kevin McCarthy
Cleveland, Ohio

COASTS POST

Congratulations to Marshall Brickman for his article *The Book of Coasts* (*PLAYBOY*, February). It's about time the nation's first and third largest cities buried the hatchet and lived in peace.

Lee L. Green
Chicago, Illinois

The Book of Coasts made me a Brickman fan. Has he written for *PLAYBOY* before?

Arthur Johnson
Mexico City, Mexico

Brickman is the author of *"The Celebrated Ponce-Kmitch Match and Other Chess Classics"* (April 1973), *"Samuel Pepys in Funne City"* (August 1973) and *"Is It Nice to Have Sex with a Brussels Sprout?"* (January 1974).

CRYBABY

Thanks to Brian Vachon for *What, Me Cry?* (*Selected Shorts*, *PLAYBOY*, February). Although I have not experienced such traumatic times as he, when I have felt the need to cry, I have had to settle for bruised knuckles or bent glasses. I can't remember the first or the last time I cried, but after reading Vachon's article, my lids filled to the brim. But I couldn't cry. Maybe in a few years.

Dion Glenn Burn
Richmond, Virginia

STORY LINES

The Trolls of God (*PLAYBOY*, February), by James Powell, gets my vote for best humorous work of the year. My sides still hurt from laughing!

Doug Stoiber
Canfield, Ohio

TO RUSSIA WITH LOVE

Rarely have I been as disgusted by any article as I was by *The Russian Playboy* in your January issue. You left-wing swingers at *PLAYBOY* are obviously too busy smoking marijuana and having free sex with beautiful blondes with big breasts and no morals to be aware that even now this country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the slave-masters of the Soviet Union. *The Russian Playboy* creates the image for your millions of readers that our mortal enemies are stupid and buffoonish, hardly worth our eternal vigilance. Nothing could be further from the truth. We must always remember the shrewdness and cunning of the Red Menace. I thought Joe Stalin was dead. Apparently, he is alive and well and writing for *PLAYBOY*.

(Name and address withheld by request)



DEJA VU

The January *National Lampoon* cover looks strangely familiar. Haven't I seen one like it before—in *PLAYBOY*?

Al Prosker
Akron, Ohio

We used the same idea for our Crisis magazine parody in May 1974.



Have I got a deal for you!

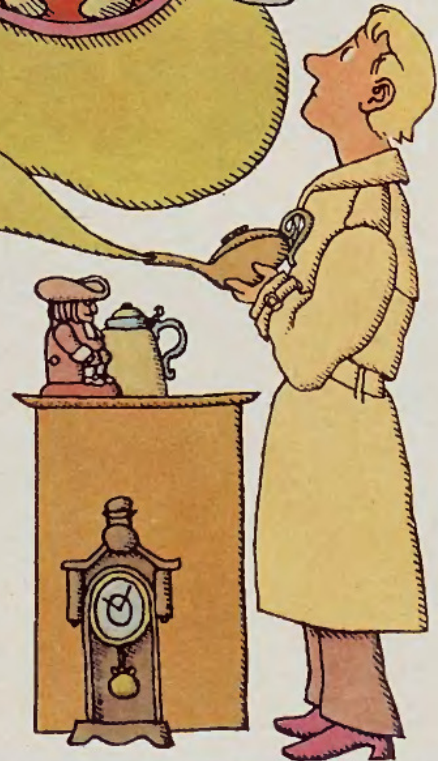
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GO FLY A MIDGET.

Maybe you're tired of that boxed-in feeling that comes with closed-in economy cars. Maybe it's time you had a little fun in the top-down, wide-open, MG Midget.

It has a four-speed stick, electric tach, sports-car suspension, front disc brakes and a feel for the road that is pure pleasure.

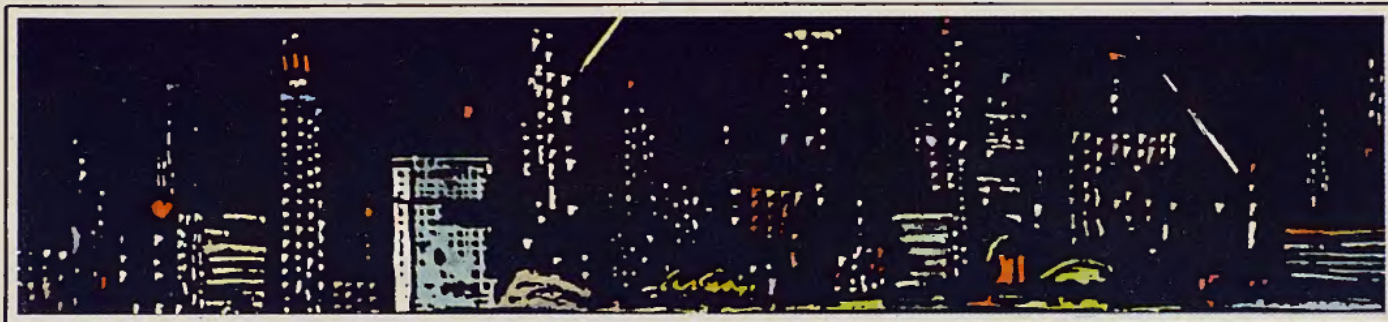
Yet, this is also a thrifty machine. Midget is the lowest-priced true sports car in America. It also gets 34 M.P.G. on the highway and 22 M.P.G. in town. (These are EPA estimates, and the mileage you get may vary depending on how and where you drive, the car's condition, optional equipment and may be lower in California.)

If whatever you're driving gets you down, go fly a Midget. For the name of the MG Dealer nearest you, call these numbers toll-free: (800) 447-4700, or, in Illinois, (800) 322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07805.



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Jimmy Carter, Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger have recently been named fathers—of illegitimate children in Washington, D.C. There's a rule in the capital that mothers of illegitimate babies who want to put them up for adoption have to name the fathers. If the mother won't name the father, weeks of bureaucratic red tape slow adoption proceedings. Rumor has it that if you drop a famous name, the adoption judge won't press you for details and will allow the baby to be adopted right away.

In the Philippine town of Angat, the mayor decided to choose a beauty queen and alleviate the town's rat problem at the same time. So he awarded contestants ten points for each rat tail they collected.

This caption appeared under an illustration of two birds in *Publishers Weekly*: "This pair of great tits have a large vocabulary: 72 different calls."

At a joke-telling contest in Savona, Italy, 47-year-old Elisetto Piuma heard a joke that knocked him dead—literally. Piuma laughed so hard he had a heart attack and died.

A newspaper account of a cliff-hanger between two Pennsylvania high school basketball teams tells us "It was a nip-and-fuck game all the way as the lead changed hands many times."

The Existential Journalism Citation of the Month goes to the *San Francisco Chronicle* for bringing us this curious little tidbit in a filler section: "It takes three people to artificially inseminate a whooping crane."

Must have been a big family. In a nostalgic article about the old hotels of Beaumont, Texas, the *Beaumont Journal* said that "the LaSalle Hotel . . . was opened in 1928 by a group of local incestors. It was built with 250 guest rooms."

Yes, and it got a five on the Richter scale! Several readers around the country claim to have heard this rather unusual broadcast concerning the mission of the Viking I spacecraft: "Early results of tests conducted by the Viking I landing craft indicate that the Martian soil may contain lifelike orgasms."

Whenever Henry Evans of Ebbw Vale, Wales, went to the supermarket, he would place a bag on the floor near a woman shopper's feet and then press something in the bag. A store manager observed Henry's strange behavior and notified the police—who discovered that Henry wasn't squeezing the Charmin but a camera-shutter release. A search of his house revealed 144 photographs taken from the south side of women's skirts looking north.

From the bulletin of the Algiers United Methodist Church in New Orleans, this flash: "We thank you all for prayers for Bill—and for your Christian love always. Bill is in Jo Ellen Smith and was operated on Friday." Jo Ellen Smith, we might add, is the name of a hospital.

In a feat befitting *Charlie's Angels*, three female employees of a Danbury, Connecticut, sandwich shop apprehended a young man who allegedly robbed the shop of \$37. The girls, aged 18 to 20, chased him across the street, caught him, recovered the stolen money—and appropriated his pants, which they ripped to shreds. When the police caught up to the suspect, he pleaded, "Get me some heat."

So who needs skill? Braniff Education Systems in Dallas advertised courses in aviation maintenance with this come-on: "Must have skilled technicians who know how to get it up, keep it up and bring it down . . . safely."

What's a male herring called—a himming? If you can't tell the difference between a male and a female herring, Neptune Dynamics of Vancouver, British Columbia, has



produced a machine that will do it for you. It's called a Herring Sex Sorter and it's the only machine of its kind in the world. We don't doubt it.

The brie is great, but Doris needs a little spice. In the recreational listings of the *Villager*, a Baldwinsville, New York, newspaper, this program attracted a substantial number of participants: "TUESDAY—game night, preceded by a wife and cheese tasting hour from seven to eight P.M."

And now he's holding up the trial because he won't testify: Italy's government-owned railroad system has filed suit against a dead man. According to the newspaper *Il Messaggero*, the suit charges the deceased Lorenzo Castelli with holding up three trains for periods of up to 29 minutes by "crossing the tracks incautiously and being hit by the train."

Actually, she's a philatelist—specializing in food stamps. A Madison, Wisconsin, woman told a judge that she spent \$14,000 in six weeks on a car, a stereo, a television, a whirlpool bath, a clock and an assortment of furniture so that she would be poor enough to get back on welfare. She succeeded.

What does he do when he bags one? A Michigan sporting magazine published this caption under a hunter's photo: "Member of Saginaw Valley Chapter of Michigan Dick Hunters. . ."

Criminal of the Year Award goes to the 13-year-old boy who was recently arrested for robbing Miami police of—get this—three pistols, hundreds of bullets, a badge, a hand computer, five electronic beepers, handcuffs, several cylinders of Mace and a night stick. Lamented one of the force's detectives: "I wish he'd leave us alone. We have so little equipment as it is."

Too bad the monkey didn't die first. For 15 years, a spider monkey named Cheeta was Clifford Wade's sole companion. When the septuagenarian died recently, the administrator of his estate remembered Wade's wish to be buried with his monkey. So he had Cheeta killed and buried him with Wade.

A 19-year-old girl from Wrexham, England, pleaded guilty in court to committing criminal damage to a cream cake. Apparently, she had become annoyed by the overtures of a pastry chef and, in retaliation, flung the topping off a freshly made cake at him.

You mean it's *that* kind of bar? Over a report that working in a smoke-filled barroom can be harmful to employees' health, the Grand Prairie, Texas, *P D News* ran this headline: "BARTENDER INHALES THE EQUIVALENT OF 36 FAGS."

FEELTHY BLOOPERS?

Kermit Schafer, known to fans as Mr. Blooper, began compiling broadcasting blunders over 25 years ago. Since then, he has collected enough so-called bloopers to fill 15 books, 30 record albums and a feature-length movie. The following is a compilation of Schafer's favorite blirty doopers:

In a weather report that described the snowfall in the Northwest, an announcer on station KHAR, Alaska, said: "There's another cold mare ass coming from Canada, and Helena got six inches during the night. . . Helena, Montana, that is."

During one of the lulls in a Minnesota Twins baseball game, the TV camera took some close-up shots of the fans in the stands. The sportscaster observed two young neckers seated behind third base and innocently remarked, "Ha, there's two lovers in the stands. He kisses her on the strikes and she kisses him on the balls."

The emcee on a radio program called *Bride and Groom* asked a female contestant, "What was the greatest surprise you ever received?" The woman responded: "I got the biggest surprise of my life when my husband came back from the Army. I woke up one morning and found him standing by my bed with his discharge in his hands."

An announcer read this interesting tidbit right off the wire: "A severe storm hit Atlantic City, New Jersey, today, bringing high winds, hail and more than two inches of rain. A sailor was sucked under the boardwalk by a big WAVE!"

On *Name That Tune*, emcee George DeWitt was desperately trying to give a young lady, who had recently been married, a clue to the song title *I Love You*. After she missed it several times, the emcee hinted, "What did you say to your husband on your wedding night?" She thought



that over for a few seconds, then replied, "Gosh, that's a hard one."

This unfortunate choice of words was uttered by a female radio personality: "I was almost late for the broadcast because I went to see my Uncle Jack off on the Queen Mary."

An early-morning d.j. was doing his first commercial and all went well until he ad-libbed: "You will love

this delicious bread. By the way, did you know how the sandwich got its name? The Earl of Sandwich was the first man to put his meat between two pieces of bread."

In the Thirties, Decca had a 78-rpm record release by Whoopee John and His Orchestra. The record label carried the full name of Whoopee John Wilfahrt, which caused one poor announcer to bloop, "And now, Whoopee John Wilfahrt and the orchestra will play."

One unfortunate newscaster started his newscast with this item: "Good afternoon. Crowds of thousands cheered today as Pope Pius the 12th stood in his bedroom window in Saint Peter's Square and exposed himself."

As a final memorandum, a local newscaster blooped this on the air: "So, remember, we want all of you to turn out for the peter-pulling contest at Saint Taffy's Church. . . er . . . that should be the taffy-pulling contest at Saint Peter's Church this Sunday!"

A news director at WLKS, Rhode Island, was the victim of this bulletin: "From his emergency flood headquarters at city hall, Mayor Friedman has just ordered all families living near or adjacent to the Mill River to ejaculate immediately!"

An announcer once introduced the great banjoist Eddie Peabody as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: Mr. Eddie Playbody will now pee for you."



The KOOL BOX.
Flip open
extra coolness.

Come up to KOOL.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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MUSEUMS

Southern novelist Flannery O'Connor was only once tempted to travel Hollywood. In her first book, *Wise Blood*, she put a character who spots a mummified humanoid in a natural-history museum, wrests the tiny ancient from display and bears it about, trailing cerements, convinced that it's the Messiah. So when O'Connor heard that the Roy Rogers-Dale Evans Museum, a fortlike structure 100 miles east of Los Angeles, offers to public view America's favorite palomino, Trigger—stuffed—she was sorely tempted. But failing health made her skip the still-life rodeo in the high desert of California, and she rode off into the sunset right there in Georgia instead.

I have freely chosen Flannery O'Connor as one of my idols, but it was not always thus. My sister, two years older than I, had dibs on everything when we were kids. Even idols: Had we lived another time and place and had she chosen Baal, I'd have had to wander into the wilderness, fasting and praying until I found a shrine of Dagan. But, as it happened, in Ohio in the Forties, she simply chose cowpoke Roy and I was left with Gene, "Mr. Artery," to worship. Yup, she ripped off the one with the crinkly eyes, so I had to take the one with the physique like a potato. So what? Gene Autry had crinkly eyes, too, sort of—if you squinted. Besides, who knew he'd grow up to be a right-wing media manipulator? (Who knew any of us would?)

Today—wouldn't you know it?—my sister's idol is the one who's recently made a movie, appeared on something like live television, signed autographs in person in record stores. In short, he's making a comeback; Roy Rogers is expecting some kind of future.

Now, about that past: Born Leonard Slye in Cincinnati, Roy left his first identity behind in 1929, and a full quarter mile of 8 x 10 glossy photos along the Roy Rogers-Dale Evans Museum tour shows the trajectory of his and Dale's career, demonstrating how Roy became the apotheosis of Cowboy, Righter of Wrongs, and won top-star commendations from a variety of showbiz publications; letters of Presidential thanks (Roy and Dale surprised little David Eisenhower's birthday party in 1956 and Dale sang *Ave Maria* for the Nixons' Christmas in 1967); special plaques and scrolls of membership and gratitude from such seemingly disparate causes as the American Legion, crippled children, Shriners, spastic children, Masons, Christian adoptions, Teen Ranchers in Michigan, College of Angling, exceptional children,



"Buttermilk, stuffed, stands on the right. On the left, Bullet, stuffed, sits, lolling his new red-rubber tongue, gazing up with wonder at the central figure—Trigger, stuffed."

Future Farmers of America and muscular dystrophy, not to mention the National Rifle Association.

When the philosophical implications of all that seem to oscillate too radically, I take a breather to check out Pat Brady's gray jeep, Nellybelle, from the TV series; the 1923 Dodge that brought Roy to California in 1930; Roy's long-horned and chrome-laden white Bonneville convertible that has the plastic-covered tooled-leather interior decked with ten "pearl-handled peacemakers" and inlaid silver dollars, and gun belts, and holsters; and nearby . . . little Trigger, Jr.—stuffed.

You may get the feeling you're rummaging through an endless attic in some territory that's been civilized just long enough to have attics but not ancient history. Here are posters from Rogers movies—*Home in Oklahoma*, *Eyes of Texas*, *South of Caliente*, *Silver Spurs*, *The Golden Stallion*, *Pals of the Golden West*, *Mackintosh and T.J.*—and Western movie memorabilia: the 1904 Starr grand piano from Hoot Gibson's estate, William S. Hart's roughhewn "easy" chair, Black Jack O'Shea's riding outfit, Tom Mix's

hat and guns and a large round table hand-crafted by George Montgomery.

The Angel Corner is devoted to the three children, Robin, Debbie and Sandy, who were taken from the Rogers family before reaching adulthood—and to the three commemorative volumes Dale wrote, one on each tragic occasion. The first—*Angel Unaware*—was a best seller circa 1952. Then there are life-size dioramas depicting the Rogers' home life, stocked with articles of religious observance and items of Western wear (created by God and by Nudie of North Hollywood, respectively; Roy was one of the Ten Best Western Dressed Men in 1971). Other exhibits show off

the neatly taxidermized results of Roy's three African safaris (1956, 1962, 1967) and his arctic and other North American outings: elephant, rhinoceros, African lion, anaconda, sable antelope, roan antelope, wildebeest, greater kudu, waterbuck, Cape buffalo, hartebeest, nilgai, duiker, hyena, baboon. Record-size polar bear, arctic seal and midget penguin. Javelina, timber wolf, bighorn sheep, coyote, rare albino raccoon. Brown bear and wood duck labeled TAKEN BY DALE. A pattern, even a pantheon, is emerging.

Everything clicks when I step up to the hitching rail behind which I find three more domesticated trophies. Dale's Buttermilk, stuffed, stands mildly, if somewhat stolidly, on all fours on the right. On the left, Bullet, stuffed, sits, lolling his new red-rubber tongue, gazing up with enthusiastic wonder at the central figure—Trigger, stuffed, huge, his rampant front hooves frozen against the painted air of a Western backdrop like those used in his 188 movies, rearing up as if on some otherworldly Benzadrine, dreaming glassy-eyed of the ghost rider who'll someday fill his saddle once again. The kitsch poem on the nearest wooden plaque goes, "Oh, put my spurs upon my breast / My rope and saddletree. / And while the boys lay me to rest, / Go turn my horses free," which does not seem to be exactly the way it has happened here.

What does it come down to? All this affection for stuffing just indicates, I guess, Roy's unwillingness to give up on things. The marriage of Roy's Indian heritage to Dale's Texas Christianity has produced some remarkable achievements, including this museum dedicated to the couple's heyday. Maybe it'll yield another heyday, with Roy as an avatar of himself. Whether it's comeback or reincarnation, happy trails to you, Roy; and, Sis, of the two of us, you sure knew how to pick 'em.

—NEVA FRIEDENN

MONTEZUMA. THE TEQUILA THAT WAS BORN TO THE SPIRIT OF THE EVENING STAR.



In Aztec lore, Xolotl, the evening star, was the slightly mischievous twin of the glorious morning star. When Xolotl appeared, the Aztecs got mischievous.

This led, of course, to the development of the ancient tequila arts. And for that, we thank the evening star. So step up, choose your favorite toast, and start showing your gratitude.



Horny Bull Cocktail.™

Xolotl liked mischief, all right. Just fill up some of your strangest glassware (like a mason jar, jelly jar, beer mug or bud vase) with ice, drop in an ounce or so of Montezuma Tequila and fill with fresh orange juice or orange breakfast drink. A few of these will see you through the night.



The Montezuma Margarita. Salt the rim of a chilled glass and fill it with ice. Then pour in three parts Montezuma Tequila, two parts lemon or lime juice, and one part triple sec. And you



were expecting a quiet evening at home.



Tequila Straight.

Ah, nightfall. Pour an ounce and a half of Montezuma Tequila (silver is fine, gold if you feel you're ready) into a shot glass. Put salt on back of hand; hold a wedge of lime between thumb and first finger and in one shadow-like move, lick the salt, drink the tequila and chomp that lime. Who turned off the lights?



Tequila Buttermilk. Take 1½ ounces of Montezuma Tequila, a bottle of lemon-lime soft drink, and lots of cracked ice. Put them in a blender and blend, then pour into a glass and garnish with a lemon-lime wedge. When you wake up, have some buttermilk.

The ancient tequila arts are brought to you by Montezuma, the tequila lovingly made with spirits like Xolotl in mind. It's glorious. It's exhilarating. And it usually starts all kinds of interesting activities.



Montezuma® TEQUILA

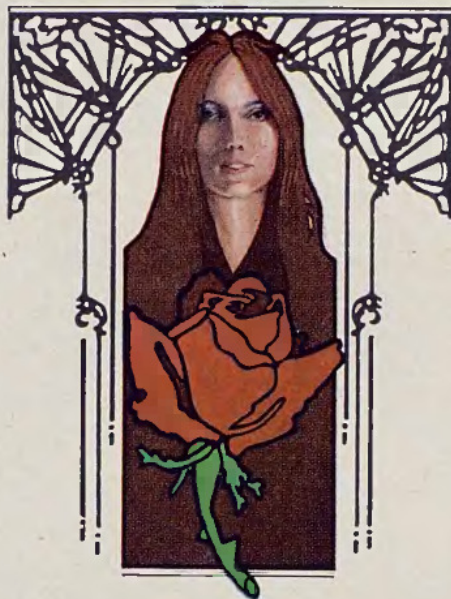
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MUSIC

My, my, she sure can sing. Emmylou Harris has arrived and is one class act. Her third album, *Luxury Liner* (Warner Bros.), entered the country charts at number ten, and it was clear sailing from there on in. The record has a reliable crew (old friends Hank DeVito, Glen D. Hardin, Dolly Parton, Fayssoux Starling, Emory Gordy and producer Brian Ahern) and great charts by the Louvin Brothers (who gave Emmylou her first hit, *If I Could Only Win Your Love*). Harris has a voice that can take the simplest lyrics and make them mysterious. Her new version of Gram Parsons' *She* will break your heart. And when she has a truly challenging set of words, the effect is something else again. The poetry on the album is supplied by Chuck Berry (the cherry-red *C'est la Vie*) and Townes Van Zandt (the cryptic epic *Pancho and Lefty*). The latter may be about the famous Mexican bandit Villa and his right-hand man, Lefty. The relationship is not stated and, for that matter, we're not sure what happens. Pancho gets laid low in the desert, and his friend, ex-lover or assassin, Lefty ("He just did what he had to do"), moves to a cheap hotel in Cleveland. Now "All the federales say/ Could of had him any day/ Only let him slip away/ Hang around/ Out of kindness I suppose." Vulnerable. Vindictive. Eerie. You may not know what happened, but something did, and it was important. We wish there were more songs like *Pancho and Lefty* on this album, in the world, wherever.

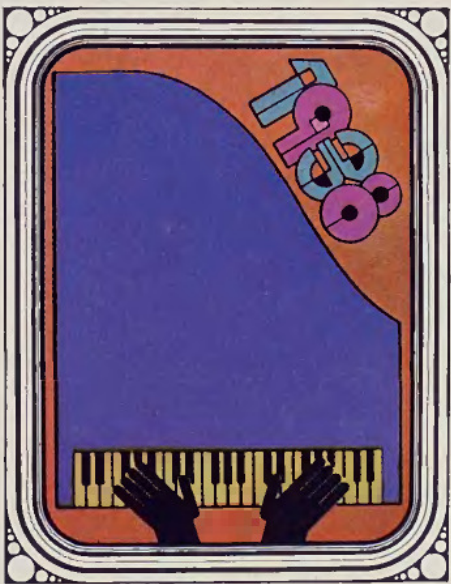
First we had Tubes and Queen; now—from the Avalon of the antipodes, New Zealand—enter Split Enz, the next successor to the throne of classical kink with a rock beat. *Mental Notes* (Chrysalis) piles pedal steel atop Mantovani strings atop Jethro Tull atop Henry Purcell choral brass atop Leon Russell—Russ Conway pianos like a beehive hairdo on a bust of Beethoven. And it works, because musicians Edward Rayner, Tim Finn and Philip Judd know how to fashion a product as rich and precise as a South Sea sunset stretched out on a power loom. Songs like *Late Last Night*, *Lovey Dovey*, *Time for a Change* and *The Woman Who Loves You* are carefully contrived space shots at Cloudcocoooland, all atmosphere and no planet but plenty of things happening. It's worth a visit.

The Smithsonian Collection continues to do yeoman service in the jazz cause, this time with a two-LP package, *Duke Ellington 1938*. The cuts, originally turned out for the old Brunswick label, offer unmistakable clues to what was about to happen in the incredibly productive years of the early Forties, when both the band



Classy Liner.

"Harris can take the simplest lyrics and make them mysterious."



Durable Duke.

and Ellington's creative processes would reach their peak. In truth, clarinetist Barney Bigard, alto man Johnny Hodges and baritone saxophonist Harry Carney were as good as they were going to get, which also is about as good as you can get. The band succumbed on occasion to some of the more sappy absurdities that were by-products of the all-consuming swing era (Ellington recording *Lambeth Walk* is practically unforgivable). But

faddishness was, luckily, never the orchestra's long suit and much of the material in this album has survived nearly four decades in remarkably good shape. We're also reminded that Ivie Anderson was a fine vocalist who really never was given her due.

A friend of ours who regularly writes reviews for this column just broke off with a bluegrass fiddler named Alexandra. We were commiserating with him over the phone the other day when he said, "And, damn it, what do I find yesterday but an album that would really benefit her career if she heard it?"

So if anyone knows Alex, give her *The Songs of Robert Burns Sung by Jean Redpath* (Philo). "And tell her," our friend said, "that *Country Lassie*, arranged by Beethoven with lyrics by Bobbie Burns, is a swell rock-'n'-grass love ballad that, properly jazzed up, would make a fine double-fiddle number. As would *Logan Water*. Also tell her that Luckie in the tune *Johnie Blunt* is a Scottish precursor of Bessie up on *Cripple Creek*. I like the querulous tenderness of *Cauld Kail* [cold cabbage] in *Aberdeen*, but I bet she'll favor the traditional *O My Luve's like a Red Red Rose*, because it's about re-incarnation. Thanks, guys. Talk to you later."

A few short seasons ago, it seemed that Bayeté, a supertalented young musician from around San Francisco, was on his way to becoming a great jazz keyboardist. Now he has a better idea: becoming a great rock keyboardist. As one fourth of *Automatic Man* (Island), he takes a giant step in that direction. The first release by this quartet hits the ears with much the same initial impact as did *Are You Experienced?* or Santana's *Abraxas* (by the way, ex-Santana drummer Michael Shrieve is also a member of Automatic Man). The melodies and chords go in directions that are fresh but logical; the electrical sounds—now angry, now bemused—are immense; and the boys don't forget to keep kicking you with the beat. To top it off, you get a lot of music for your money, and a snazzy cover.

Connoisseurs of pop eccentricity have been virtually bereft of the real item since Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band were swallowed up by Southern California a few years back. Thus, the 1975 release of Leon Redbone's first LP and his subsequent TV appearances on *Saturday Night* occasioned a communal pulse-quickening among collectors of cultural anomalies. Like the captain, Redbone is obviously inhabited by voices from the musical past who periodically take over



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the works, as it were, and have their moment in the spotlight once again. On Redbone's second album, *Double Time* (Warner Bros.), his performing personae—the old black country-blues singer, the equally old white Jimmy Rodgers-style country-blues singer and the jazzy Jelly Roll Morton/Fats Waller vocalist—are all present and in good voice, ably accompanied by many of the fine older jazzmen who made the first album such a joy. The problem this time around is the choice of songs—a serious one for an artist performing other people's material exclusively. The tunes here are mostly



A la Redbone du temps perdu.

medium-tempo Thirties blues, rendered in Redbone's now-familiar style, interspersed with a few irredeemable period pop turkeys (*Melancholy Baby*, *Shine On*, *Harvest Moon*) and nonsense numbers (*Diddy Wa Diddie* and *Sheik of Araby*) that fail to break the over-all monotony. Where the first disc was forcefully original in its selections and endearingly weird in execution, *Double Time* goes beyond affectionate obsession into parody and threatens to turn Leon Redbone into the Tom Waits of the Thirties.

We seem to be in the midst of a Woody Guthrie boomlet. Coincident—or perhaps not so coincident—with the release of *Bound for Glory*, the film made from Guthrie's autobiography, come four albums of his music, and we can probably expect more.

The best of the lot—not surprisingly—is *Woody Guthrie* (Warner Bros.), featuring the man himself singing ten songs recorded for Moe Ash's Folkways label in the early Forties. We do have one complaint about this record. It concerns its brevity. Each side is just over ten minutes long—not much music for the money.

Close behind is *A Tribute to Woody Guthrie* (Warner Bros.), a two-record set

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culled from concerts given in Carnegie Hall in 1968 and in the Hollywood Bowl in 1970. The worst is **Woody Guthrie's We Ain't Down Yet** (Cream); and falling somewhere between is the sound-track album from **Bound for Glory** (United Artists), with David Carradine doing the singing.

The concerts on *A Tribute to Woody Guthrie* were benefits for the Committee to Combat Huntington's Disease, the hereditary disorder that disabled Guthrie for many years and eventually killed him. Millard Lampell, who sang with Guthrie years ago in the Almanac Singers, put together a program that interweaves selections from Woody's prose with many of his best-known songs. Will Geer, Robert Ryan and Peter Fonda do the readings and Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Bob Dylan, Jack Elliott, Arlo Guthrie, Richie Havens, Country Joe McDonald, Odetta, Tom Paxton, Earl Robinson and Pete Seeger handle the singing.

You expect good stuff from that cast and, in general, you get it. Arlo, in particular, does beautiful work on *Oklahoma Hills*, which Woody wrote with his brother Jack, and *Do Re Mi*. Arlo turns the sardonic hymn to the power of money into a driving rock-'n'-roll song.

Country Joe does rather similar things to *Woman at Home*, an explicitly erotic song that shows that Woody wasn't always thinking about hard travelin'.

Carradine does a very good job on the sound-track album. He has an expressive voice and he knows how to present a lyric, though he could improve his performance of *Oklahoma Hills* by singing the melody that Guthrie wrote.

The problem with the album is the amount of movie music. Lots of portentous transitions and background riffs that sound rather silly separated from the pictures. A movie about Woody Guthrie ought to have enough songs to fill a record without all that orchestral heavy breathing.

Woody Guthrie's We Ain't Down Yet is just plain abysmal. An actor named Jess Pearson reads bits of Woody's prose in a lugubrious, churchy style that sounds like Tennessee Ernie Ford reading *The Star-Spangled Banner*. Along with the readings is some singing, mainly by unknown performers who seem likely to remain anonymous.

SHORT CUTS

Ramones / Ramones Leave Home (Sire): The Hullabalooos are alive and living in New York City.

Sea Level (Capricorn): The remains of the Allman Brothers band go *avant-lounge* in this audition for the Holiday Inn circuit.

Bootsy's Rubber Band / Ahh . . . the Name Is Bootsy, Baby! (Warner Bros.): From sensation to self-parody in two albums?

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BOOKS

We asked one of our contributors who is familiar with the subject of Watergate to review *Stonewall* (Simon & Schuster), by Richard Ben-Veniste and George Frampton of the U.S. special prosecutor's office. We received this startling account:

It was after reading *Stonewall*, the 433rd book about Watergate, that I decided to tell my story. I have refrained thus far, not wanting to be confused with the parade of journalists, committee investigators and other assorted felons who have written books about Watergate, but in the interests of history, I must speak out.

It was I who broke Watergate. It all began one bright June day when a small, swarthy man skulked into my hardware shop in downtown Washington.

"Jey, man," he said, "you got some black tape?"

I was suspicious, but I sold him a roll of electrician's tape. It was only several minutes later that I realized I had changed the course of history. Yes, it was the same tape used to keep the door unlocked while the burglars perpetrated their perfidy. I have to say that from the heavy Puerto Rican or Cuban accent of my customer, it was immediately apparent that this was a conspiracy that reached deep into the White House. As events unfolded, I was proved tragically correct.

P.S. For what it is, *Stonewall* isn't bad, if you can get through the legal prose and descriptions that read like liens. Its point is that by the rules of evidence, the prosecutors had a much tougher time than the showboating Senate staffers or the freewheeling journalists in making their case against the Nixon crowd—and that plodding professionalism saved the day. My story is more dramatic.

Washington as theater may be the true legacy of Watergate. What sleuthing Holmes once did in London, what feats of derring-do Bond performed on Riviera cliffs now unfold on the Smithsonian lawn, in the Corcoran gallery and in suburban Rockville, Maryland. And our hero is no mere detective or superspy but (natch) a *Writer*! The knight-errant in Robert Ludlum's latest acrobatic thriller, *The Chancellor Manuscript* (Dial), is a bionic novelist named Peter Chancellor who singlehandedly solves the mystery of Chasong, a Korean War cover-up. Chancellor lays waste to villains all over our scenic capital, inexplicably moving from typewriter to pistol with equal expertise. He once runs 20 blocks with hardly a pant. He picks up an innocent beauty along the way and they get it on in the storied Hay-Adams Hotel (good movie location) opposite the White



Stonewall: Watergate, again.

"For what it is,
Stonewall isn't bad,
if you can get through
the legal prose."



Fan: bitches' brew.

House. His escapades keep doubling him back to the outline for his new novel, so that we have mirror-within-mirror complications to keep up with.

For starters, J. Edgar Hoover doesn't just die; he's assassinated by a hypodermic needle so sharp it leaves no mark. Thereafter begins the 400-page search for Hoover's missing files that, ultimately, incriminate the U.S. Army's Japanese and Korean commands in a scandal worse than My Lai. The CIA and the FBI are hip-deep in this one, but there is an ominous, new secret body of six distinguished men called Inver Brass that virtually takes over the country in

moments of crisis. Add to that a clandestine army of black Americans speaking Ashanti and there's more plot than you can handle in a 12-part series.

Indeed, Ludlum writes a novel as though it were already a TV script, with blood and bodies flying everywhere. To make a movie, they'll have to dehydrate the book: Even Peckinpah would barf.

Romain Gary's new novel, *Your Ticket Is No Longer Valid* (Braziller), is an easily digestible, bittersweet story about an aging man's concerns over his sexual powers and abilities to please his young—very young—mistress. Lurking beneath Gary's quick, easygoing prose is the subliminal issue of ageism in our society. Jacques Rainier, 59, a successful businessman, is in love with Laura, an understanding, undemanding Brazilian heiress who loves him in return. But Rainier is tormented by self-inflicted devils: How long will he be able to please her? How many years before she starts to pity him? Coupled with Rainier's sexual anxieties are his business problems; when they increase, so do his sexual ones, and Rainier cooks up, with an elderly madam, a rather outlandish scheme for his own demise.

Gary is a master of style; he can conjure up a mood faster than a character can introduce himself. Here he creates a man torn between two moods—one of perfect bliss with Laura and one of total despair with himself. Rainier is a failing man, but his concerns are ultimately only for others. Sure, some of this is just plain *macho* stoicism, but Gary makes Rainier's semioutdated Continental charm rather appealing. Although *Your Ticket* is a pleasant short novel, one can't help but wish that Gary had condensed it, making it a bang of a short story.

Imagine *Taxi Driver* retold by Truman Capote and you have the plot, style and general cattiness of Bob Randall's *The Fan* (Random House). This first novel by an established playwright (6 *RMS RIV VU*) is a bitches' brew of gossip and gore. The eventual victim is an aging actress turning to fat; the villain is a record-store clerk whose unremitting craziness turns him from gushing fan to former friend to killer. *The Fan* is told in the form of love letters and interoffice memos between the star and her personal secretary, her agent, her former husband, her young lover. Breathless bread-and-butter notes, backgammon boasts, true confessions—our favorite being the star's tearful tale of burying a rotting Balenciaga in her back yard—all told in a style apparently lifted from some tome titled *Two Thousand Insults for All Occasions*.

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ADVENTURES

Rock-climbing concentrates the mind wonderfully. With your toes jammed into cracks in the stone, finger tips clinging to the tiniest crevice in the cliff face, your body hanging in space 100 feet above the nearest flat place, thoughts of the ephemera of everyday life vanish.

You say you can't make the mortgage payments on that posh new condo? Your dog bit the guy next door and he's suing you for every nickel you've got? Your girlfriend just ran off with her hairdresser? You call that important, bunk? Hah! What's important is getting off that goddamn cliff, a task requiring so much concentration it finally blots out even that lone voice in your medulla oblongata, the one that's always singing "You deserve a break today."

My discovery that climbing can be a transcendent experience came as I was spidering up the steep side of a gray monolith called Castle Rock, which sits down in a canyon next to U.S. Highway 2 near the town of Leavenworth, Washington. It's a favorite practice spot for mountain climbers from the Seattle area, the idea being to go there to hone the techniques you need to get to the summits of serious mountains; but, since this was my introduction to climbing, I didn't have any techniques to hone.

What, you may ask, was I doing there? Well, I'd signed up for a quick course in climbing offered by Northwest Alpine Guide Service, and my companions—Don Portman and Pete Gillespie, both guides for Northwest Alpine, and Tom Templin, a Texan with climbing experience in Colorado, Mexico and the Alps—had offered to take me on this little side trip beforehand.

Climbers, Don explained, divide ascents into six classes, according to their difficulty. A class-one climb is a mountain with a trail all the way to the top; one simply walks up. Class six is essentially unclimbable. It is possible to get to the top with the aid of various mechanical contrivances, but the rock itself provides nothing to grab on to. Castle Rock, he said, was a class-five climb; normally, he wouldn't recommend it for a novice. But after an hour's introduction to the rock-climber's equipment and methods, I thought, why not?

Don, the leader, was the most experienced climber in the group. It takes judgment to pick a route and to place the chocks—hunks of metal of various sizes and shapes used to anchor the climbing rope—properly, so that they won't pull out of the rock when you need them. The protection the leader places for himself—if he has done everything right—



"The experienced climber concerns himself with style. Personally, I used everything but my teeth."

will prevent a catastrophic fall. But if he is ten feet above his last chock, a fall will still drop him a minimum of 20 feet, not an insignificant distance when he may end up against solid rock. Followers are in a much safer position. Since we were belayed from above, a fall would—as I discovered twice in the course of the climb—drop us only a couple of feet.

The experienced climber concerns himself with style. He moves with economy and grace and keeps his body upright; beginners tend to hug the rock. Climb with the legs as much as possible, I was told; use the hands and arms only to help with balance. Personally, I used everything but my teeth. I reached the top with an assortment of scratches and scrapes all over my arms, the result of grabbing for leverage with my elbows. Crude, but it worked.

When I finally got to the flat summit of Castle Rock, I felt as high as I have ever been in my life. I wondered why I had done all that struggling to get up the rock; it seemed as if I could have just floated. I began to understand why people get hooked on climbing.

We spent the rest of the week on the easier—but scenically much more spectacular—ascents of Black Peak, Early Winter Spire and Liberty Bell Mountain. Black Peak was an easy climb, the

first half of it over a snow field reached after going through a thick forest and across a small alpine meadow, thick with blooming lilies. The long traverse of the snow field brought us to a small lake, still cluttered with floating ice even on this sunny August day. Beyond the snow, the climb was all rock to the summit; our only problem came from what Don called souvenir holds: solid-seeming rocks that came off in our hands as we grabbed them. We reached the summit on schedule, broke out our lunches and just sat and looked. People climb mountains for a lot of reasons, but the view from the top has to be one of the big ones. Stretching off in every direction, on our level, were the jagged, snowy peaks of the Cascades. Trees were tiny, far below us, insignificant. The view from an airplane window was as close as I had been to this kind of sight, and that's like staying home and watching it on television.

If going up the mountain was sublime, going down was hilarious. The long, steep snow field we had labored up earlier became a ski run on the descent. The technique is known as glissading. You can do it seated or standing, tobogganing without a toboggan or skiing without skis. Either way, it is a wild ride, almost worth the climb all by itself.

We did Black Peak in two days, but some climbs require as much as a week. The days spent getting in and out are not exactly wasted time, since the North Cascades are extraordinarily beautiful. Much of the area is wilderness. Roads are scarce and only a few peaks are within easy reach of a highway. Their remoteness means that climbers have to be backpackers, too, and wilderness-living skills are as important as climbing techniques.

If you'd like to try your luck at learning to climb, Northwest Alpine will provide a week-long course for a minimum of four persons, covering the basics of snow-, ice- and rock-climbing, as well as wilderness-living skills. The service also runs a full schedule of two-to-four-day climbs from May to September. Cost for a three-day, two-night outing is \$125 per person; additional days are \$40 each. Included are transportation from Seattle and return, food, group climbing and cooking equipment, tents, packs and guide. Climbers supply clothing and boots; sleeping bags can be rented.

—JERRY SULLIVAN

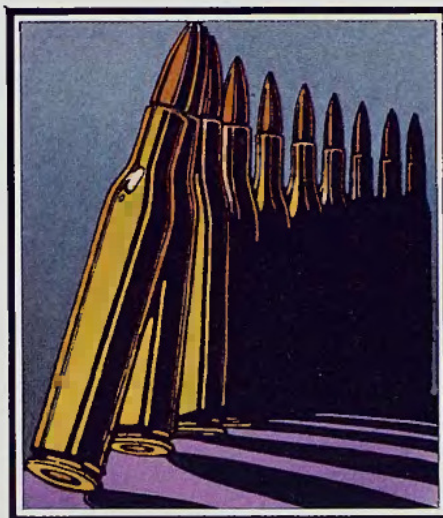
For further information on mountain-climbing schools, write (enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope) to Playboy Reader Service, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

MOVIES

Everything is first-rate about *The Domino Principle* except its misbegotten plot—a sagging spider's web in which a group of ruthless, anonymous conspirators springs a convicted murderer from prison to assassinate an unnamed big shot who lives on a heavily guarded estate on the California coast. Who's the victim supposed to be? Someone not unlike Nixon, perhaps, since the house vaguely resembles San Clemente and flags are flown at half-mast once the job is done. But why rub him out? To save the taxpayer money? And why not recruit a professional hit man for the job? Adapted by Adam Kennedy from his novel, *Domino Principle* ends as a maddening guessing game. Gene Hackman, flawless as the reluctant gun for hire, and Candice Bergen, cast against type as his unglamorous wife, do everything they can do with this stuff, aided by Richard Widmark, Mickey Rooney, Edward Albert and Eli Wallach, representing the conspirators. Producer-director Stanley Kramer, who often cuts a big subject down to size as pretentious pop entertainment (*Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, et al.), obviously intended to raise a number of searching questions about a world in which CIA types seem to pull all the strings. But *Domino* falls flat because it makes you wait for answers—until finally you give up drumming your fingers and just don't give a damn.

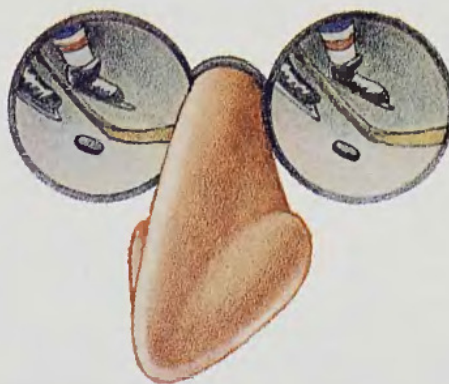
In *The Late Show*, Robert Altman, as producer, brings writer-director Robert Benton (co-author of *Bonnie and Clyde*) together with Lily Tomlin and Art Carney—who seem to be mismatched but almost make the most of it as an unlikely team of sleuths stumbling into a series of unsolved murders in L.A. Not bad at all as still another effort to make light of Raymond Chandler, though the parody doesn't quite jell, because Benton dissipates the spoofish spirit with more realistic gore than a prankish suspense comedy can comfortably support. What you get, in the end, is a rock-solid performance by Carney, one of Tomlin's sharply drawn kooks, plus an agreeable but uneven mishmash of stiffs, shocks, mordant satire and small surprises.

In *Slap Shot*, Paul Newman plays the coach of a no-win hockey team called the Charlestown Chiefs. Losers all, the Chiefs hail from an economically depressed Northeastern factory town and apparently pass the time between road trips by trying to ball one another's wives. It's slated to be the last season of their existence, so the coach decides to stir up excitement—and possibly survive—by turning his team into killers, clowns and roustabouts. They start to



Domino falls flat.

"Who's the victim?
Somebody like Nixon, perhaps.
But why rub him out?
To save the taxpayer money?"



Slap Shot: cheap shots.

bloody their opponents even before the games begin, introduce themselves to a new town on their road schedule by mooning en masse out a bus's windows and finish off this ice circus with a climactic league-championship match in which the Chiefs' only literate and semirational member (nicely played by Michael Ontkean) darts onto the rink at the height of a free-for-all to perform a striptease right down to his jockstrap. It should be clear by now that *Slap Shot* is a knock-about farcical romp, not likely to win the admiration of true-blue hockey fans who consider the sport a cut above the sleazy showmanship of, say, professional wrestling. The movie is obvious and violent, yet bruisingly funny at times, particularly when the Chiefs field a trio of dim-witted animals known as the

Hanson Brothers. Off the ice, Jennifer Warren and Lindsay Crouse head a company of estranged and/or dissatisfied wives who are left to amuse themselves with waiting, bitching, drinking and sex, straight or lesbian. Newman's personal charm and charisma keep his role as a habitual liar and conniver from becoming loathsome; the four-letter curses he rattles off constitute a verbal breakthrough roughly comparable to what Brando did with body English in *Last Tango in Paris*. Fact is, the dialog throughout boasts more "fucks" and "cocksuckers" and locker-room scatology than any major movie in years. Sure, athletes talk that way—but a film maker may forget that lots of "fucks" don't always make for *funny*. Which is just what happens here. Director George Roy (*The Sting*) Hill fills *Slap Shot* with cheap shots as if he were some burly hockey player beating you over the head with a big stick to score one extra point.

The forces of good and evil are at it again in writer-producer-director Michael Winner's *The Sentinel*, adapted from a novel by Jeffrey Konvitz. A worm of supernatural horror infests the Big Apple, where beautiful Cristina Raines plays a New York model whose immortal soul is up for grabs after she moves into a murky old apartment house inhabited by a blind priest, bad vibes and a number of weird neighbors, most of them long missing and presumed dead. It's a credit to Raines that she actually seems to possess a soul worth all the fuss made by Chris Sarandon, as a smart young lawyer who has been intimate with a couple of ladies just prior to their untimely deaths. Sylvia Miles, Burgess Meredith, Ava Gardner and José Ferrer head a stellar company of spooks and conspirators who are striving either to beat the Devil or to join him. Such dark shenanigans, with the glittering spires of Manhattan as backdrop, are eerie, unnerving and suspenseful in the manner of *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist*. Soul food if you're thrill hungry. Director Winner, who transformed contemporary urban terror into pay dirt with *Death Wish*, may have done it again with a smoothly wrought shocker that rivets attention right up to the last reel. There, *The Sentinel* slips into overdone Grand Guignol, using freaks, dwarfs, walking zombies and buckets of gore to muck up a modern Gothic tale that didn't need a monster rally to attract a crowd.

What's to be done about the global energy crisis? Screw it, according to Italian writer-director Pasquale Festa Campanile's *The Sex Machine*, retitled and competently dubbed for the anxious American consumer, who ought to relish it as lowbrow

here's johnny!



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hilarity on a hot topic. Set in 2037 A.D., when oil, electricity and natural gas are so depleted that the world has regressed to horse-and-buggy transportation and creature comforts deemed primitive during the Dark Ages, *Sex Machine* records the experiments of a venturesome scientist who thinks he can convert sexual energy into a primal source of power. By isolating two lusty, incurably compatible adulterers (Agostina Belli and Christian De Sica) in a hospital room wired for instant energy transmission, the scientist harnesses their humping and manages to light up a chandelier. That's only the beginning. "It's nonpolluting energy . . . there's nothing dirty about it," argues the scientist when a Vatican representative complains that science is always pestering the Pope with "tasteless moral problems." Soon, indiscriminate sexual activity becomes more or less compulsory—with every family responsible for producing enough voltage in the sack to operate its own appliances. To keep cars and trains running and planes in the air, of course, requires Herculean efforts by every citizen past the age of puberty. Certainly, there's a moral in *Sex Machine's* broad, topsy-turvy farce about the outer limits of sexual permissiveness, but Campanile never stops to preach. *Sex Machine* must have been even racier before some judicious cuts were made to save it from an X rating. What remains is a big R—for rutting and ribaldry, along with enthusiastic research by De Sica, gorgeous Agostina, as the turned-on heroine, and Eleonora Giorgi, as a more than helpful nurse.

FILM CLIPS

A Woman of Paris: The one-and-only Charles Chaplin directed this 1923 silent melodrama starring Edna Purviance, his leading lady in many comedies, as a country girl gone wrong with a big-city rake (Adolphe Menjou). The milestones of yesteryear often look heavy as millstones when the dust blows away, but *Woman* exerted a major influence on Hollywood movies for decades that followed, and you'll soon see why. It's a Chaplin film largely without laughs and even without Chaplin—except in a brief bit as a porter—taken out of moth balls after half a century to reveal another semiprecious steppingstone that marked Charlie's progress from Gentleman Tramp to trail blazer.

American Ticker: Going straight, former pornographer Chuck (Bang! Bang!) Vincent mocks damned near everything from food and sex (a visit with Xaviera Colander, *The Happy Cooker*) to *Jaws* (swimmers terrorized by bearded Orthodox Jews). Game shows, soap opera and Shakespeare are among the targets just missed in an exuberant R-rated comedy that six writers seem to have scrawled on the back of an envelope.

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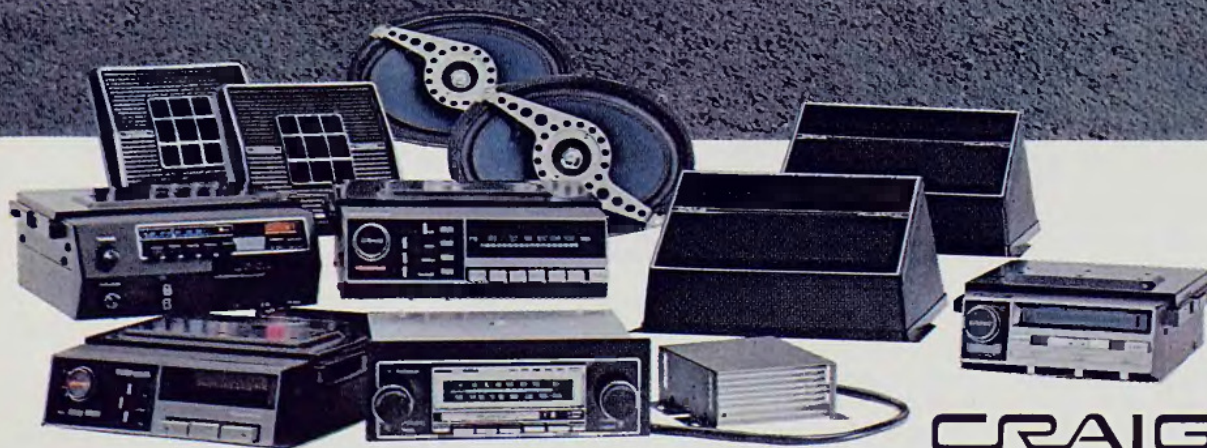
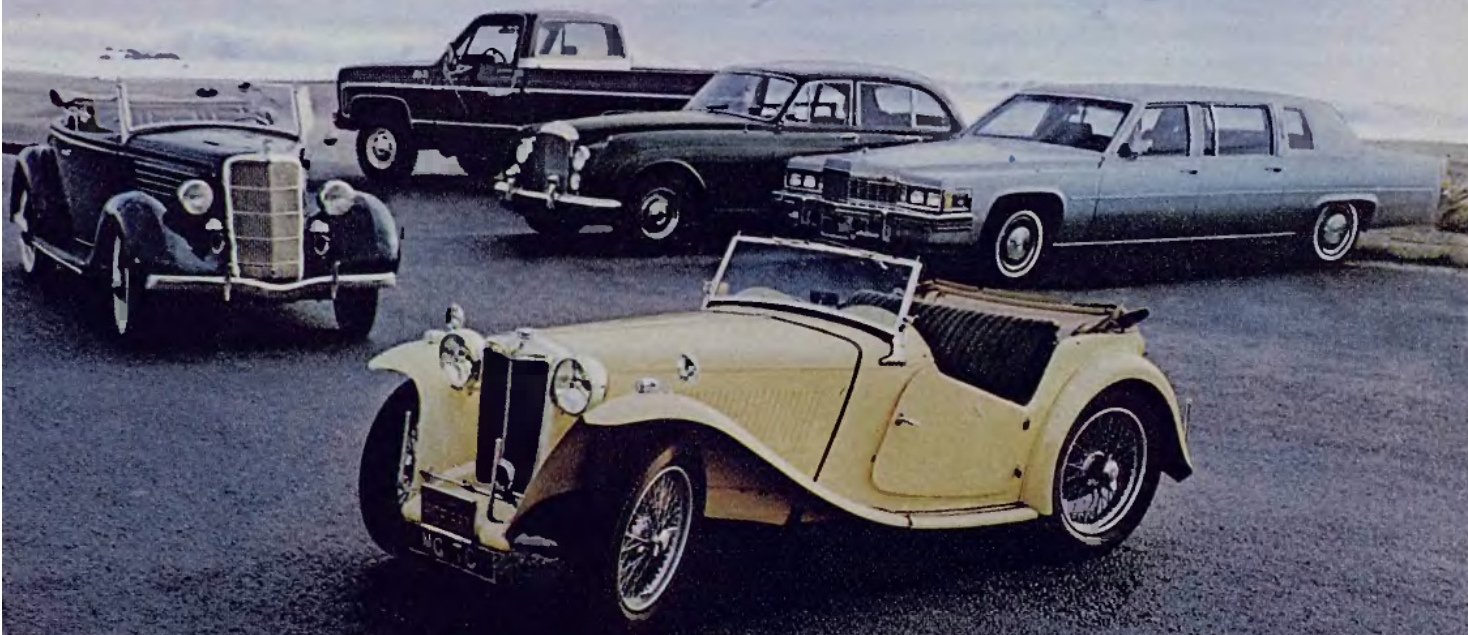
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The public first heard of film maker Gerard Damiano when his comic paean to fellatio, "Deep Throat," was released in 1972—and given Screw magazine's first 100 percent Peter Meter rating. That film has gone on to become one of the longest-running—and largest-grossing—motion pictures in history; it has also resulted in some obscenity indictments and convictions; notably, that of veteran porn performer Harry Reems, who played the psychiatrist who diagnoses Linda Lovelace's misplaced clitoris. Damiano, meanwhile, has made other films, including "The Devil in Miss Jones," "The Story of Joanna," "Let My Puppets Come" and, most recently, "Odyssey" (see page 40B). On a visit to the West Coast, he was buttonholed by free-lance writers Joseph Block and Llana Lloyd, to whom he granted this interview:

PLAYBOY: How'd you get into the business of making porno movies, anyway?

DAMIANO: Where else could anybody who wanted to break into the film industry go? You cannot go to Hollywood, cannot break into their union system. And if you are unfortunate enough to be able to get into a particular union, you're then confined to that union, doing one task for the rest of your life. That's no way to learn film. You have to learn doing low-budget, independent films, and most of the financing available is for sexploitation films. So that's what I did. I didn't start with hard-core, though; the first film I did, *Teeny Tulip*, had simulated sex.

PLAYBOY: Were there any big stars in it?

DAMIANO: Just big asses. Back in those days, actually, we had better actors and actresses to work with. They were people who wanted to learn a craft. Today we deal with, ah, unfortunately, people who are willing to ball onscreen. I would like to be able to work with an actor who is willing to ball onscreen. I'd give ten years of my life to be able to do an honest film with Al Pacino.

PLAYBOY: How was Linda Lovelace to work with?

DAMIANO: The most magnificent person in the world. Honest; totally naïve and honest.

PLAYBOY: Did you audition her deep-throat talent yourself?

DAMIANO: No, her manager and then husband, Chuck Traynor, brought her in, and that was one of the attributes Linda brought to the picture; it wasn't anything I had to do with. What I did do, which was almost as important, was to give it the label deep throat. I put a name to her technique, and then I immortalized it for good or bad by writing a script about her based on her unique talent and trying to present it to an audience in a humorous way.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there usually a casting-



Damiano talks.

Damiano: "If a lady gets pregnant while doing a film, we're covered by workmen's compensation."



Odyssey: visual trip.

couch system involved in hiring actresses for a porno movie?

DAMIANO: No, there never has been. Think about this for a moment. Take a girl who holds up a box of soap and does a 30-second commercial, from which she could receive residuals of up to \$100,000: That lady, as sweet as she comes across

on film, will suck and fuck anybody within a 30-mile radius to get that job. But when a girl applies to be in an X-rated film, she's going to make a pittance—\$100, maybe, for 16 hours of work. She doesn't have to fuck anybody to get that job. That's why there are no prostitutes in low-budget films; the job doesn't pay enough. A hooker can make \$50 an hour, which is a lot better than \$100 for 16 hours, working in the worst of conditions. PLAYBOY: Worst of conditions? It's not true that a porn-movie set sometimes turns into an orgy?

DAMIANO: I know this is a preconceived idea many people have, but making a porn movie is a turn-off. You can look at fucking for five minutes and it's exciting. But after five hours, the last thing in the world you want to do is fuck. Fucking does not beget fucking; fucking alleviates fucking.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any problems with actors' transmitting venereal disease?

DAMIANO: Not in my experience. I'm not saying V.D. isn't a national problem; it is, but it's not rampant in X-rated films. It's pretty big in high school.

PLAYBOY: Isn't making porno movies a good way to get laid?

DAMIANO: Not for me. Part of my success in making sexually explicit films. I think, is due to the fact that I don't fuck my actresses. We're not talking about what happens in my private life after the film is finished. But I think the minute you approach people on that level, they stop looking at you as if you were a professional.

PLAYBOY: How about some other problems involved in making your films? In *The Story of Joanna*, for example, Terri Hall was whipped. Was that whipping real?

DAMIANO: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Do you have to get special insurance to cover that?

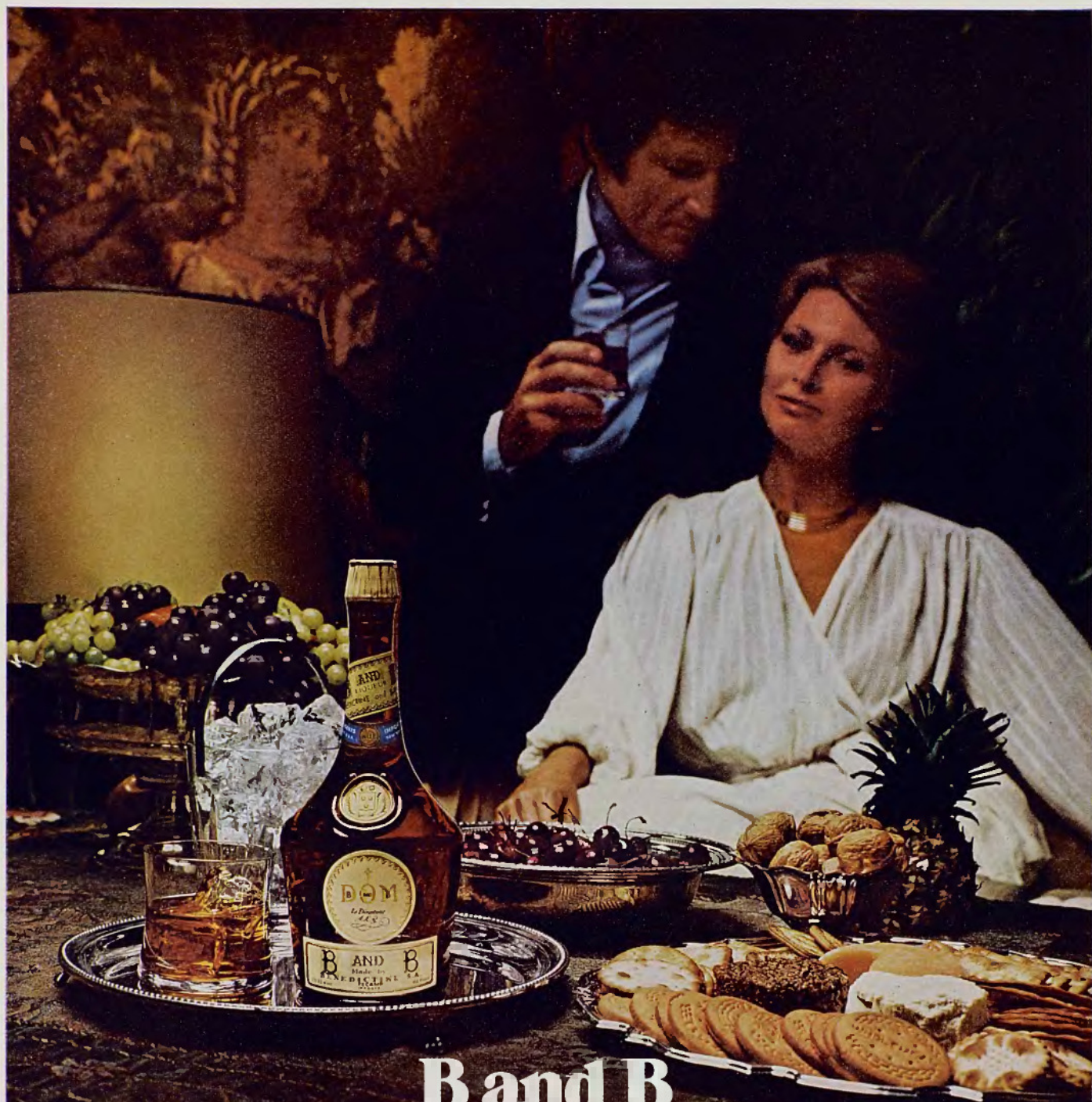
DAMIANO: The only insurance we have is if the lady gets pregnant while doing a fuck film, we're covered by workmen's compensation.

PLAYBOY: Has making sex pictures made you a millionaire?

DAMIANO: No. I am well off; I'm successful, but I'm not worth anywhere near what people think I am. Some of my films have been great financial successes, but that doesn't mean I made a lot of money on them.

PLAYBOY: That brings up the story we've all heard that you were forced to give up your rights to *Deep Throat* because of threats on your life from the Mafia. Is that true?

DAMIANO: Absolutely not. I'm not saying that people haven't been threatened; I'm talking about myself. I sold out my rights



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in the company for \$15,000, which wasn't much, but I did it because I didn't want to continue making *Deep Throat* and *Return to the Valley of Deep Throat*. PLAYBOY: *Deep Throat*, which was made in 1972, is still playing across the country. How long do you think it will carry on?

DAMIANO: As long as it's being harassed the way it is, forever. If they had left it alone, by this time it probably would have died its own natural death. To have a film like *Deep Throat* become one of the all-time top-grossing motion pictures in history is ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a guilty conscience about having created it? Or are you a religious person?

DAMIANO: I'm Catholic. I believe in God, though I do not necessarily believe in organized religion. I do not think that anything I've done as a film maker has gone against God's will.

PLAYBOY: Making *Deep Throat* was not a mortal sin, right?

DAMIANO: I'll let you know 20 years from now. I'll send you a telegram from where they send me.

A girl in a mustache copulates with a lad in lacy drag. An embittered, mutually destructive couple consults a sexual guru and ends up making love wearing translucent plastic masks. A lonely, neurotic model, hired to pose for a bondage magazine, fantasizes about orgasms and orgies better than any she will ever know, then wistfully gets herself off forever with a loaded gun. *Odyssey*, subtitled *Gerard Damiano's Ultimate Trip*, might as reasonably be called *Hang-ups*. It is essentially, or at least thematically, a downer. Dedicated porno buffs should not worry too much, though, about *Odyssey's* modest pretensions to psychological depth and literacy. Damiano—though he has taken a rueful view of his subject ever since *Deep Throat*—still mixes sex and cinema with more artful touches per inch than practically anyone else on the porno scene. *Odyssey's* sexual acts, which are so frequent that the performers seldom have time either to catch a breath or to cover up with a thread of plot, are exquisitely lit, fastidiously photographed and tastefully erotic, despite a standard quota of cum shots. Damiano's unheralded, virtually anonymous cinematographer—hiding behind the nom de film Beyen C. Mitchell—contributes a lot to *Odyssey's* success as a visual trip and could give Hollywood some tips on how to put radiant heat into a love scene. Another asset is slight, sensuous Susan McBain, who speaks scarcely a word as the suicidal model but establishes a screen presence that reduces the rest of the cast to a mere body count, like faceless participants in a one-night stand. Led by Damiano along the route taken by Lovelace and Spelvin, McBain could turn out to be 1977's new first lady of hard-core.

TELEVISION

Scheduled for telecast by ABC-TV in early May (check program guides for the precise date and time), *Breaking Up* stars Lee Remick as a sheltered young suburban matron whose 40ish husband (Granville Van Dusen) abruptly informs her, "I'm not happy. I haven't been for a long time. . . . I want to get out, baby." This two-hour David Susskind special is a shade facile at times but, nevertheless, moving and as all-American as *The Mating Game* fought to a draw. As JoAnn Hammil, a rejected lady floundering through the psychological upheavals of divorce, Remick looks like one of those bright wives and mothers in a TV commercial who are shocked to discover that their cakes no longer rise, their floors don't shine, their creme shampoo hasn't made them sexually unbeatable and the roof is about to be blown off their tidy nest. It doesn't help matters that her best friend's husband and other amiable predators rush to convince her that jumping into bed with them might be therapeutic. This is basically a one-woman show—one that gives Remick a chance to show what a subtle, accomplished actress she is.

Strangely populated bathtubs, preposterously animated paintings, musical monkeys, endlessly repeated strains of *Mackie Messer*—they're all coming back, briefly, in *The Best of Ernie Kovacs*, a ten-week series just started over PBS outlets. Kovacs, who was killed in an auto accident in January 1962, pioneered the sort of visual humor later featured on *Laugh-In* and currently on *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, and the PBS programs are replete with sight gags—plus vignettes by such durable Kovacs characters as the Nairobi Trio, poet laureate Percy Dovetonsils and Eugene, the man who never talks. In compiling *Best of Ernie*, producer-director Dave Erdman of Chicago's public-television station WTTW had access to 19 hours of Kovacs material. One half-hour segment will be devoted to Kovacs' use of classical music. Remember the gorilla ballet? The obese lady in a tutu puffing through Tchaikovsky's



Van Dusen, Remick in *Splitsville*.

"*Breaking Up* is as all-American as *The Mating Game* fought to a draw."

1812 Overture, seemingly orchestrated for mechanical chimps, celery stalks and freshly cracked eggs? Tune in next week. It gets a lot wackier.

Ernest Hemingway, Henry James, Stephen Crane and John Updike lead the list of authors handled with tender loving care by top talent in *The American Short Story*, a weekly series in progress over PBS outlets on Tuesdays through May tenth. Executive producer Robert Geller's series,

funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities, got off to a classy start with stories by F. Scott Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson and Flannery O'Connor. Upcoming offerings include Crane's *The Blue Hotel*, deftly directed by Oscar-winning Czech director Jan (The Shop on Main Street) Kadar—a kind of prairie classic with England's David Warner starred as a paranoid traveling man who staggers into a desolate Nebraska hotel full of friendly cardplayers and places a bet on death. It's followed the next week by a fine double bill: Hemingway's *Soldier's Home*, with Richard Backus featured as a doughboy returning from World War One, and Richard Wright's *Almos' a Man*, with LeVar Burton (the boy Kunta Kinte in TV's phenomenal *Roots*) in a sensitively acted, crisply directed minidrama about an innocent black farm kid who gets hold of a gun, accidentally kills a white man's mule and experiences a dangerous new sense of power and freedom.

Succeeding programs will feature an Ambrose Bierce story of the Civil War era, *Parker Adderson, Philosopher*; Henry James's *The Jolly Corner*; and the series closer, a brilliant adaptation of *The Music School*, by John Updike. Updike is reportedly pleased with the job done by adaptor-director John Korty (who also directed *The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman*) and he has good reason to be. *Music School* is a provocative study of a writer-hero (Ron Weyand) whose musings on such subjects as adultery, parenthood, Communion wafers and the meaningless murder of a friend prove that literature as TV-cinema is completely possible.



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Alexander Tirado, Attorney

If he had to do it all over again, he would still fall in love with himself. Likes the chocolatey taste of his *Alexander* made with Vodka. Happens to think it's named after himself. Wishes Holland House would come out with a drink called a Vodka Tirado.



Mike Mullen, Bank Teller

The hostess has just introduced him to his blind date, an aspiring actress. With a tall, cool *Tom Collins*, he toasts the coming together of business and the lively arts. Yes, as a banker he is a capitalist, but still considers himself a liberal, since he'll take a Holland House Collins with either Vodka or Gin.

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Taking a long, dramatic sip of her *White Vodka Sour*, she emotes about how different its distinct grapefruit tang is than the usual lemon taste of other sours! Would he like a sip? Would his bank be interested in investing in an avant-garde theater group?

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She is to the neighborhood what NBC is to the nation. Right now she is broadcasting about her Holland House *Smooth 'n Spicy® Bloody Mary*: "Spicy means it has plenty of zip; Smooth means not too much zap. Mmmm. Just right!"

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

A few weeks ago, I was invited to have an affair with the wife of a neighbor. We met in a hotel room for lunch and fucked our eyeballs out. Later, as we were dressing, she noticed that I had given her a slight hickey on the breast. With some scorn, she looked at me and said, "It was nice, but you're kind of new at this, aren't you?" I asked her what she meant. She said that partners who were experienced at illicit get-togethers didn't leave clues, that the hickey was not the mark of a man, that it was very high school. I'd never heard that before. Is leaving no clues common etiquette?—D. K., New York, New York.

Part of the excitement of illicit love is keeping the secret. Men should leave their bullwhips and brass knuckles at home. Women should trim their fingernails, go without lipstick and take off their spiked heels before climbing into bed. But discretion should not be allowed to get in the way of vigor. Hell, if she's going to take all of the fun out of having an affair, it's almost not worth having one to begin with, is it?

My girlfriend and I have seen several porn movies in which the actors and actresses used various fruits and vegetables to masturbate themselves. Is the practice safe? We couldn't tell from the film whether the implements were real or wax.—M. S., Camden, New Jersey.

If the vegetables are washed first to remove any dirt or chemicals, the procedure is safe and, indeed, a great fallback in the event that your vibrator breaks down in the middle of the night. (To avoid pesticides, you might want to buy your accessories at a local health-food store. And be sure that all of your playthings were picked by members of the United Farm Workers.) The favorite erotic fruits and vegetables seem to be cucumbers and zucchini for women, watermelons and cored apples for men. Tomatoes do not work well for either sex. Beyond that, it's pretty much a matter of personal taste: unpeeled versus peeled, etc. May we also suggest a tossed salad, with a light vinaigrette dressing?

This year, my club put a synthetic surface over its old clay tennis courts. I keep slipping on the new surface. Could it be the shoes I'm wearing? If I do need new tennis shoes, should I stick to the canvas ones or get leather?—M. K., Chicago, Illinois.

If you're wearing sneakers without treads, they could be doing you in on the court. Clay courts require the player to wear smooth-soled sneakers that won't pull up the surface. But smooth soles



won't give you much traction on a synthetic-composition court, and on a hard court you might even fall. Get shoes with a skid-grip sole. But make sure they're tennis shoes. Sturdy but sharp-edged sneakers, such as boating and basketball shoes, will damage the top layer of even hard synthetic surfaces; hence, they are banned from most courts. Jogging shoes, on the other hand, are light and close-fitting; they will not chip tennis courts, but they will dent your wallet: They are expensive and will last only about three weeks on a hard surface. Many players drag their toes when hitting certain strokes, so they choose a tennis shoe with a reinforced toe. The choice between canvas and leather tennis shoes involves price (leather costs about twice as much as canvas) and other factors. If you're carrying too much weight for your frame, the extra cushion of the leather shoe might be helpful in preventing blisters and shin splints. But leather does not breathe as well as canvas (or nylon web), so your feet stay cooler and drier in canvas shoes. Also, some leather shoes have toes without reinforcements and don't last long—except on clay—despite the higher cost. If your body and game are good, choose a canvas shoe with a lot of rubber around the toe.

Last winter's energy crisis caused some of us to turn down our thermostats to 65 degrees. My wife and I noticed an odd side effect in our household—we tended to make love less. We checked with several friends and discovered that the cold wave put a chill in their relations, too. We wonder: Is sex affected by temperature? Was the fuel shortage an attempt

by the Arabs to reduce the population of America?—D. E., Chicago, Illinois.

You heard it here first, folks. There may be some basis in fact to your observation that temperature affects sexual behavior. Nobody likes to freeze his or her ass off, and comfort is an important factor in determining when and where to make love. In a recent issue of *Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality*, Dr. William James noted that there is some seasonal change in birth rates from country to country, "caused by there being an optimum temperature for human coitus at about 70 degrees Fahrenheit. This temperature is about the optimum for the unclothed performance of light physical work." We've never thought of sex as work, light or otherwise, but James backed up his theory with several persuasive points—sales of contraceptives are higher in moderate seasons, as is the incidence of sexual offenses.

As for the political implications of the phenomenon—who knows? In any case, now that more temperate times are upon us, you can make up for the winter chill.

This question has plagued me for over ten years: Why does James Bond—in book and movie—order his vodka martini "shaken, not stirred"? Here is a man who is supposed to know the very proper things to do in the realm of food and drink. Yet he violates one of the most sacred rules of martinidom. You know how strict martini drinkers are about the preparation of their poison. At least the ones who favor gin martinis. Maybe the vodka went to Bond's head. Can you explain the preference?—D. C., Schenectady, New York.

We take ours intravenously. The rule about not shaking a martini applies primarily to the gin version, because some people feel that shaking bruises the gin by aerating it. Actually, the effect is mostly visual. The drink becomes clouded. As does your mind. There is no alteration of taste. Bond is a vodka man and, like all true believers, insists that the beverage be cold (see chapter eight of "Casino Royale" and chapter five of "Moonraker"). Shaking a cocktail makes it colder than simply stirring. We assume Bond prefers coldness to the aesthetic appeal of a clear drink. Cheers.

What's the incidence of invisible V. D. among teenagers? The latest locker-room tales warn of a kind of gonorrhea that has no symptoms. A person doesn't know when he or she has it and so can spread it through a whole class. How can you discover if you have it? And how do you

break the news to your friends?—S. C., Atlanta, Georgia.

The actual frequency of asymptomatic gonorrhea is low. One study found that 1.9 percent of sexually active young men and seven percent of sexually active young women had the disease. The men seem responsible for passing it along (24 percent had had more than one partner, compared with only six percent of the women). We have always felt that it was the responsibility of the individual to look after himself, to take care of the instrument through regular checkups. Not just when you have obvious symptoms. Not just when you come back from spring break in Tijuana. When it comes to telling your friends, you have a choice. You can be absolutely frank: "First the good news—it's not the dread Vietnamese Black Rose. It won't fall off and it can be treated." Or you can use the tried-and-true polite myth. Explain that you caught it from a toilet seat or a light switch. Of course, then you may have to explain what kind of kinky sex you were trying with the light switch. We prefer the frank approach. Maybe someday Hallmark will come out with a line of special greeting cards for the occasion.

Having decided to broaden my sexual education, I've started to hang out at adult bookstores. I've perused such classics as *Teenage Stepmother* and *Wayward Wife* and have discovered that the quality of the prose varies widely. Since the books are outrageously expensive (three dollars for a paperback) and the store does not allow extended reading, I wonder if there is a quick way to judge whether a book is going to be arousing.—M. G., Del Mar, California.

Yes, there is. If the author uses simple guttural expressions typeset in capital letters to express orgasmic delight, the book probably won't satisfy your yearnings. Or, for that matter, relate to much of your own experience. The easiest reference is to count the number of U's in the word cum. An example of a wasted paragraph: "AAAAAARRRRRRGGGGGGGGHHH. I'M C-U-U-U-U-U-M-M-M-M-M-I-NNG." Doesn't turn you on, does it? The large-type approach means either that the author is writing for old folks or that he doesn't know what is going on during the event. Although that in itself may be enough to arouse your curiosity—really, now—what physical act produces the cry UNNNNNNGGGGGHHH? Beats us.

A couple of my frat brothers have placed a bet on which sex receives more pleasure from orgasm. I'm holding the money and have been entrusted with the task of finding out the facts. Can you help us settle the question? Who does get more kicks from sex?—V. W., Madison, Wisconsin.

Whoever is on top? Physiologically, male and female orgasms are similar. (See "The Extended Male Orgasm" on page 90 for more details.) Subjectively, it's even harder to tell the difference. Over the past year, researchers have conducted several interesting studies to determine which gender enjoys sex more. In one, E. B. Proctor and N. Wagner distributed 48 written descriptions of orgasm to a group of obstetricians, psychologists and medical students, then asked the group to guess which sex had written which descriptions. The professionals could not identify the sex of the authors—which suggests that the pleasure response is essentially the same for both men and women. If you want to settle the bet in public, why not repeat the experiment at your next fraternity get-together? Have all the brothers and their guests describe an orgasmic experience in 25 words or less on a 3" x 5" index card. Then ask the party to guess the sex (and perhaps the identity) of the authors. Keep the descriptions on file; you can perform magic tricks: Take a card, any card....

My girl and I like to think of ourselves as perfect hosts, and we entertain a lot. A couple of weeks ago, we invited a gay acquaintance to a small dinner party, but we didn't tell him, as we always tell our straight friends, to bring a date. We didn't want to be sexist, but we also didn't want some weirdo ruining our party. Our gay friend came to the party alone, didn't seem to have a very good time and left early. What should we have done?—L. R., Evansville, Indiana.

Why would you take a straight person's choice of partner, sight unseen, but have qualms about your gay friend's judgment? In any case, the days when people had to have an even number of guests at dinner parties went out with the buttondown collar. Nowadays, it's accepted that people, male or female, gay or straight, may prefer to travel alone. (Then there are those who may want to bring two companions, but it's their obligation to check with the host.) Those who are temporarily or temperamentally loners will find it something of a burden to dredge up an acquaintance to bring along to satisfy your desire for symmetry. The perfect host is one who rises to the occasion, not one who controls the occasion with an iron hand. If the height of social adventurousness for you is inviting a gay to dinner (alone), maybe you do need a weirdo or two to liven up your parties. Trust other people to have as much good sense in picking out their friends as you have in choosing yours.

I have been hearing a lot about the prostate gland—that anal sex can cause infections of the little bugger, that too

much sex can cause inflammation, that too little or a break in one's sexual pattern can cause inflammation, etc. It seems as if the prostate were nature's way of telling you to slow down, to stop enjoying yourself, etc. Just what is the prostate and why is it such trouble?—T. G., San Diego, California.

The prostate is the weak link in man's chain of pleasure. The gland lies behind the base of the penis, just below the bladder, right in center court for both sex and urination. It produces the seminal fluid needed for ejaculation and can become congested if not emptied at regular intervals. Preventive medicine—a healthy diet of good solid lovemaking—should help you avoid trouble (orgasm flushes out the prostate), but don't go way beyond what you're normally used to. When the prostate becomes inflamed or congested, the victim may feel a lower-back pain, pain on urination, a general tenderness of the tubes, chills, fever and exhaustion. He may discover that it is painful to have an erection or to ejaculate. That's not as bad as terminal cancer but, for some men, close. Doctors usually treat prostate troubles with hot baths and anti-inflammatory drugs. They may tell the patient to abstain from alcohol, hot foods or marijuana, all of which seem to cause irritation of the prostate upon urination. To relieve the congestion of the gland, doctors massage it (the greased-glove-up-the-rectum technique sounds more gruesome than it feels). The prostate is susceptible to V. D. infection and, more critically, to bacterial infection. Perhaps the one and only danger involved in anal sex is the transmission of the usually harmless *E. coli* bacteria from the anus to the urethral canal and prostate. The two just do not get along and infection can result. (One solution: Wear a condom during anal sex. If you engage in manual stimulation, do not move from the anus to yourself without first hitting the washbasin.) Later in life, the prostate tends to enlarge, putting pressure on the urethra and causing some discomfort with urination. In a few cases, the prostate must be removed. Prostatitis has been called the priest's disease—perhaps because it requires you to give up wine, women and weed. Check with your doctor for the complete information on the care and feeding of the prostate. Treated properly, it can last a lifetime.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



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THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

The Emperor's new clothes. Clothes make the man. A wolf in sheep's clothing. Certainly, clothes are the one mask people wear to prevent others from seeing their real selves. In our dauntless search to discover the sexual truths that lurk behind the most fortified façades, we asked 100 men and women two simple questions: "What kind of clothes do you wear when you want to turn on the opposite sex and what do they wear that turns you on?"

We thought it was a simple question. We were wrong. This poll was our most difficult to date. Repeatedly, our subjects answered: "I'm not a sex object. I never think of the effect my appearance has on other people. I'm just me. What I wear isn't as important as who I am. That would be role playing." We pressed on. Further probing revealed that most men and women are liars. Under our brilliant cross-examinations, nearly everybody admitted to spending agonized hours before full-length mirrors, trying to decide what to wear to impress hot dates. Once again, we confess that our sample may not be a true cross section of America. Our only requirement was that subjects be fully dressed. Take your mind off that hanger and try these answers on for size.

Q:

WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO WOMEN WEAR THAT TURNS YOU ON?
(Asked of 100 men)

Thirty-one percent of the men said they got excited by outfits that revealed a woman's breasts: "Anything I can see a nipple outline through—a sweater or a blouse—grabs me. I have a game I play where I try to make a woman's nipples get hard just by looking at them." "If a girl isn't afraid to show her tits in public, then I know she won't be afraid to do anything I ask her to when I get her in bed." "I dig a blouse with a round loose neck, so when a girl leans forward, I can look down inside and see her breasts. If we're lovers, I'll reach right in and fondle them—if we're in a place that's not too public."

Ten percent of the men got off on women who wore tight pants or skirts that showed off the ass: "Tight jeans



with high boots. I'm a guy who loves seeing how the pants mold to her cheeks and the boots accentuate the long, sexy line of her leg."

Eight percent were into sexy evening gowns: "Those glistening, liquidlike clothes—dresses with fabrics like satin that flow around a woman's body make her look like she's supergraceful and sensuous—those make me horny as hell. I want to be the knife in the water."

Seven percent were turned on by clothes that drew attention to a lady's legs: "It's that few inches of skin between those short skirts and those boots that go halfway up her thighs that makes me hot." "Short skirts that display a lot of leg are just an invitation to check out where the legs end and the fun begins."

Seven percent thought that women who wore very feminine clothes were sexy: "I've probably seen too many movies, but I get off on any woman who wears a lacy Victorian dress, and

maybe even carries a parasol."

Seven percent found women who wore bikinis exciting—either on the beach or under their clothing: "I've always been powerfully aroused by a woman who wears bikini panties, thick bracelets and chains around her neck. The bikini makes her look bold and yet vulnerable. It's a look that says, 'I am your slave.'"

Five percent of the men were total body watchers, liking women who wore outfits that hugged the body and accentuated slimness: "I fantasize being naked in bed, with her long legs and arms wrapped around me."

Four percent liked lingerie: "Guess I'm a traditionalist. Show me a woman in black silk from Frederick's of Hollywood and my cock gets hard."

Three percent liked leather: "A woman in leather looks like an animal in heat."

Another three percent liked women who wore trousers that were tight in the crotch: "Show me a woman who wears tight Levis that reveal her cunt and I'll guarantee you she moves great when she makes love."

The rest of the sample liked such diverse things as expensive clothing ("Women are sexy who look like they have enough money to get home by themselves"), the little-girl look, the rich-hippie look, terribly neat, almost fussy clothes, off-the-shoulder outfits, tuxedos, fur coats and overalls. Yes, overalls: "My girlfriend had a pair. From the side, everyone could see her tits completely exposed and, in some positions, even her pubic hairs. I think about her overalls a lot. She gave them to me as a going-away present."

Q:

WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO MEN WEAR THAT TURNS YOU ON?
(Asked of 100 women)

Twenty-one percent of the women said they were really attracted to men who wore shirts that exposed their chests: "The sexiest thing I ever saw was a man wearing blue jeans and a shirt that was completely open blowing behind him as he rode his bicycle. He had a splendidly muscled torso and I could watch the play



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of his muscles as he gripped the handle bars. God, did I want to be those handle bars."

Twenty percent of the women were stimulated by men who wore tight clothes: "I can look at how a man's jeans fit and tell if he'll be a good fuck. Tight means great. Loose and sloppy means he'll be a disaster." "If a fellow has a small ass, I want to see it moving under tight Levis. I picture how it would feel to get my hands on it." "Seeing a man with his cock through his jeans makes me feel very aggressive and rather challenged. I wonder if it's as big as it appears to be."

Eleven percent of the women were turned on by men who dress in suits: "I go for guys who wear velvet. They look smooth, Continental and are probably good in bed."

Six percent were aroused by the rugged look: "Tough guys turn me on. I like exposed, tattooed arms, old motorcycle jackets and unshaven faces."

Four percent dug men who wore turtle-neck sweaters: "I love the lean, hungry look of a guy in a black turtleneck and jeans—like he's a cat burglar."

Four percent of the women liked men who wore shorts. Three percent were excited by men who wore leather and suede; another three percent liked "the English-professor look." Three percent liked guys who wore cowboy clothes: "Ladies really do love outlaws."

The rest of the women had divergent tastes, ranging from jock style (sweaters, sweat shirts and chinos), jump suits, vests, thin antique scarves wound around the neck, pants tucked into high boots ("It makes men look like pirates"), leotards, loincloths, string bikinis, trench coats and even towels ("The sight of a man wearing nothing but a towel around his waist makes me want to pull it off and rape him").

Q:

WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO YOU WEAR WHEN YOU WANT TO TURN A WOMAN ON?

(Asked of 100 men)

Sixteen percent of the men said that open shirts that revealed their chests aroused women the most: "Girls love to look at two things—a hairy chest and the other thing you can't show them in public." "They like to see the muscles and the lines of a man's body, without him having to advertise."

Fourteen percent said that women really got off on tight jeans: "I like my pants to be so tight that women can tell not only my sex but my religion." "Women I've slept with have told me that

I have a great ass, so I wear tight pants to show it off. Also, a really tight pair of pants, snug around the crotch, can be a turn-on in itself. Get an erection and the pressure can get you off."

Ten percent of the men were sure that women liked men who dressed in well-cut suits: "I try to project an elegant style that says I'm rich. I wear an expensive suit, subdued silk shirts, conservative ties and British shoes. James Bond himself."

Nine percent of the guys fancied the rugged camping look: "A lumberjack outfit—rough plaid shirt, heavy trousers and boots—really brings out the girl in a woman."

Six percent said they thought the cowboy look turned women on: "My killer outfit is something I call the Rambling-Sam-Love-'Em-and-Leave-'Em-Man outfit. Old torn Levis, scuffed cowboy boots, an authentic cowboy shirt I bought in Waco and a blue handkerchief tied around my neck. It says I'm here tonight and gone by dawn."

Six percent felt leather was effective: "Black leather lets a girl know that I'm out to take her by force, if necessary."

Six percent felt sexy only in bathing suits, in spite of the seasonal limitations: "Women really admire a man who admires himself. That's why a G string is so seductive."

Five percent trusted a sporty but expensive look: "There's something very together about turtleneck sweaters, sports jackets and exquisitely fitting trousers. A touch of class for a piece of ass."

Five percent said that women found dark clothes erotic: "Black clothes make a man look slinky, evil and fascinating. Women are irresistibly attracted to that image of polished cruelty."

The rest of the sample ransacked Fiber McGee's closet for their erotic wardrobe, favoring such items as boots, shorts, jump suits, flowered shirts and chains, multicolored underwear, a suntan, tuxedos and even the collegiate buttondown-shirt, crew-neck-sweater trip. Kinky, that. And one man felt that opposites attracted: "I believe in the old adage 'Treat a lady like a whore and a whore like a lady,' so, depending on how she looks, I dress the opposite. It always works."

Q:

WHAT KIND OF CLOTHES DO YOU WEAR WHEN YOU WANT TO TURN A MAN ON?

(Asked of 100 women)

Twenty-nine percent of the women said that an outfit that showed off their breasts was a sure-fire arouser: "A low-cut blouse and a crucifix on a chain

between my boobs always catches a man's attention." "Guys can't resist looking at tits. When I talk to them, it's fun to see them try to look at my face when they keep wanting to look down my front."

Eighteen percent were sure that women were sexiest in black clothes: "Black tells a man that I'm dangerous and sexually far out."

Twelve percent said that men got off on women who wore really tight clothes: "I have special jeans that I've worked on for years to keep patched and tight. They look like they've been sprayed on."

Nine percent said they wore what they considered to be feminine clothes: "I like to surprise a man with a whorish look, but in virginal white, as though to say, 'I'm in the profession, but it's my first time.' Under a white pinafore dress, I wear a wasp-waisted white-satin corset that pushes up my breasts. An offering to the lord of the manor."

Three percent of the women chose to accent their legs: "Snug-fitting jeans tucked into boots with wool leg warmers almost to the crotch make my legs look like they go on forever."

The rest of the ladies had slightly different ideas about dress: Some liked leather, while others thought men got turned on by women in men's clothes. A few had found success with the little-girl look, halter tops and the best of L. L. Bean's outdoor catalog: "I love dressing in heavy wool shirts, thick sweaters and hiking boots. It tells a guy that I'm adventurous and can take it." Some women believed in costumes (Arabian slave-girl outfits) and contrasts: "Wearing an ultrafeminine frilly blouse with old jeans. Men have to screw me to find out which style is the real me."

Summary: The chest is best. Tight is right. Both sexes professed a strong attraction to peeking at each other's pectoral muscles and, similarly, both knew that the exposed bosom was the most effective bait. Tight, form-fitting garments were the second favorite style. Apparently, most people like to see what they're getting, before they get into it. Dressy or formal clothes lost out to a more casual look but were ahead of rugged fashions.

Most people have several outfits in the category they consider sexiest. Often, these fashions say more about the kind of lover they are attracted to than about their own personalities. The clothes people wear to be sexy are those that make them feel very good about themselves.

At the end of our arduous efforts on behalf of this poll, we found ourselves wondering which is ultimately more effectively attractive—the right clothes or that feeling of confidence you project when you believe you're wearing the right clothes, which says to everyone who looks, "I'm ready." As always, it's different threads for different heads.

—HOWARD SMITH AND
BRIAN VAN DER HORST



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Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
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Brand K Mild	14	0.9
Brand W Lights	13	0.9
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
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Brand M	8	0.5
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

THE PLAY'S THE THING

After living with my man for almost three years, I've become convinced that using fantasy can be a terrific way to keep a couple's sex life interesting and fun. Our exploration of this phenomenon started one night about two years ago. As my lover began to undress me, I said, "You really shouldn't. I'm only 15 and I've never gone all the way." To my surprise, he coaxingly replied, "Please just let me take your blouse off. I promise not to do anything you don't want." Things just naturally progressed from there, with me as the sweet young thing trying to resist temptation and my lover as the horny adolescent male on the make. My ultimate surrender added wild delight to our lovemaking.

Our fantasies are sometimes reruns of actual experiences we've had, either together or with other partners. Once, at a party, we sneaked off to our host's bedroom to make love. The thought that we could be discovered at any moment was a powerful turn-on. At home, some weeks later, we repeated the scene in fantasy and recaptured much of the original passion.

We don't think of our fantasy as kinky at all, just a creative, lively way to vary our sex.

(Name withheld by request)
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HIGH INSIDE, BALL ONE

I always enjoy reading about the personal experiences of PLAYBOY readers, so I thought I would share my first experience of sexual intercourse. I was what one might call a late bloomer; it wasn't till my second year of college that I finally lost my virginity. I was dating one of the guys on the baseball team and, on one occasion, I traveled with the team to an out-of-town game. After the game, he invited me to his motel room while the other players were enjoying their dinner. Needless to say, it was the perfect opportunity for that long-awaited first time. Well, I never was much of a talker and, in my shyness, I failed to tell my partner that I was having my period and was still wearing a tampon. He came quickly and I split immediately, fearing that his roommates would be back any minute. When I got back to my own room, I tried to remove the tampon, but I couldn't locate it. Not knowing exactly how serious a lost tampon was, and fearful of possible consequences, I decided the only thing to do was to go to the

nearest hospital and have it removed. It was midnight when I walked into the emergency room. I'll never forget the doctor's comment when I explained the problem: "Well, I'm sure stranger things have happened." I didn't tell him how the tampon had ended up so far inside me, but I'm sure he knew. I saved his bill when it came; otherwise, I'd never believe it actually happened.

(Name withheld by request)
Fresno, California

*"I've become convinced
that fantasy can be a
terrific way to keep a
couple's sex life
interesting and fun."*

SEXY REFLEX

Last November's *Playboy Advisor* states that it is not possible for women to be conditioned to become sexually aroused at some simple signal such as the ringing of a bell or the tweaking of a breast. I'd like to set the record straight. I am lucky enough to be susceptible to conditioning, and I've been conditioned by a sensitive lover. He has developed a pattern of foreplay with me that pro-



gresses from my left knee to total ecstasy. When he starts at my knee, he rubs the side of his nose. Now, in any and all circumstances, such as business meetings or a quick encounter in a hallway, he rubs the side of his nose and I experience all the lovely, warm, moisturizing effects I enjoy when we make love.

A woman's body is a magnificent instrument to be finely tuned, cared for and played by a virtuoso. I regard myself as very fortunate, indeed, to possess such an instrument, played by such a virtuoso, and to have, in addition, a successful career, a lovely child, a nice home and a meaningful future. Perhaps other women are, as the *Advisor* puts it, "somewhat more complicated than a psychologist's best friend," but I, for one, am thankful I'm not all that complicated.

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

After rubbing his nose, does he disappear up the chimney?

THE DEATH PENALTY

The *Forum's* editorial on capital punishment (January) is excellent and provides a somber perspective on a year in which this country will once again begin shooting, hanging, gassing and electrocuting convicted felons.

The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund has contested the constitutionality of the death penalty in the courts for the past 12 years. L.D.F. began its battle against the death penalty because of the blatantly discriminatory way this sanction was imposed for rape (since 1930, nine out of ten persons executed for this crime have been black) but found that for both practical and moral reasons, it had to extend its legal campaign to capital punishment in general.

There are now over 400 persons under sentence of death in this country. Almost 60 percent of condemned inmates are black, nearly all are poor. L.D.F. is continuing its litigation campaign against the death penalty (supported, in part, by a generous grant from the Playboy Foundation) and is representing a large number of indigent persons under sentence of death. This year, the Supreme Court will hear a case in which the L.D.F. is urging that the death penalty for rape, when the life of the victim is not taken, constitutes unconstitutional cruel and unusual punishment.

The death penalty is a barbaric atavism in a civilized society and it debases the law to the level of the criminal acts

it punishes. Self-evidently, the penalty does not restore the life of the victim and its grotesque nature diverts attention from the programs that might, in fact, better protect the public from homicide. To oppose the death penalty is neither to condone crime nor to coddle criminals. As Lord Chancellor Gardiner declared in Parliament in 1965, "When we abolished the punishment for treason that you should be hanged, and then cut down while still alive, and then disemboweled while still alive, and then quartered, we did not abolish that punishment because we sympathized with traitors but because we took the view that it was a punishment no longer consistent with our self-respect."

David Kendall, Assistant Counsel
NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund
New York, New York

Death to the asshole who wrote the January editorial opposing capital punishment. He makes a good case against executing murderers, but he doesn't seem to realize that your supposedly ignorant criminal is sensitive to public opinion and will get the message of the death penalty. I'm surrounded by a bunch of self-styled bad asses who only wish they could be made into heroes by the newspapers and the public like so many latter-day John Dillingers. They tend to justify robbing and killing people on all sorts of grounds, but mainly because they think violent criminality is an acceptable way of life, and the only question is whether or not one is good at it. To my colleagues here in the joint, I think, the current popular enthusiasm for executions says that people don't like getting stabbed and shot and are starting to get pissy about it.

(Name withheld by request)
Joliet, Illinois

PLAYBOY's stand on capital punishment doesn't quite reach me. Granting that no one wants to see an innocent person executed by mistake, but what about those whose guilt we're perfectly sure of, like madman Manson and his brain-washed slaves?

I definitely agree with your position on abortion, but, since you are willing to deny the fetus full human rights, why must you be so confoundedly respectful of the rights of murderers?

R. Plötz

Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Anti-abortion people are forever saying that tolerance for abortion leads to tolerance for killing in general. By being for abortion and against capital punishment we prove them wrong. Next question.

THE EQUALIZER

Edward Abbey raises a provocative point in his essay *The Right to Arms* (PLAYBOY, January) when he identifies

FORUM NEWSFRONT

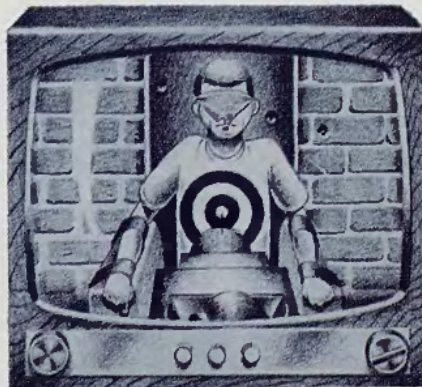
what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

ALASKA COKE LAW VOIDED

ANCHORAGE—A superior-court judge in Anchorage has ruled that the Alaska drug law wrongly classifies cocaine as a narcotic and is therefore unconstitutional. In dismissing indictments against six persons, Judge Victor D. Carlson said that if the law's penalty structure is based on pharmacological distinctions, it must correctly differentiate among drugs. He noted, "From the evidence, it is beyond dispute that cocaine is unlike the opiates and compares with the amphetamines," and therefore should not be penalized as a narcotic. State authorities will probably appeal the decision to the Alaska Supreme Court, and the U.S. Attorney's office in Anchorage announced that cocaine users or sellers would continue to be prosecuted under Federal drug laws.

NO TELEVISED EXECUTIONS

NEW YORK—All three national television networks say they will cover executions if allowed to, but almost certainly will not broadcast them live or even on news programs. A CBS spokesman said, "While we contend we have the right to be present if the rest of the press is, we have no intention of using any film we might shoot at or



about the time of the execution and, at most, we would put it in our library for possible future use—far in the future—as part of history." The issue came up prior to the execution of Utah murderer Gary Gilmore and after a Federal judge in Texas ruled that the electronic medium has the same right as other bona fide journalists to cover and broadcast executions in that state.

GOOD TRY

PHOENIX—A 51-year-old justice of the peace from a small Arizona community

has been arrested by Phoenix police on charges of soliciting an undercover policewoman to commit an oral-sex act for ten dollars. The J.P. explained that he was only trying to make a prostitution arrest and did it in Phoenix because there weren't any prostitutes in his jurisdiction. "I was going to take the little gal down to Judge Reno's office and have her arrested," a newspaper quoted him as saying. A state-police official commented that, if true, the J.P. went about it all wrong. The state has no law against offering acts of prostitution, only soliciting such acts, pimping or maintaining a house of prostitution.

GRIN AND BEAR IT

ATLANTA—The Georgia Supreme Court has upheld the murder conviction of Reverend Bobby Gene Burger for killing his wife and the man with whom he found her in bed. The court rejected as "utterly barbarous" the defense contention that such killing is justifiable homicide.

JEALOUS JAILER'S REVENGE

An Austrian jury has decided that consensual sex has its place in the local jailhouse, according to a report in *The Overseas Weekly*. The jurors acquitted seven jail officials of misconduct in having sex with a female inmate who freely admitted that she had seduced them to satisfy her own sexual needs. All were consenting adults, the jurors found. The affair became known when one would-be sex partner was spurned by the woman prisoner and tipped off a top police official to what was going on. The way this appeared in print was, the eighth jailer "called his whistle and blew the chief."

SURPRISE!

WINNIPEG—A 28-year-old man has been charged with assault after a mate-swapping session left him feeling cheated. He and his wife met another couple in a local bar, invited them home for drinks and the four agreed to exchange partners for a night of sex. In the bedroom, the host discovered his date to be a man in women's clothes and laid the impostor out with a rolling pin.

LAND OF BEARDLESS MEN

BUENOS AIRES—In what reportedly is an effort to hinder the forging of travel and other documents by political

subversives, Argentina has banned the wearing of beards in any official photographs, such as those used on passports



and police identity cards. To prevent the growing of beards after the pictures have been taken, the new rule requires that the documents contain a faithful likeness of the bearer at all times. The rule apparently does not apply to mustaches.

NATION'S LEADER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Having already achieved the highest illegitimate-birth rate in the country, Washington, D.C., has now become the first major U.S. city where abortions outnumber births. Nationwide, the average rate is 317 abortions per 1000 births, but for Washington residents it has reached 1007 per 1000.

SETBACK FOR WOMEN'S RIGHTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court seems to have it in for women these days. In three recent cases, it has ruled that:

- Under present law, private companies may exclude pregnancy from their employee compensation plans.
- When a wage earner retires or is disabled, Social Security benefits can be denied a divorced wife under age 62 who is burdened with child care, though granted to married women under the same circumstances.
- Married women may be refused the right to use their maiden names on certain documents, such as driver's licenses.

ATTACK ON UNCLE SHERMAN

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—A local feminist group is promoting a consumer boycott of stores selling "flasher" dolls.

Called Uncle Sherman (and featured in February's "Playboy Potpourri"), the popular 20-inch-high stuffed doll comes dressed in a trench coat or other outerwear that can be flapped back to expose a small penis and pubic hair made of yarn. The feminist group, Women Against Rape, has protested the doll as "sick and disgusting. . . . The fear the exhibitionist creates is an act of violence . . . the Uncle Sherman doll condones and encourages such behavior."

COSTLY MOON SHOT

BEDFORD, OHIO—An 18-year-old man has pleaded guilty to mooning an unmarked police car that carried two cops, city employees and the Bedford city manager. Asked by the judge why he would expose his bare rear to startle strangers, the young man answered, "Well, I didn't know who was in the car." Snapped the judge, "I don't care if Santa Claus was in the car," and gave him a ten-day suspended jail sentence and a \$250 fine.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

DALLAS—The Motion Picture Classification Board of Dallas has decided to add a new code letter for films mentioning homosexuality: P for perversion. The P rating joins such other local code letters as N for nudity and L for rough language, which are applied to films otherwise rated as suitable for



children. One board member who disapproved of the new rating was quoted as saying, "The board is terrified that if a youngster sees anything resembling homosexuality on the screen, Dallas will suddenly turn into the Sodom and Gomorrah of the Southwest."

ownership of firearms with a free and independent citizenry. "Not for nothing was the revolver called an equalizer," Abbey writes. We must now adopt a new term to describe bloody murder—equalizing. We can say that Jack and Bobby Kennedy were equalized, Martin Luther King, Jr., was equalized and more than 12,000 people are merely equalized by guns each year.

Robert P. Laverty
Chicopee, Massachusetts

Although I agree with Abbey's opinion, I'd like to point out that he is completely inaccurate in writing, "In Nazi Germany, the possession of firearms by a private citizen of the Third Reich was considered a crime against the state, the statutory penalty was death—by hanging or even beheading." Humbug. I was born in 1928 and grew up in Nazi Germany, and many of our neighbors owned firearms, and several of my friends and myself owned .22 rifles. We lived in a village near a large town and would go out into the field for target shooting, with a sparrow or a starling the occasional target. Almost every town had a gun club with a rifle range, and we teenagers were actually encouraged to go target shooting, as a sort of premilitary training. Some of us kids had small-caliber handguns, with the 6.35mm Browning the favorite. One gun-club member owned a U.S.-made .22 pump-action rifle; he was the envy of everyone. Nobody was ever arrested, hanged or beheaded. So my advice to Abbey is to do his homework.

Rolph Meinzer
Millbrae, California

SPACE COLONIES

I was intrigued by Robert Anton Wilson's optimistic ideas regarding space colonies (*The Playboy Forum*, February), but I remain a skeptic. Although I agree that mankind is doomed in the long run unless we expand into space, I wonder how in hell anyone can predict 100,000,000 to 40 billion human beings living in earth orbit. Wilson is talking about a space-colony population up to ten times greater than the total population on earth today. Where would they get their water? How could they grow enough food in space to support such numbers? How would they dispose of their waste products? And where would they get the natural resources for the first colonies to build additional colonies? How can you create water or iron ore, for example, out of space, which by definition is a vacuum?

The cost of shuttling sufficient raw material into earth orbit to provide accommodations for 100,000,000 people would be prohibitive, if not impossible.

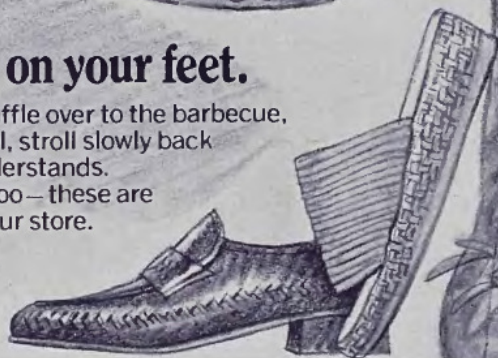
Why would we want to stay so close to home, anyway? If people can be convinced that the expenditure of another



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30 billion dollars to 60 billion dollars on space projects is a good investment, and I hope they can, it would make much more sense to spend the money on the colonization of Mars and on an attempt to change the atmosphere of Venus.

James Ward
Managua, Nicaragua

Robert Anton Wilson says he has computer proof that a space program can eventually help Third World nations achieve economic parity. I would be delighted to know more about the economics of this. I suspect Wilson is thinking like a Government planner. He envisions this program, like all Government projects, to cost much less and to produce much more than will actually be the case. If NASA projects cost at 30 billion dollars to 60 billion dollars, how do we taxpayers know it won't cost double or triple that? And what would be our return, dollar for dollar? Until this is addressed, Wilson's thinking would appear to be pie (and space colonies) in the sky.

M. Morris
Fort Worth, Texas

PENIS SIZE AND PENIS ENVY

Richard Bilomasur of Cold Bay, Alaska, writes that women prefer to have intercourse with men whose penises are large, because they subconsciously want to steal the penis and would prefer to take the biggest one they can (*The Playboy Forum*, February). Such an original idea! His letter reads as if he'd just finished reading Cliff's notes on Freud and were anxious to spread the word. Hasn't anyone told him that the old penis-envy theory is passé? There is more current reading material in the field; he should try *The Hite Report* next time.

Dayna Tolley
Bloomington, Indiana

My observation is that men suffer from womb envy and wish desperately to be female, no matter what they may say to the contrary. Sex for a man is a subconscious attempt to swap penis for clit.

Donna Ferguson
San Diego, California

I think Bilomasur has been in Alaska too long and his brain has frozen.

R. Martin
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

If, indeed, a woman has sex with a man simply because she subconsciously wants to take away his penis, then, pray, what is a man's reason for having sex with a woman?

Marjorie Carter
Ithaca, New York

He wants to give it to her.

CONDOM CONUNDRUM

I've been a condom user off and on since my teens in the late Fifties. In those days, prophylactics were invariably



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3. Winners will be determined in random drawings conducted by National Judging Institute Inc., an independent judging organization, whose decisions are final. All prizes will be awarded and winners notified by mail. Only one prize to an individual or family. Prizes, with the exception of the Grand Prize, are not transferable or redeemable for cash. Winners may be required to execute affidavit of eligibility and release.
4. FEETSTAKES open to all U.S. residents except employees and their families of Pennwalt Corporation and its advertising, sales promotion, and judging agencies. Taxes on prizes, if any, are the responsibility of the individual winners.
5. FEETSTAKES void in Missouri and wherever else prohibited, taxed, or restricted by Federal, State, or local laws and regulations.
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THE CINCINNATI HUSTLE

The conviction of *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt in Cincinnati in February is the latest in a series of censorship cases inspired by the Supreme Court's pernicious 1973 community-standards doctrine of obscenity. Like the Memphis *Deep Throat* case and the *Screw* prosecution in Wichita, this is not just an attempt to keep offending material out of one community; it is an effort to dictate moral standards to the entire country. If anyone doubts that, here is Cincinnati prosecutor Simon Leis, Jr., crowing over his victory: "Moral boundaries have been established in this county and this country which will put limitations on how far smut peddlers will be allowed to go" (emphasis ours).

This is an effort to destroy a national publication by jailing its publisher. Cincinnati isn't even Flynt's community; the magazine is published in Columbus and printed in Wisconsin. The judge damaged defense plans by refusing to admit other magazines comparable to *Hustler* as evidence that such magazines are read in Cincinnati and therefore, in practice, are accepted in that community. Sentenced to six months for pandering obscenity, Flynt was given a disproportionate 7 to 25 years for participating in "organized crime" under an Ohio law never before used against a publisher. He was sentenced at once and marched off to jail. All this goes far beyond fair law enforcement and bears the earmarks of a vindictive persecution.

There are really two hustles going on in Cincinnati. One is the effort of a local judge, prosecutor and jury to convince us that they are fit to be moral arbiters for the entire country. The other is the ludicrous effort of Larry Flynt to sell us a copy of the Jefferson Memorial made of cowshit. Of the two, the con game Flynt is running can hardly be called a menace to the republic. He is trying to wrap his garbage in the Bill of Rights, but the Cincinnati court is trying to turn the Bill of Rights into garbage.

In Cincinnati, they hate those people Leis calls smut peddlers, and Leis panders to this fanaticism. Smut peddler is a hater's term. Like all such hatred, it springs from the need of simple-minded people to find a scapegoat for social trends they resent. Cincinnati is the home of the country's most virulent censorship organization, Citizens for Decency Through Law (formerly Citizens for Decent Literature). Leis has worked hand in glove with CDL ever since he took office in 1971. He has publicly acknowledged that CDL's legal staff supplied advice and information that was virtually indispensable to his crusade against pornography: "I suppose we could have gotten along without them—but I would hate to have had to do so." Not that *Hustler* is hard-core pornography, but the book burners don't make distinctions: Back in 1974, Leis tried to block the Cincinnati showing of Bertolucci's *Last Tango in Paris*. CDL applauded his efforts and its newsletter named him Prosecutor of the Month. Charles H. Keating, Jr., head of CDL, declared, "Si Leis is a credit to his family, his church and his community."

How glibly Keating links church and community, in a country that supposedly separates them. But then, that separation is another part of the First Amendment, which these people find such a nuisance.

In laying down the community-standards doctrine, the Court declared that one community should not be bound by the moral standards of another and implied that it was protecting community individuality by permitting each locality to decide for itself what is "patently offensive" and appeals to "prurient interest." Even in theory this is a bad principle, because it doesn't protect the rights of individuals

within the community. But in practice it's disastrous, because it has given a few towns the power to impose their morals, as Leis boasted, on the entire country.

One juror declared that she found Flynt guilty because "magazines like that shouldn't be around, younger kids can get hold of them and I wouldn't want my children to read that." Discussions of obscenity always bring in children, even though legal precedent has established that suitability for children is not a constitutionally permissible standard for judging literature intended for adults. As far as that goes, it's a dubious proposition that *Hustler* is fit for adults to read; but in a free country, adults are expected to make their own decisions about what to read and to take responsibility for the reading habits of their children.

The organized-crime conviction against Flynt may create the false impression that he was involved with something like the Mafia. Actually, it means simply that he did what any executive in a like position does: He combined with others to publish and distribute his magazine. Oddly enough, the others tried with him were exonerated.

The obscenity law is vague. The organized-crime (an Ohio version of conspiracy) law is vague. When laws are without definition, the result is guilt by accusation, and no one is safe. Until now, the primary fact about *Hustler* has been its relentlessly bad taste. Now that doesn't matter. The only thing that counts is that a publisher has been imprisoned. It is precisely when a publication, a movie or a speech is widely held to be offensive that the First Amendment is most needed. It is said that Flynt has gone beyond the responsible limits of free expression; but once you place any limit—even a responsible one—on free expression, it isn't free anymore. As Oliver Wendell Holmes put it, the principle of freedom of thought means "not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate."

For the most part, this country is admirably tolerant of the thought it hates. The one exception—a totally irrational exception—is sex. Sexual material is subject to censorship even though there is no scientific evidence that sexually explicit material does any damage to individuals or to society. Several years ago, a Federal commission spent millions of dollars researching the question and found no evidence of harm. This country's legal tradition permits limitations on freedom of expression only to prevent immediate, tangible, grievous injury to individuals or to society. In the case of explicit erotic material, no such injury can be demonstrated. The book burners know this and many of them openly concede it. Their true objective in promoting so-called obscenity laws is to impose their moral views on the rest of us. In a nation founded on separation of church and state, this religiously inspired censorship is intolerable.

Just before his trial, Flynt sent out a pamphlet of full-color photographs of mangled Vietnam-war victims. His point was lost in the ensuing wave of outrage. But it's still a fact that irresponsible and brutal as this act was, the pictures were not legally obscene, while the Cincinnati court tries to tell us that *Hustler*'s genital displays are. Atrociously demonstrated or not, the point is valid, and the real question is not the abominable taste of Flynt's product but the mental health of this society.

Future ages will be amazed that a nation with the technological capacity to explore the planets still had laws based on primitive fear of the mere sight of human sex organs. Flynt is the victim of a superstition this country should long since have laid to rest.

hidden behind the drugstore counter and, more often than not, my requests were taken by a blushing young female cashier. Back then, I was quite a blusher myself and I suspected that all that behind-the-counter nonsense was part of a puritanical conspiracy to thwart my sexual desires.

Today, condoms are often displayed behind glass, but one must still make a verbal request to obtain them. This is a kind of sexism in reverse; vaginal creams and jellies, also contraceptives for women, are on the outer shelves, easily accessible to female (or male) shoppers.

I asked two pharmacists why condoms are still kept behind the counter. Both said there is no legal reason in this state but that such placement conveniently prevents theft. I don't accept this; condoms could simply be sold from a shelf or a counter within the pharmacist's or the cashier's view.

Contraceptives used by men should be just as accessible as those used by women.

(Name withheld by request)
Chicago, Illinois

If a man steals condoms, is his girlfriend a receiver of stolen goods?

NOW HEAR THIS

As the saying goes, I joined the Navy to see the world. In actual fact, I haven't even been to San Diego, but now I *have* seen everything! The captain of the guided-missile cruiser on which I serve doesn't much care for anything he thinks is dissolute or immoral. Among his first actions upon assuming command was a promise to clean up the crew's morals. He issued the following directive in an effort to do so:

The following are considered to be inconsistent with the Navy's leadership programs and beneath the standards of this command:

Any philosophy which defines manliness in terms of ideals which are less than moral.

The habitual and uncontrolled employment of profane, obscene and vulgar words and gestures on board this Ship or when away from the Ship.

The possession, public displaying or circulation of pornographic pictures and literature on board this Ship.

The excessive indulgence in alcoholic beverages.

Irresponsible and promiscuous sexual behavior.

Any and all other acts, practices, tendencies and philosophies which resort or subscribe to conduct and ideals which are irresponsible or immature.

All hands are enjoined to take pride in maintaining the moral standards of this command . . . and to otherwise stand without compromise



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for all principles and practices which promote the moral and spiritual welfare of themselves, their Ship and their loved ones. These actions are characteristic of what it takes to be a man.

Just how the captain intends to enforce these moral principles isn't clear, but the directive goes on to instruct all officers and men to "exercise every legitimate means to detect and correct any influence" that might encourage undesirable attitudes. As anyone familiar with the military knows, commanders can make life pretty hellish for their men and still stay within the bounds of "every legitimate means." Our captain has also recently threatened to inform on any man who, as he puts it, "cheats on his wife."

Shiver me timbers! That leaves darts and tiddlywinks. Frankly, I think we'd all rather raise a little Caine.

(Name withheld by request)

PFO San Francisco, California

HEROIC VIRTUE

I say to hell with PLAYBOY and its insidious plot to inculcate degeneracy by making nudity available and sexual intercourse flip and casual—all sanctioned by an attitude of *macho* heroism. There is nothing heroic about indulging sensual pleasures illicitly. In fact, it's weak and quite *unmacho*. I am 47 and have never had anything erotic to do with a female or a male and I am not a homosexual. You know, there are many values in life other than the seedy ones your magazine pimps for.

Keith Moore
Evanston, Wyoming

Name two.

TO CATCH A SMALL FISH

In October of last year, I was charged with 20 counts of violating the Comstock Act, which makes it a crime to mail "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile article(s), matter, thing(s), device(s) or substance(s)." Even though help was offered by the Playboy Foundation, the American Library Association and the American Civil Liberties Union, I was arrested and arraigned and stood trial so speedily that none of those organizations had time to help me very much. The presiding judge would not grant additional time for preparation of the case and the trial ended in December.

Despite the rush to judgment, the indictments commenced in 1973 and the last one was dated September 1976. In other words, the Government watched me commit supposed crimes for over three years without doing anything to stop me. If I were a bank robber, surely the Government would not have waited years to see how many banks I robbed but would have indicted me for the first crime. If I had been indicted in 1973, I

(continued on page 192)



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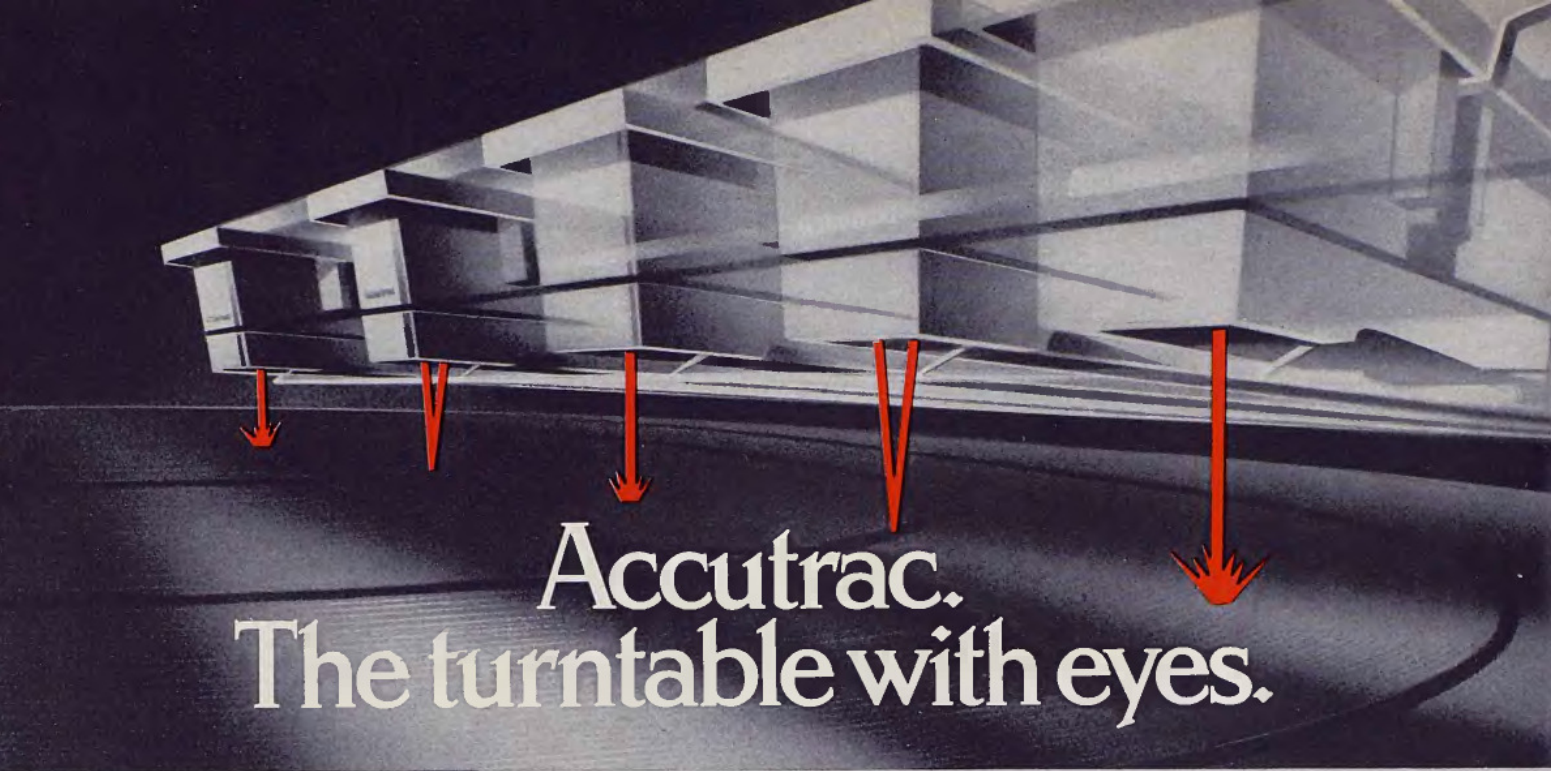
Get it at your grocer's in mild, spicy, pizza, bacon, salami, and pepperoni. Slim Jim. The chewy all-meat snack.

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: NBC'S "SATURDAY NIGHT"

a nice talk with one producer, maybe six writers, about seven or so performers, including Chevy Chase, who's not really—oh, never mind

On the second Saturday in October 1975, a live, 90-minute comedy show, titled, appropriately, NBC's "Saturday Night," premiered on that network in what used to be the time slot for "Tonight Show" reruns. It featured a group of young, rubbery-faced unknowns, billed as the Not Ready for Prime Time Players, and a guest host of the week, George Carlin, cavorting in a series of sketches, commercial parodies and take-offs on the news. The quality of the material ranged from funny to insane, with occasional references that only a bona fide graduate of the late freak subculture could appreciate. But its most salient characteristic proved to be a total disregard for any of television's traditional taboos: Viewers soon found themselves witnessing things they never expected to see on the tube. Among the targets satirized were cripples, homosexuals, bizarre sexual practices, politicians, the Pope, all minority groups, the aged and the recently deceased—in other words, just about anything.

News of the show spread rapidly by word of mouth, especially among those 20-to-30-year-olds who rarely, if ever, watch prime time. Advertisers began to take note. So did the press and, though several critics lambasted the show as "tasteless," "sophomoric" or "subversive," most hailed it as a "breakthrough," and compared it with enthusiasm to the pioneering days of television, especially to Sid Caesar's "Your Show of Shows." It soon became necessary for anyone giving a party on Saturday night to have a television set tuned to NBC at the crucial hour. In less than a year, the show's estimated viewing audience was 22,000,000 and the show went on to win four 1975-1976 Emmy Awards.

At least some of "Saturday Night's" success can be credited to its guest hosts, who have included Candice Bergen, Elliott Gould, Lily Tomlin, Richard Pryor and a reunited Simon and Garfunkel. Former press secretary Ron Nessen hosted a show that featured, among other things, a sketch in which Gerald Ford stapled his ear to his head. When a snickering press spread a report that Ford was not amused, the show's already unprecedented notoriety skyrocketed.

But "Saturday Night's" greatest strength lies in its high-powered cast and writing staff, most of whom are under 30, have had little or no previous television expe-

rience and harbor a healthy lack of inhibitions. Because the people who produce and write TV shows don't often get the public recognition that the more visible performers get, we decided to interview the entire crew of loonies, so we sent Associate Editor John Blumenthal and New York-based free-lancer Lindsay Maracotta to talk with them at NBC headquarters in Rockefeller Center. Their report:

"If we had suspected it wouldn't be easy interviewing the entire cast and writing staff of a television show, the full measure of the task didn't strike us until we stepped off the elevator at the 17th floor of Rockefeller Center. In the slightly shabby offices of the 'Saturday Night' show, we were met by a group of casually dressed people who seemed to be in a constant state of motion—they flowed ceaselessly in, out of and around offices like fish at feeding time in the aquarium. We quietly requisitioned the nearest empty desk and sat back to try to take it all in. After a while, individuals began to distinguish themselves from the maze: Michael O'Donoghue shuffled down a hall, singing 'Giaccobazzi spoken here' under his breath; John Belushi appeared as if from out of the ozone, flickered briefly, then disappeared; Gilda Radner hopped from place to place like a migrant rabbit, her cuckoo-clock laugh cutting through the general hum.

"We soon discovered the method behind this mad activity. For three consecutive weeks a month, 90 minutes of comedy must be written, rehearsed and performed on the air in exactly six days. The schedule runs more or less like this: All sketches must be in by Wednesday, at which point the cast is assembled for a read-through; Thursday and Friday are spent in intensive rehearsals and taping spots that require special effects, with constant rewriting occurring right up to, and sometimes even after, the Saturday-night dress rehearsal several hours before air time.

"Any wishful-thinking notions we had of getting the entire gang to sit down together were shattered when we found that producer Lorne Michaels regularly fails to get them into the same room for their Monday-night creative meetings. Chasing them down in smaller groups proved almost as difficult and conversation took place in studio halls, with carpenters striking sets, technicians stringing cables and assorted writers and players



AYKROYD: Everybody is open to satire, including ourselves. I've been called psychotic on the show and I don't mind. I have certified papers to prove it.



BEATTS: I think we're all misfits. Everybody on this show's a misfit and some of the humor comes from that. . . . I mean, do I look regular?



BELUSHI: No, nobody on the show takes drugs. In fact, two or three vice-presidents at NBC are not here because of Aykroyd's undercover work.



CHASE: In a sense, it's good for the cast that I've left. . . . Articles were saying, "Chevy Chase's 'Saturday Night.'" Well, fuck that—it never was my show.



CURTIN: You can't go through the paper and decide whose feelings you want to hurt and whose you don't. You can't play favorites.



DAVIS: We wrote a pretty harsh piece when Candice Bergen was host. The show was a little too sweet; we needed something with an edge to it.



FRANKEN: Here's a line I couldn't get past the censors: "If Helen Keller were alone in the forest and fell down, would she make a sound?"



MICHAELS: We're all basically anarchists. We're employed by a multinational corporation and paid to, if not bite, at least nibble at the hand that feeds us.



MORRIS: A lot of people misunderstood my hard-of-hearing sketch and said it was unfair to the deaf. My answer to that was, "Huh?"

streaking by in a wake of cue cards and coffee cups. Nonetheless, after two weeks of pursuit, we managed to get them all on tape. (For reasons of space, we are including only 14 of the 19 members of the performing and writing cast. Arbitrarily, we left out writers Tom Schiller and Marilyn Suzanne Miller, as well as multiple-E Emmy Award-winning Herb Sargent, the show's script consultant. As the interview was taking place, a new cast member, Bill Murray, and another writer, Jim Downey, were added to the show.)

"Things came to an abrupt halt when Danny Aykroyd sent us a subtle signal that he was tired of talking. Gesticulating wildly, he threatened to blow the tops of our heads off with the .44 magnum he claimed was in his top desk drawer. 'He's only kidding,' his pal Belushi assured us. Still, it seemed like a good time to retire and find a quiet place to ponder the vision of life according to 'Saturday Night.'"

Dan Aykroyd, writer and performer, does possibly the most deadly accurate impression of Jimmy Carter of anyone to date. Aykroyd, a Canadian, was a member of Second City companies in Toronto and Pasadena and starred in the Canadian television series *Coming Up Rosie*. A glittering eye and a slightly crazed smile are his trademarks as pitchman in many of *Saturday Night's* commercial parodies.

Writer **Anne Beatts**, an ex-contributing editor of the *National Lampoon*, was the only woman on the *Lampoon's* editorial board from its inception to April 1974. She has written and performed material for the *National Lampoon Radio Hour*, including *Gold Turkey*, an album she subsequently recorded. She is also coeditor of the recently published book *Titters: The First Anthology of Humor by Women*.

John Belushi, writer and performer, also an alumnus of Second City in Chicago, went on to appear in the *National Lampoon* show *Lemmings* and to write, direct and act in both the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* and the off-Broadway *National Lampoon Show*. A versatile performer, he has impersonated everyone from Marlon Brando to Henry Kissinger to Joe Cocker and is the show's resident samurai.

Chevy Chase, writer and performer, is to date the first superstar to have emerged from the ranks of NBC's *Saturday Night*. Starting as a writer, he quickly became known for the athletic pratfalls in his Gerald Ford impersonation and for his role as the mugging anchor man of "Weekend Update." Before joining the show, Chase had written for *Groove Tube* and the Smothers Brothers. In October 1976, he officially left NBC's *Saturday Night* to do a series of specials for NBC but continues to appear on the show semiregularly.



NEWMAN: One thing that shocked me was a caption Michael O'Donoghue—naturally, Michael—wrote for a photo of a kid run over by a truck.



O'DONOGHUE: I wrote a joke about Karen Ann Quinlan that never got on. It was her birthday and a relative had given her some moss for her north side.



RADNER: I was proud of us when Ford's press secretary, Ron Nessen, hosted the show, because we didn't put any restrictions on what we thought was funny.



SHUSTER: I agree with the censors about sex and drugs. I think if you do sex one week, you should wait till the next week to do drugs.



ZWEIBEL: There's a political message coming through, sure. . . . But we don't take ourselves that seriously. We're not starting any crusades.

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Performer **Jane Curtin**, the anchor woman of "Weekend Update," was chosen for the cast of *NBC's Saturday Night* from an audition of 500 people. She had previously been a member of the Boston improv group The Proposition, toured with *The Last of the Red Hot Lovers* and co-authored and performed in an off-Broadway revue, *Pretzels*.

Al Franken and **Tom Davis**, who have worked as a writing and performing team since high school days in Minnesota, admit they hold nothing sacred, with the possible exception of Hubert Humphrey. Before joining the writing staff of *NBC's Saturday Night*, they had appeared at the Improvisation in New York and Harrah's in Reno and co-authored and performed in the film *Tunnelvision*.

Lorne Michaels, producer, began his career with Canada's CBC radio and television networks and went on to write monologs for Woody Allen and Joan Rivers. He then wrote for *Laugh-In* and was a co-writer of the 1973 Emmy-winning TV special *Lily* starring Lily Tomlin and coproducer of Tomlin's 1975 special. When NBC executives were looking for a late-night weekend comedy show that would appeal to young urban adults, they turned to Michaels. He conceived of a live, presentational show that would incorporate a variety of comedy styles rather than serve one star and that would be as free as possible from the usual restrictions of TV. Promised 17 shows and six months' development time, he put together the talent for the staff and cast of *NBC's Saturday Night*.

Performer **Garrett Morris** began his career studying music at Tanglewood, Juilliard and the Manhattan School of Music and was a member of the Harry Belafonte folk singers. He has appeared on Broadway in *Showboat*, *Porgy and Bess* and *The Great White Hope* and his film credits include *Where's Poppa?*, *The Anderson Tapes* and *Cooley High*.

Performer **Lorraine Newman**'s ambition to become a heroine of horror films may have spurred her portrayal of Luciana Avedon rising from a coffin to drink the blood of teenagers. Newman had studied mime with Marcel Marceau and theater at the California Institute of Arts, then became a member of the Groundlings, an improvisational group based in her native Los Angeles. She was chosen for the cast of *NBC's Saturday Night* after appearing in the 1975 Tomlin special coproduced by Michaels.

Writer **Michael O'Donoghue**'s fascination with the perverse and admittedly bizarre took root when he became one of the original editors of the *National Lampoon*. He was writer, producer, host of the *National Lampoon Radio Hour*, has written several books and co-authored the film *Savages*. Although primarily a writer, he also appears on the show, notably as narrator of the "Least-loved Fairy Tales," in which nobody lives happily ever after.

Gilda Radner, performer, has portrayed many of *NBC's Saturday Night's* more memorable characters, including the bemused Emily Litella and Baba Wawa, a take-off of Barbara Walters. Radner was originally a member of Second City, then appeared in a Canadian version of *Godspell* and in several CBC shows. She was subsequently a regular on the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* and a member of the off-Broadway production of the *National Lampoon Show*.

Writer **Rosie Shuster** worked extensively as a writer for the CBC TV network before coming to the United States. She received an Emmy nomination for her work as a writer for the 1975 Tomlin special.

Writer **Alan Zweibel** served his apprenticeship in the Borscht Belt, where he wrote material for over 25 comedians. As his own act, he then worked New York's Improvisation and Catch a Rising Star and in several Playboy Clubs around the country.

PLAYBOY: Most reviews have been favorable, but some critics have called *Saturday Night* tasteless. One critic even went so far as to compare it to Nazi cabaret. How do all of you respond to that?

MICHAELS: Who compared it to Nazi cabaret?

PLAYBOY: Syndicated columnist Harriet Van Horne.

CHASE: Gee, Harriet and I have a date

*"Remember that this is
just showbiz—so who
gives a shit how
great we are?"*

tomorrow—I'll have to ask her about that. Who is Harriet Van Horne? Her name alone should suggest the problems that woman must have.

MICHAELS: Ask Michael O'Donoghue about the Nazi stuff. He kind of handles the Nazi questions—he has the uniform, anyway.

PLAYBOY: OK, Michael, what about Nazis?

O'DONOGHUE: Oh, there's nothing much. I'm one quarter German and when *Deutschland über alles* is played, I get a little tremor in my heart. It's a rush, but I can't help it.

PLAYBOY: Anyone else want to respond to criticism?

ZWEIBEL: In response to such criticism, we are forced to read this statement especially prepared for important interviews [*Begins reading from a blank piece of paper*]: "We are sorry to hear of such things, because we believe in the show ourselves and any time we read of such things, we are compelled to regret them with great chagrin."

PLAYBOY: Let's try something a little more specific. Many viewers remember your "Claudine Longet Men's Open Invitational Ski Tournament" sketch as an example of the show's going over the line. How do you feel about it today?

CHASE: Yeah, it was felt we'd gone over the line with that one. But here's how it came about. Claudine had shot this guy in the back about 20 times and then tried to get out the bathroom window—no, no, that's a total falsification. I have no idea what really happened, but something told me that a guy doesn't show a woman how to use a gun by giving her the handle and having her point it at his stomach and pull the trigger. That logic somehow didn't work for me. The "Update" item that I wrote said that Claudine Longet fatally shot and killed Jean-Claude Killy while showing him how she had accidentally shot and killed Spider Sabich. I wrote that because I thought there was something fishy about the whole thing. Ultimately, Michael came up with the "Claudine Longet Men's Open Invitational Ski Tournament." Again, the desire wasn't to hurt Claudine Longet any more than it had been to hurt Ford or any of the other people we satirize.

When I first heard that the ribbing Ford was getting hurt his feelings, it bothered me. On the other hand, he was a man in the public eye, who had to be held accountable for falling on little girls in wheelchairs, just the way Nixon should be held accountable for bombing Cambodia. Thank God, Ford didn't try to bomb Cambodia. God knows who he would have bombed first by mistake.

PLAYBOY: Let's interrupt ourselves here and ask you, Chevy, what you're doing in this interview. We thought you'd decided to leave *Saturday Night* and do other shows for NBC.

CHASE: Yes, the contract says I have to do one one-hour special a year.

PLAYBOY: We assume it's going to be comedy. Did the network give you carte blanche?

CHASE: No, but I already have American Express and BankAmericard.

PLAYBOY: So what is your association with the show at this point?

CHASE: What show is that?

PLAYBOY: *Saturday Night*.

CHASE: Oh, that show. No, I've given up on that show.

PLAYBOY: Completely?

CHASE: Yeah, I think it's pretty much in the dumper. By the time your interview comes out, it'll probably be off the air. No, I'll be connected in every way. I'll still be associated with it. But I have other things to write and I just want to move ahead. I never want to do anything too long. It's a very rough thing, the show; you have no idea. It's like asking Picasso to churn out a new one every week. These folks are the best writers and performers around, but remember that this is just showbiz—so who gives a



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shit how great we are? We're not as important as, say, Indira Gandhi, so, looking at this from afar, I have to ask. Why the hell are we being interviewed, in the first place? Still, these people *are* the best, and they're forced to come up with 90 minutes of live comedy every fuckin' week! You can print "every fuckin' week," by the way.

PLAYBOY: Done. Getting back to whom you satirize on the show and why, is *everyone* a fair target for your humor?

CHASE: Everybody's a fair target except Jack Benny, for some reason. I don't know why, but to say on "Weekend Update," "Jack Benny died again today," will not get a lot of big laughs.

CURTIN: The press makes you a fair target. If you're in the news, you're a fair target.

PLAYBOY: What if you're in the news unwittingly?

CURTIN: Very few people are in the news unwittingly.

PLAYBOY: Does Claudine Longet fall into that category, too?

CURTIN: She's a fair target in that situation, yes. Why should she be any different from Richard Speck?

PLAYBOY: What if she'd been found innocent?

CURTIN: More power to her. But you can't go through the paper and decide whose feelings you want to hurt and whose you don't. You can't play favorites.

SHUSTER: If an individual is being hurt gratuitously, that's where I draw the line. If a person is well enough known to be a target, I think it's all right to attack him, because he's put himself in that role. It comes with the territory. But no one here ever suggested doing Betty Ford mastectomy jokes—it's too cheap a shot. It's too easy. It's like Totie Fields leg jokes.

PLAYBOY: Do any of you have heroes—people you wouldn't go after?

BELUSHI: Yeah, but I won't tell you.

AYKROYD: I do. Moon Landrieu, mayor of New Orleans.

PLAYBOY: Why is he your hero?

AYKROYD: Because his name is Moon, of course. They named the kid Moon; that's heroic.

BELUSHI: Ernie Banks is a hero of mine.

AYKROYD: George Montgomery. He made the transition from acting to advertising furniture polish.

PLAYBOY: Let's broaden the question a little. Are there any sacred cows? Is there anyone or anything you wouldn't touch under any circumstances?

AYKROYD: Everything and everybody is open, including ourselves. Hell, I've been called psychotic on the show several times and I don't mind. I have certified papers to prove it.

PLAYBOY: To prove what? That you're psychotic?

AYKROYD: Yeah, I'm a latent psychopath. I could be Charles Whitman. Everybody is open, including our own foibles and our own psychological perspectives. We

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made fun of Belushi. We did that sketch in which he sold his clothes.

PLAYBOY: Refresh our memory.

BELUSHI: It was the "John Belushi Line of Clothing" and I sold the clothes I had on. It was a poke at the way I dress—which is to say, in wretched taste.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any sacred cows, Michael?

O'DONOGHUE: If I did, I'd wipe them out as an act of faith. I've found that if you attack your heroes, later you find out they're really swill, anyway. [Telephone rings. O'Donoghue picks up the receiver] Hello? Hello? Who's this? Anita Loos? Hi. I loved your book. Is my mother out there? [He hangs up the phone]

PLAYBOY: How about Mother? Is she sacred?

O'DONOGHUE: Mother? As a matter of fact, when I wrote for the *National Lampoon*, people used to write to me and say, "Boy, how do you like this? What if your mother was tied up with barbed wire and Japs were fucking her?" That really blows me away.

PLAYBOY: Anybody else on sacred cows?

RADNER: Oh, I know what bothered me! We did a Nazi scene on the Eric Idle show and I got a little worried about it, because it was right near Yom Kippur.

PLAYBOY: What Nazi scene was that?

RADNER: These Germans were planning strategy in a Nazi beer hall and we all went "Heil, Hitler!" and sang *Tomorrow Belongs to Me*, and I wanted to wear a disguise so my mother wouldn't recognize me.

PLAYBOY: Let's get back to the subject of criticism for a moment. What's your hate mail like?

ZWEIBEL: Hateful.

NEWMAN: Zweibel wrote a commercial about a woman buying some tooth paste, Kresk, for her dead son, the point being that his body would decay but not his teeth if he brushed with Kresk, etc., etc. And a woman wrote in and said that her son had just died and that was the first time she'd laughed since he died. But that's not really hate mail, is it?

SHUSTER: We made up a list of people that dolphins are definitely smarter than and I added Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gormé to the list and when we got a letter from them, I felt ashamed, because they are big favorites of my family and there they were, feeling humiliated.

MORRIS: All I get is mail saying how wonderful I am, of course, and how beautiful and marvelous I am and how I should be on the show more often. Actually, Lorne got one letter saying, "Dear Mr. Michaels, I think you're a genius. John Belushi is a so-and-so, but that Garrett Morris is such a dummy. How can he be on TV doing the things he does?" That one came as a result of the "Hard of Hearing" sketch.

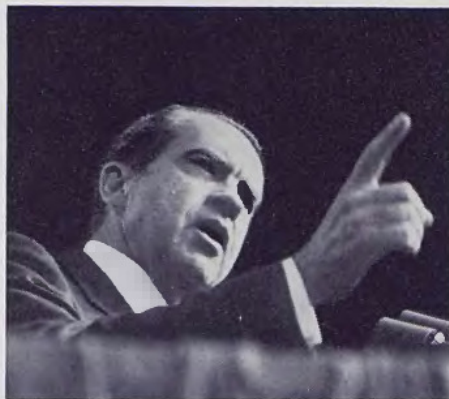
PLAYBOY: Describe that for us.

MORRIS: It was a bit we used to do on "Weekend Update." Chevy says, "And now, for those of you who are hard of

NIXON INTERVIEWS WITH DAVID FROST

Nixon The Man

Past, Present and Future
Wednesday, May 4, 1977
7:30 PM Eastern and
Pacific, 6:30 PM Central
and 5:30 PM Mountain
Daylight Time



Nixon on Domestic Affairs

*America and Her Domestic
Legacy*
Thursday, May 12, 1977
7:30 PM Eastern and
Pacific, 6:30 PM Central
and 5:30 PM Mountain
Daylight Time



Nixon on Foreign Affairs

*Accomplishments,
Disappointments and
Aspirations in the
International Realm*
Thursday, May 19, 1977
7:30 PM Eastern and
Pacific, 6:30 PM Central
and 5:30 PM Mountain
Daylight Time



Nixon on Watergate

*The Story from Break-in
to Pardon*
**Wednesday, May 25,
1977**
7:30 PM Eastern and
Pacific, 6:30 PM Central
and 5:30 PM Mountain
Daylight Time



on Mutual Radio



One of the most
significant events
in broadcasting
history will occur
when David Frost
interviews the 37th

President of the United States, Richard M. Nixon. This Mutual News Special will be broadcast simultaneously on radio and television for 90 minutes each night on May 4, 12, 19 and 25, 1977. Mutual will follow each of these historic programs with a 15 minute roundtable discussion featuring host and moderator Bob Moore, Vice President of Mutual News, and nationally known commentators and columnists Jack Anderson and James J. Kilpatrick.

After almost three years of silence, Richard Milhous Nixon will speak publicly for the first time since his final days, the resignation, the pardon, his near fatal illness and his last controversial trip to China. Mr. Nixon will have no prior knowledge of the questions posed by David Frost nor will he be able to exercise any control over the editing or content of the programs. The American public will hear for the first time a perspective that has been missing from recent American history.

Mutual stations will broadcast five and ten minute highlight programs throughout the day following each of these historic interviews. Rebroadcasts of each interview in its entirety are scheduled for the following Sundays: May 8, 15, 22 and 29 at 7 PM Eastern and Pacific, 6 PM Central and 5 PM Mountain Daylight Times.



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hearing, here is the headmaster of the New York School for the Hard of Hearing, Mr. Garrett Morris, who will give you the news for the hard of hearing." Then he says, "The top story of the day..." and I shout, "THE TOP STORY OF THE DAY..." and so on. It was sick, right? A lot of people misunderstood it and said it was unfair to the deaf.

PLAYBOY: What was your answer to that?

MORRIS: My answer was, "Huh?"

FRANKEN: We got some hate mail for a piece we did on those homosexual mass slayings in Houston about three years ago.

DAVIS: It was on the show Candice Bergen hosted last year. The show was a little too sweet, so we needed something with an edge to it.

PLAYBOY: How about you, Dan? Have you gotten any hate mail?

AYKROYD: After I did the "Bassomatic" parody, in which I threw an entire dead fish into a blender, some woman wrote to me.

PLAYBOY: Why?

AYKROYD: She objected to liquefying dead lower species, I guess. Hell, that's the way we used to make fish chowder. We just put the whole fish in there with some clams and oysters and crackers and mixed it all up. Makes a great chowder. You get to see the actual physical shape of the fish change instantly. And this lady got upset, so I wrote her back with a long dissertation on the properties of matter and mass and molecular change. She wrote back and we got this dialog going.

NEWMAN: When I impersonated Squeaky Fromme on the show once, some Manson people wrote in on this bright-orange stationery with little flowers and daisies, saying, "Dear Mr. Michaels, You know Charlie's a really beautiful person and you shouldn't have talked that way, and we really love your show, but you shouldn't have spoken about Squeaky that way, because that was really terrible. Love and peace." With a happy face drawn on.

PLAYBOY: To which sketch were they referring?

NEWMAN: It was me as Squeaky and Jane as Sandra Goode in prison doing an ad for—

O'DONOGHUE: Human-hair pot holders. And that wasn't all. As the camera pulled back, both girls were bald and had crosses carved on their heads and Laraine was pinching her tits and screaming and they were doing a self-mutilation thing. My God, it was distasteful! You're not going to see that kind of thing on the Dick Van Dyke show.

PLAYBOY: That's for sure. Do you get any fan mail, Michael?

O'DONOGHUE: Yes, and I also get mail saying, "Dear Scum."

PLAYBOY: How about mail from minority groups?

O'DONOGHUE: No, the ethnic groups don't fucking care. People *think* they care, but nobody cares. This illusion is kept up

in the media. Oh, my God! Nudity on Broadway! Will it be permitted in Bad Breath, Wyoming? What next? Nobody gives a fuck.

PLAYBOY: All right, everybody gets a turn. Anyone else on reactions to the show, hate mail?

RADNER: I got a letter once that said my face looked like a dried-up prune.

PLAYBOY: How did you react?

RADNER: Like a child. I cried.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever answer mail like that?

RADNER: Yes. Zweibel and I once spoke at a college and I said something about Belushi that was misinterpreted by someone who loves Belushi and he wrote John a letter saying that I have about as much talent as his Irish setter. I wrote back saying something mean about the dog and I sent him an autographed picture of me, but first I told Belushi to write something nice so the kid would like me. Belushi wrote, "I like Gilda very much. She's a cunt with teeth."

MICHAELS: We got some mail on a sketch Eric Idle wrote involving goldfish, a statement on the American tendency to overfeed pets. Since Dan's gotten mail about fish, too, I have to conclude there are a lot of fish lovers out there. The sketch involved throwing a lot of stuff into a goldfish bowl and hundreds of people wrote in, complaining that we'd killed the goldfish, when we hadn't really

killed them. In fact, a stagehand died trying to save the fish, but no one wrote in about him.

CHASE: I remember when the Vatican had just come out with its statement condemning homosexuality and whacking off. All I could think about was men in frocks whacking off, so I wrote a satirical thing about the Vatican for the show. Afterward, I got a bomb threat by telephone and when I went home that night, there was a package waiting for me. Very suspicious. I called the New York Bomb Squad. The following week, we did a parody on them. It was a take-off on what had actually happened. They're not really careful. These guys come in and look at the suspected bomb, and their first test is to kick it. First they look this way, then that way, then they say, "Everybody look out!" and then the guy kicks it and jumps back a foot. He could have blown the building up. Anyway, it turned out to be chicken soup.

PLAYBOY: One of last year's most publicized—and criticized—shows was the one hosted by Ron Nessen, President Ford's press secretary. Since you knew Ford would be watching, was there a premeditated effort to stack that show with shockers?

MICHAELS: Behind that question is the assumption that I even have time to realize the President might be watching. There really isn't time for that. The

show represents what's going in our lives *that week*—and we rarely have time to think beyond that. This is roughly how it goes: On Monday, we walk in and find nothing written. There will be a new host wanting to know what he's supposed to do, so you set about filling 90 minutes of air time. Scripts are started, sets are ordered, and all of a sudden it's Wednesday and you see there's nothing written for Gilda. By Saturday, we're frantic and the show goes on, in whatever shape it's in, and after that, we go out and drink. Sunday is for lying home and sulking. So you can see, there just isn't much time to be Machiavellian about who's watching or what the effect is going to be. The process is one of problem solving. It's reactive rather than conspiratorial.

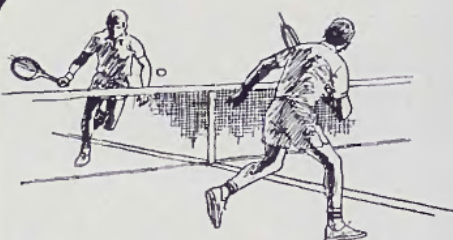
As for that specific program, one of the problems we had to solve *that week* was dealing with a technicians' strike at NBC. We had to come up with sketches that were stand-up presentations—such as ad parodies—because the cameras couldn't move. That's why we had sketches like the "Fluckers" and "Autumn Fizz" commercials—not because we stacked them for that particular show.

PLAYBOY: What was the "Autumn Fizz" sketch about?

ZWEIBEL: Gilda and I wrote that piece together. Gilda comes out and says—

RADNER: "I love being a woman. Feeling soft, fresh and fragrant makes me glad

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I'm myself. When I think of the finest in jewelry, I think of Tiffany and Cartier. And when I think of the finest in feminine hygiene, I think of Autumn Fizz——"

ZWEIBEL: "In a seltzer bottle——"

RADNER: "The carbonated [*burp*] fizz." And then Chevy sat next to me and said——

ZWEIBEL: "Now in three flavors—strawberry, lemon and egg cream."

RADNER: And then I said, "Don't leave him holding the bag." And nobody wanted me to say that.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

ZWEIBEL: It was a cheap laugh. It was a laugh of people saying, "My God! They made a reference to a douche bag on television!"

RADNER: I was really proud of us in that show, because we didn't put any restrictions on what we thought was funny just because Ron Nessen was hosting.

PLAYBOY: What about the "Fluckers" sketch? Michael, you were responsible for that one, weren't you?

O'DONOGHUE: It was a parody about a jam that had various distasteful names, based on the idea that if you name a jam Fluckers, it has to be very good. I came up with even worse names—Nose Hair, Monkey Pus, Dog Vomit, Painful Rectal Itch, just the worst names. Can you imagine a jam so good it can be called things like Mangled Baby Ducks?

CHASE: That was one of the few times I think we went over the line, and I didn't think that was *way* over the line. I just thought it would look gratuitous, like we had to say dirty things to the President. I never wanted us to look that way. To say "Painful rectal itch" to Betty and Jerry Ford is not my idea of a breakthrough.

MICHAELS: I agree. But you were awfully quiet at the time.

SHUSTER: I found the "Autumn Fizz" sketch offensive because it was a cheap shot. I'd still like to do a douche commercial, but maybe have Kenneth Clark doing it. When you're dealing with low subject matter, you have to elevate it.

PLAYBOY: Then, as a woman, you didn't find it offensive?

SHUSTER: Well, this is a male-dominated show, but it's less so than most TV shows. We did one piece that Lily Tomlin hosted about a class for women hard-hats. The women here loved it and the men hated it. Lily was the instructor, brandishing a jackhammer, and went into a number on how girls on a construction crew should address men who walk by: "Hey, dream bulge! Wanna make bouncy-bouncy? Wanna do some squat jumps for me on the girder? Hubba-hubba!" That kind of stuff. Danny was the volunteer model and he had a hard time doing that piece. The women really got into it, though.

BEATTS: We wrote one piece that never got past the first draft. It was about a

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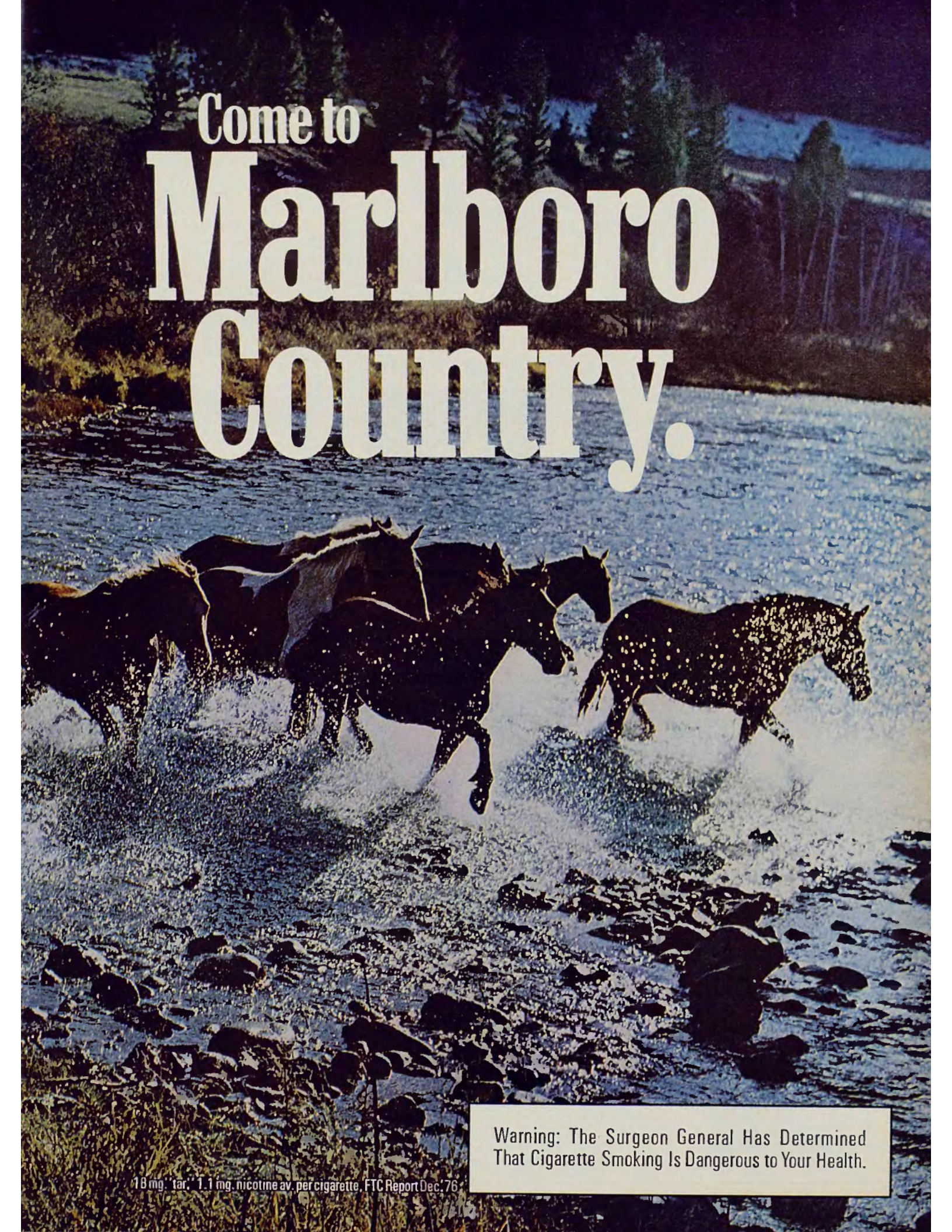
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feminist restaurant, where the man got totally humiliated: His food was served on the floor, the waitresses humiliated him and he was supposed to say, "Oh, fine, fine, I like this." We didn't run it. Some of us thought the humor was in the intimidation factor, but not enough of us felt it was really funny.

PLAYBOY: There is a definite political message coming through on the show, isn't there?

MICHAELS: What you have to understand is that we're all basically anarchists. Anarchists in the pleasant sense. Anarchy is a disturbing word for Americans, and as a Canadian, I don't want to disturb anyone, but basically we're all individuals doing whatever we feel is right—or not right. We're all employed by one of the largest multinational corporations in the world and we're paid large chunks of money to, if not bite, at least nibble at the hand that feeds us.

ZWEIBEL: There's a political message coming through, sure, because, like everyone else, we have our own personal feelings about things. Like what's going on in Chile, for instance—torture. But we don't take ourselves that seriously. We're not starting any crusades.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that most of you preferred Carter over Ford?

ZWEIBEL: I think most of us wanted Carter more than we wanted Ford.

PLAYBOY: Chevy, do you think you had anything to do with the downfall of Gerald Ford?

CHASE: Yeah. Let me put it this way: The election was so close that had he taken New York, he would have tied the electoral vote. It's the most heinously egotistical thing to say I had anything to do with it, but I think I must have had some influence. I was clearly not a Ford man; I was, in fact, a Udall man.

PLAYBOY: How about after the convention?

CHASE: I supported Carter. Carter's a better man. It's not that Ford isn't a nice fella. It's just that he never gave a shit about people.

PLAYBOY: Why was Ford such a good subject for parody? Was he inherently funny?

CHASE: Anybody who was so guilty about being President that he kept trying to kill himself was inherently funny. It was the guilt that kept him banging his head on helicopter doors.

PLAYBOY: When you hosted the Radio and Television Correspondents' Banquet in Washington, the one Ford also attended, what did your act consist of?

CHASE: I just did Ford. I *was* him. I was invited to be the host. I marched in with the President to *Hail to the Chief* and sat on the dais between the Secretary of the Navy or somebody and the President. I was a little nervous, because I didn't exactly know what I was going to do, except that I was going to stumble a lot, walk into the podium and basically do

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my terrible impression of Ford. I took John and Dan down as my Secret Service escort—mostly so they could have the experience and wear dark glasses. John, at that time, could still walk.

PLAYBOY: Was Ford amused?

CHASE: He laughed a lot. He was gracious about it.

PLAYBOY: When you met him later, what did you two talk about?

CHASE: Ice hockey. Small talk. Later on, Lorne went down to Washington to film Ford saying a few things for the Nessen show and Ford thought Lorne was me—a difficult mistake to make, since I'm 6'4" and Lorne's about 5'9". He had no recollection at all. But, to me, it was a revelation to look at the man in the eyes—not that he was a Nixon or some terrible guy. He never had the strength of a Nixon or a Johnson; that was Ford's problem. It was like looking into the eyes of 50 milligrams of Valium. He was a man totally sublimated by the office of President; not a guy who would come in and take over but a guy who would be totally led by protocol. His schedule was written that way. He'd look at the White House schedule for the day—"1:17 P.M., open your fly"; these were the kinds of things on his schedule. I'm sure it had to be written, "Open your fly," before he took a leak.

PLAYBOY: Now that Ford's out and Carter's in, what characteristics of the new President will be most open to satire?

AYKROYD: His enigma will become less and less as he begins to assume the role of President. He's going to become a wonderful target for satire.

CHASE: That business about lusting after women in his heart—why didn't he just say, "I've seen a lot of ass in my day and thought about it, but I've been faithful to my wife"? You don't have to lust after women in your mind. Let's drop the rhetoric. I'd like to know what the guy's like.

O'DONOGHUE: Here's what I want to do with Carter. Nobody knows who he is. The secret Jimmy Carter, the one who actually gets dressed up as Eleanor Roosevelt for a state reception, that's a scene I'd like to see. I want to explore some surreal insanity with this man.

DAVIS: Yeah, Jimmy Carter as the S/M pervert in the Oval Office.

FRANKEN: The best satire we did on Carter was the eye-contact sketch. Carter, played by Aykroyd, is in Plains after the convention and he says [*imitating Carter*], "Ah just wanna tell y'all just 'actly how ah'm gonna run mah campaign. Ah'm gonna establish this one thing throughout this country. When ah'm in a crowd of 30,000 people or just seven or eight, what ah'm gonna do is establish eye contact." And then he quoted Dylan—the quote was, "Everybody must get stoned."

SHUSTER: There was also that Carter lust

piece that we did right after his *Playboy Interview* came out. It was Carter on a whistle-stop tour saying, "Whistle-stopping has given me an opportunity to meet women, to lust after women all over the country." Then he goes, "East Coast girls are nice, I really dig those clothes they wear, and the Northern folk . . ." right into *California Girls*.

PLAYBOY: Do you see any source of humor in Carter's family—Rosalynn or Miss Lillian?

SHUSTER: Anne had an idea for a parody of the *Beverly Hillbillies* moving into the White House. How they'd load all their stuff on a truck—Miss Lillian could be Granny, strapped to a rocker, and maybe Billy could tap-dance like Buddy Ebsen.

O'DONOGHUE: Lorne killed something I wanted to do on Miss Lillian. I had Rosalynn saying that she was the one who had thought of nailing Miss Lillian to the barn to make her look weathered. She *does* look like barn wood, right? Can't you just see them nailing her out on the weather vane and her saying, "Oh, Jimmy, it's been months—come on, let me down, there's a storm coming!"?

*"Ford would look at the
White House schedule for
the day—'1:17 P.M.,
open your fly.'"*

NEWMAN: And as Rosalynn Carter, I would have had the opportunity to utter that line and become enormously hated.

AYKROYD: It's our duty as satirists in America to nail Carter to the wall as much as possible. However, there's the dynamic of the fact that I'm a Canadian citizen and, at any time, he could just give the word and I'd be out of here. One phone call to immigration and I'm gone.

BELUSHI: Half the people on the show would be gone.

AYKROYD: That's right. You could wipe this whole show right off the map.

PLAYBOY: But you and Chevy were invited to do your inauguration sketch at Carter's inaugural gala and, from what we gathered, there was no script approval by the Carter people.

AYKROYD: In fact, we *did* have to submit a script to Gerald Rafshoon for approval. He OK'd it with one exception: We wanted to have Carter promising to be a "lusty, sexually active President" and Rafshoon made us take out "sexually active." Instead, we got to say, "I like to wear women's clothing in my heart."

SHUSTER: That same line also got censored earlier on the regular *Saturday Night* show, when we did the Carter whistle-

stop piece. We had Carter saying, "As your President, I look forward to sexually satisfying each and every one of you," and the word sexually was deleted by the censors.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SHUSTER: It implied that Jimmy Carter was going to fuck everyone in America, men included.

PLAYBOY: We see. What *other* kinds of trouble have you had with the censors?

ZWEIBEL: Once we wanted to kill a baby on the air and they wouldn't let us.

PLAYBOY: OK, we'll play straight man. What were their reasons?

ZWEIBEL: It was Mother's Day. But seriously. . . . You know those captions that get supered over people in the audience? I wrote one that got censored the first time I tried it: "Told a white lie to an albino."

PLAYBOY: Why? Was it offensive to albinos?

ZWEIBEL: I guess so. I don't know how many albinos watch the show. The demographics don't show that.

FRANKEN: Here's a line I couldn't get past the censors: "If Helen Keller were alone in the forest and she fell down, would she make a sound?" Now, you can't really sit there and say, "It's not really a Helen Keller joke, it's really an epistemology joke." Once we put the word horny in a piece. The lady censor said we couldn't use horny but we could use sexy instead. We told her that a dog humping her leg is horny but not sexy.

O'DONOGHUE: Actually, the network's been pretty good. Not 100 percent but not really unreasonable. I don't see it as some monolithic oppressive fascist force.

PLAYBOY: Has it ever censored any of your jokes?

O'DONOGHUE: It's kept a *lot* of my jokes off the show.

PLAYBOY: Can you remember any of them?

O'DONOGHUE: I can remember all of them. There was one about . . . who's the girl in a coma in New Jersey?

PLAYBOY: Karen Anne Quinlan.

O'DONOGHUE: Right. I wrote a joke about her that never got on. It was her birthday and I wrote that some thoughtful relative had given her some moss for her north side. Now, come on, that's perfectly simple. She's in a coma. She'll never know. Another joke that got cut was one I wrote saying that the earthquake in Italy was caused by the movie *Earthquake*. It opened in Italy and, unfortunately, some butterfingered projectionist turned up the Sensurround a bit too loud, killing untold thousands, leveling 12 cities.

CHASE: Zweibel wrote a Karen Anne Quinlan joke for me that was simply that Karen Anne Quinlan had left a wake-up call for April. But I decided to attribute the wake-up call to Franco. The censors wouldn't allow it on the grounds that it implied resurrection and the Catholic

Church wouldn't like it. Now, you don't often get censorship standards dealing with resurrection—to me, this was silly. It took a long time before they let us do that Franco thing—Franco died, is dead, is still dead. The censors put us off with it until Johnny Carson came out with a bit that clearly implied the same thing. In fact, Carson was always allowed to do more—but that's when I came down on them. I said, "Look, Carson got to do this last night. I'm doing this joke." And I did it. But it took months.

SHUSTER: In that Carter lust bit we were talking about before, they wouldn't let me talk about the sex life of Bess Truman. Carter was going on about the tradition of sexually satisfied women in the White House and his guess was that Bess Truman was one satisfied customer.

O'DONOGHUE: Oh, I remember now: *Here's my favorite joke!* They won't let it on. *[In a typical TV announcer's voice]* "What will smart, fashionable women be wearing this fall? From California comes the answer—a lovely floor-length Chowchilla coat. Chowchilla coats, made from the matched skins of 26 school children. They're not in the stores yet, but it's only a matter of time." And I kept submitting this joke in new forms in which the skins came in white and Mexican. And then I had one with big Negro patch pockets after some tragic busload of kids were killed in Macon, Georgia. And they won't let it on. But I do get some amazing things on. Once I described Susan Ford wearing high heels, handcuffs and a Bicentennial dog collar with a Nazi tattoo, VOTE FOR MY DAD, all over her body. That Bicentennial dog collar—it's a curious image.

BEATTS: Rosie and I wrote a piece from a Franken and Davis idea that got censored. It was on sex education for children and Miss Joan was explaining how sex worked and she said, "The man takes the lady out to dinner, then they go home and dance lying down." We eventually got that line in a piece with Ruth Gordon, but originally they objected to the idea of sex and children. The censor just read the line and said, "Uh-oh."

FRANKEN: Something Tom and I wrote that got censored because it was supposedly in bad taste—though it was in excellent taste—was an ad for something called Placenta Helper. It's two pregnant women meeting and one says it's her first pregnancy and the other says she's had three. "By the way," she says, "are you going to eat your placenta?" And she says, "You're kidding, you mean the placenta?" And the other one says, "That's right, many mammals do it—it's completely natural and there's no cheaper source of protein."

DAVIS: And then there was Placenta Romanoff and Placenta Orientale and

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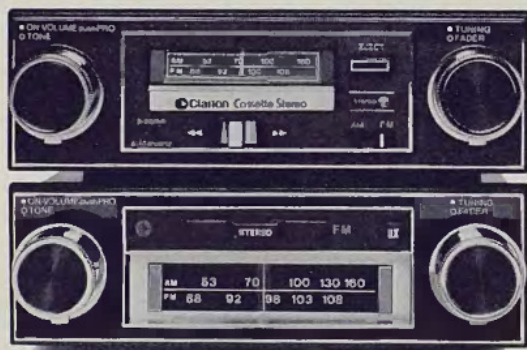

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tance signals and keep nearby signals sharp, and front/rear fader controls. They also have internally adjustable side to side balance controls, precise phase-lock-loop integrated circuits to detect multiplex, automatic stereo/mono switches and illuminated, easy to read tape slots. Exclusive to the PE 618A 8-track is vertical head tracking for better tape reproduction, while the PE 666A cassette features automatic reverse which operates at both normal speeds and at locking fast forward/fast rewind.

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FRANKEN: And it was censored for bad taste. But it was *about* bad taste. In advertising. What we were trying to do was make a comment about packaged products like Hamburger Helper, which is a joke phrase to about 70,000,000 people in this country, even if the other 130,000,000 people don't get it. They don't understand that we're making a comment on how 100 percent natural is used in advertising. A lot of the humor we do is aimed at people who understand our reference points.

SHUSTER: I just want to say that I agree with the censors about sex and drugs. I think if you do sex one week, you should wait till the next week to do drugs.

PLAYBOY: OK, we'll bite. Why?

SHUSTER: Because I think you'll burn out your body if you don't. Also, I find it best if you don't take uppers and downers at the same time. It's just something I've learned.

PLAYBOY: Lorne, as producer, do you ever go into battle with the censors to get something on the show?

MICHAELS: Constantly. There's a censor in the booth Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

PLAYBOY: Can you think of any battles you've won?

MICHAELS: The show, for one. Aside from that, there have been only a few pieces that've been shot down. Take "Placenta Helper," for example. In terms of taste, would I sit in a room and write "Placenta Helper"? No. Would Franken and Davis? Of course. They wrote it, I read it, and I thought it was funny. But the major censorship that I do simply involves whether or not it works well for the particular host who has to do the sketch. Karen Black wanted to do "Placenta Helper," so the question was, do I fight for it? When I was on *Laugh-In*, the battles with censors involved getting four-letter words on the air, or stronger sexual inferences, and I don't want to play that way. And I haven't. The tone of discussions between the network and me has been relatively high. I'm not interested in getting "fuck" on the air. When you work in TV, you know the rules. It's a mass medium and it's carried into the home and if you want to write in a certain way, there are plenty of other outlets. What I'm more interested in is intelligence in what we do. It's much more important for us to be able to do the *Final Days* sketch the way we did it than to get "fuck" on the air.

FRANKEN: Speaking of the *Final Days* parody, the censors made us change something in that sketch. They made us change the term Christ killer to Jewboy.

PLAYBOY: What was the context?

FRANKEN: Well, the sketch begins with Pat Nixon in the White House, writing in her diary and looking back over her

memories. Then we cut to Nixon talking to the Presidential portraits, saying, "You, Abe, you're lucky, they shot you. Come on, clot, move up to my heart and kill me, kill me." Then David and Julie Eisenhower come in and David says, "Mr. President, Julie and I think you ought to go up to bed." And Nixon says, "Aw, shut up. God, he *does* look like Howdy Doody!" And Julie says, "Daddy, you're not going to resign, are you?"

DAVIS: And Nixon says, "No, no. A pessimist would resign. I'm an optimist." Julie says, "That's right, Daddy, it's the pessimists who want you to resign, isn't it?" Then Nixon says, "That's right. Remember that Army hospital we visited in Vietnam? There was a young injured soldier there from Des Moines, Iowa. He'd been hit in the eye with a surface-to-air missile and he had only four pints of blood left in his body. And, as you know, man normally has eight pints of blood in his body. Now, the pessimists in this country would say that that boy was half empty. I like to think that he was half full."

FRANKEN: And then Chevy, who played David Eisenhower, says, "That's right, Mr. President. I was just talking to two reporters from *The Washington Post* and they said they thought you were half crazy and I told them I like to think of you as half sane."

DAVIS: Then Julie and David leave and

Nixon goes up to the portrait of J.F.K. and says, "You, Kennedy, you always looked so good all the time. They're going to find out about you, too, the President, having sex with women within these very walls. That never happened when Dick Nixon was President. Never." And then he breaks down and we cut back to Pat and she's writing "Never" in her diary.

FRANKEN: Anyway, to shorten what was a long sketch, Nixon finally asks Kissinger to kneel down and pray with him. Kissinger says, "Mr. President, why don't we put on our pajamas and go sleepy?" And Nixon says, "Why don't you want to pray, Jewboy?" Now, originally, we had written Christ killer, but they made us change it to Jewboy.

PLAYBOY: How did they arrive at that distinction?

FRANKEN: It was total nonsense. They said they didn't want to perpetuate the myth that the Jews killed Christ. Well, first, the Jews *did* kill Christ—

MICHAELS: I thought the Romans were involved somehow, but undoubtedly yours is more recent information.

FRANKEN: But, secondly, the fact that it was Nixon, the evil character, who was calling Kissinger a Christ killer defused the myth. I mean, since the bad guy is saying it, you're showing how ridiculous it is to call someone a Christ killer.

PLAYBOY: Still, it's hard to believe you got any of that sketch on the air—it's so biting.

MICHAELS: But that's the whole point. You fight for the *Final Days* parody because you believe in it, because it's so honest; every reference in it is right, everything is so true. A big argument last fall involved a Renee Richards joke in "Update," something about tennis without balls. It's the kind of joke that Carson's been doing in one form or another for 15 years, a standard late-night-comedy joke. So we get a review in *Variety* saying that *Saturday Night* is as irreverent as ever and the whole review centers on this joke. Now, in that show, there was also a very brilliant piece written by Marilyn Miller for Garrett and Lily Tomlin—a moving, stunning piece. But there's no mention of that. So what happens is our rep becomes "tennis without balls."

SHUSTER: I was amazed we got the Anna Freud piece on.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about it.

SHUSTER: Danny played Freud and Laraine was his daughter, sitting on her father's lap and arousing him sexually. She was telling him her dream about a man who had a beard and who looked a lot like her daddy, and how everybody was offering her a banana and the only banana she took was Daddy's banana. And Freud says, "Sometimes a banana is

The Winner II

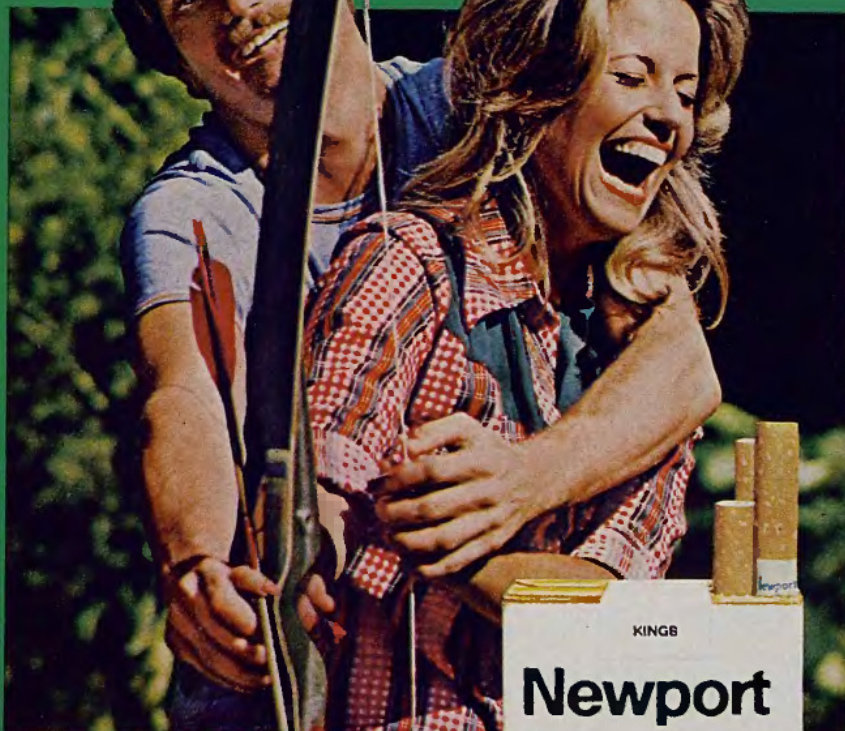
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just a banana—don't say anything to your mother." It was the most thinly veiled symbolism.

PLAYBOY: Lorne, do you ever impose your personal tastes on any of the material?

MICHAELS: Isn't that the point to being a producer? What I do is look at a piece and say, "I think that's funny. I think it's offensive, but I think it's funny." That becomes the criterion. It might not be what I would create, but it deserves an airing—it either works or it doesn't. Taste is just another word for discrimination. I wouldn't cut something because I thought it was offensive. I decided to suspend that judgment. For example, with the Claudine Longet piece, I thought it was very funny. I also thought it was very offensive.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever get any feedback from the people you've parodied?

AYKROYD: Tom Snyder snubbed me on an elevator once.

O'DONOGHUE: I heard Tony Orlando say, "The minute they stop their stuff about me, I'm going to be worried."

PLAYBOY: He was no doubt referring to your sketch about what it would be like if Tony Orlando and Dawn had their eyes gouged out.

O'DONOGHUE: Right. I originally did that on the *National Lampoon Radio Hour* with Ed Sullivan gouging his eyes out. We were going to do the Mormon Tabernacle Choir gouging *their* eyes out. I kid the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, but I love 'em. Can you imagine 90 people gouging their eyes out?

NEWMAN: But Tony Orlando told me his feelings were hurt by the things we do. I feel bad about that. I really do. I don't want to hurt anybody.

CURTIN: Sure, it makes you feel bad if you hurt somebody's feelings, but people hurt each other's feelings every day. I once told Gilda that I thought she should put Emily Litella to sleep for a while and I hurt Gilda's feelings.

RADNER: We were in a cab when she said it and I went [sobs], and then I got real quiet and went home and cried some more.

PLAYBOY: Laraine, you've parodied Luciana Avedon. Have you ever heard from her?

NEWMAN: She's in outer space. I mean, now she's doing a new commercial that focuses on a little girl making a flower centerpiece and she says [impersonating Luciana Avedon], "Lo-o-ok at her. She is be-yooo-tiful. When I was her age, I was a mess." That woman's out to lunch.

PLAYBOY: Gilda, has Barbara Walters ever said anything to you about your Baba Wawa character?

RADNER: I don't think she's seen me do it, but I've heard she knows about it and enjoys it. Someone told me she was flattered and that she said that sometimes she feels that she talks just like that. I

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once got in an elevator with Tom Snyder and he said hello.

PLAYBOY: What did you say?

RADNER: I said, "Hewwo, Tom, it's wewy, wewy, wondewful. . ."

PLAYBOY: Talking about feedback, Lorne, did the Beatles ever respond to your generous cash offers—which eventually rose to \$3400—for them to appear together on the show?

MICHAELS: Well, George Harrison *did* host a show in November, you may remember. And as for the others, Paul McCartney told me an interesting story. He said that he happened to be with John Lennon, watching the show, when I made the first offer. He said they decided then and there to come down to the studio and surprise us. At the last moment, they realized the commotion they would have caused and decided not to.

PLAYBOY: One thing we haven't discussed is your treatment of sex. How far would you go—

RADNER: You're trying to finagle sex into this interview!

ZWEIBEL: Oh, my God!

RADNER: I knew this would happen! We knew all those other questions were just a sham. You were just getting to this!

AYKROYD: There's so *much* of this sexual inference these days! [*Turning to the female interviewer*] By the way, I'd eat you out with handcuffs and a suit on and you wouldn't have to do anything at all. I'd have the handcuffs behind me and a suit on. Of course, right now, I'd like to retract that statement. You can print it, certainly, but you must also print my retraction. I'm very sorry.

PLAYBOY: Apology accepted.

AYKROYD: What I really meant was sunglasses and handcuffs, OK?

PLAYBOY: That makes all the difference.

AYKROYD: Fine.

PLAYBOY: We were really going to ask a very innocent question. How far would you go on the show if there were no restrictions at all? Would there be nudity?

O'DONOGHUE: Well, you'd have nudity the way you have nudity everywhere else. I don't think you'd get up and say [*in a typical TV announcer's voice*], "Welcome to the Nude Hour. We'll have nude jokes and nude dancing and nude singing!" That would get a touch tedious. But I'd like to see nudity on the show, or whatever tools I can use.

PLAYBOY: In what context?

O'DONOGHUE: You're not going to lead me into this answer. I'm not going to say I'd love to fuck Mamie Eisenhower in front of 50 billion people and send it by Telstar all over the globe so even the Philippines could see it. Perhaps I would. That could be amusing. I could get into that. But it wouldn't be the basis of my life.

FRANKEN: We'd use sex humorously, I



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think. There's a certain humor in graphic sex.

PLAYBOY: Can you give us an example?

FRANKEN: Well, like a penis entering a vagina.

MICHAELS: There's certainly a movie in that.

FRANKEN: There's a lot of humor in pornography and a lot of people doing X-rated films that are satires of X-rated films and things like that.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about all that, Gilda?

RADNER: You mean nudity? I've always believed that I don't have to take off my clothes to be funny. I happen to have the best legs in the business; they're large, but they've got a good shape. I was once in a scene with Peter Boyle and I played a French maid and I got to wear net tights and Michael followed me around a lot. When I took off the outfit, he didn't talk to me. I'll do almost anything if it's funny. But I still have trouble kissing somebody in a scene. I get real confused if I have to kiss somebody on the lips.

PLAYBOY: Why?

RADNER: Because when you don't know him, it's like kissing a doorknob.

BEATTS: I've always felt the show didn't have enough sex in it. It's had enough violence but not enough sex. But that's a trend everywhere. By the time television gets sexy, probably nothing else will be.

PLAYBOY: X-rated television, you mean?

BEATTS: Inevitably. Frontal nudity could happen on this show any night. All you need to do is have the camera pan the audience and someone flash. I've always wondered why that never happened.

PLAYBOY: Maybe one of your viewers will oblige after reading this. While we're on the subject of sex: Chevy, did you ever indulge in any of the unspeakable practices you alluded to on the phone right before "Weekend Update"?

CHASE: Even as we speak, I'm indulging in one.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe it?

CHASE: It's something that I'm doing beneath the table. It involves something nearly as big as a breadbox. I know you can't see it. I wear a brace of sorts that prevents people from discovering it, but at the snap of a finger, I can have an orgasm to my great satisfaction.

PLAYBOY: We don't want to belabor the issue, but we've read a lot about how you *Saturday Night* people exist as one big, happy family. Does it ever get incestuous?

CHASE: Aside from the homosexual relationships? The only ones I know about are Franken and Davis and the thing Lorne had with Zweibel. Other than that, I know that some of the women writers, Marilyn Miller and, in particular, Rosie Shuster, are always fiddling with themselves in the office, which we just think is funny. Nobody gets really turned on by it.

ZWEIBEL: I'm having Gilda's baby.

PLAYBOY: Sorry we brought it up. Let's change the subject. You said before that most of your audience understands your reference points. Who is your audience?

BELUSHI: Everybody who's sick of the other things on television.

PLAYBOY: Yes, but who *are* those people? Doesn't the show appeal mainly to the generation that grew up on TV?

CHASE: I didn't watch any fuckin' TV. I hate TV. It stinks. It's god-awful. What I love about doing *Saturday Night* is the chance to be the off-Broadway of television, of having a bird's-eye view, of having a perspective on it, of making fun of everything else on TV. But you can do that for just so long and then you become part of the very cliché you're parodying.

O'DONOGHUE: Television is really low. You know the best way to measure a comic sketch on TV? In kilowatts used. Like, would my sketch light up Boulder Dam? So I'm not thinking in terms of laughs—I'm thinking in terms of kilowatts used.

PLAYBOY: Does the show deal with real life more than other TV shows do?

O'DONOGHUE: No. I think the show *Emergency* says everything that could be said about human life. I look to it for guidance. I pray to it.

PLAYBOY: Why is it so important for the show to be live?

AYKROYD: Feedback from the audience. All the laughs on this show are honest laughs.

BELUSHI: You don't have to tape it, you don't have to go through all the phoni-ness, there's no delay. Everything that comes out goes out.

AYKROYD: Exactly. When we get a laugh, it's a real laugh.

BELUSHI: And there's no going back, so you have to be the best you can.

PLAYBOY: But would it seriously compromise the integrity of the show—

MORRIS: Integrity of the show? Jesus Christ, what show have you been looking at?

PLAYBOY: The *Saturday Night* show. Would it compromise the integrity of the show to edit out the one or two turkeys each week?

MICHAELS: Absolutely. The liveness is not for the audience, it's for us. There's no safety net, and that encourages everyone to relate to one another in a truthful manner. One of the major lies told to casts on taped shows is that the mistakes will be fixed in the editing; what happens is somebody else becomes the judge of whether something works and it becomes a different process. Whereas this show is theater. When it doesn't work, it's clear that it doesn't—there's no sweetening. This show gets performances from people because they know that this is it. There's that edge. You can't do it again.

(continued on page 212)

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Menthol, 13 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76

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MINIORGASMS, MULTIPLE ORGASMS, LONG-PLAYING LOVE—

THE EXTENDED

article By James R. Petersen DR. MINA ROBBINS, a clinical psychologist who treats patients with sexual dysfunction, is an associate professor of human development at California State University in Sacramento. Dr. Gordon Jensen is a professor of psychiatry and pediatrics at the University of California at Davis. Last October, the two traveled to Montreal for the International Congress of Sexology. They delivered a paper on the multiple male orgasm. The presentation may not have been as earth-shaking as Einstein's paper on the general theory of relativity, but it was a lot more fun.

Drs. Robbins and Jensen told the congress that they had encountered a young man who claimed to have an odd talent. During intercourse, he could experience up to six miniorgasms—each lasting a minute or so—before finally letting go for the Big O, complete with ejaculation. The two researchers were curious. In 1948, Kinsey had reported that 14 percent of the male population had the ability to experience more than one orgasm (i.e., ejaculation) in a given

HERE'S NEWS THAT CAN ACTUALLY CHANGE YOUR SEX LIFE

MALE ORGASM



session. The talent was most prevalent among the young (55 percent of preadolescents) and declined with age (nine percent of men under 30). The California man's response seemed to be different. A new kind of orgasmic capability. Robbins and Jensen invited him to duplicate the feat in a laboratory setting. They had him hooked up to a polygraph and discovered that he was apparently telling the truth. While making love to his girlfriend, the wired-up volunteer experienced all of the signs that accompany orgasm—increased respiration, increased heart rate, increased tumescence, muscular tension, urethral contractions, anal contractions and the altered state of consciousness generally associated with climax. And he experienced these symptoms several times during the hour, each time without ejaculating. His erection diminished somewhat after each peak, to recover within 15 or 20 seconds for another surge. Although the paper did not go into detail, it is assumed that the young man's partner enjoyed herself.

Robbins and Jensen felt that they were onto something. Subsequently, they observed 14 other men—aged

25 to 55—who had the same ability. One of them, a hearty man of 49, was able to have 25 semiorgasms before ejaculating. All of the men claimed that preliminary peaks were pleasurable, though the final ejaculatory orgasm was definitely the *primo*, ultimate reward. Most were curious about the phenomenon. Were the contractions without ejaculation orgasm? Robbins and Jensen thought so. Where there's smoke, there must be fire. They announced that men were capable of multiple climaxes. All men, not just 15 Californians. The technique could be learned by anyone. We hold this truth to be self-evident. But what does this mean to you?

Sex research is a sadly neglected field, bordering on the disreputable. Really, now, what is there to know about the old in and out? The basic act is fairly simple and, more often than not, successful. If it weren't, we wouldn't be here. Our ancestors would have lost interest and gone the way of the dinosaur.

It all seems so obvious. There is nothing new under the sun, or under the covers, either. Yet, when it comes to sex, we suffer from a certain individual and communal amnesia that makes the study of love a necessity. Each of us tends to forget what the last time was like. The next time takes us by surprise. And because every time is different, we tend to do pretty much the same thing to produce that delightful difference. If you're winning at craps, don't move to 21. We are conditioned by a very seductive reward—pleasure. Consequently, we become set in our ways. We forget the alternatives, facts, potentials and possibilities. . . . It is an ignorance born of bliss.

When a researcher does discover—or, shall I say, rediscover—something, the news causes a shift in our attention. Have you heard the latest? Potential equals imperative. Once a phenomenon becomes public knowledge, private experience soon follows. Witness the thirst for oral sex that followed *Deep Throat*. Or the wave of casual bondage that followed Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*. A few months ago, word reached PLAYBOY that two Californians had discovered, or rediscovered, a new sexual response. The multiple male orgasm. Or maybe the extended male orgasm. (Seems there was some debate on the exact nature of the beast.) Having nothing better to do, I decided to cover the story.

After hours of pleasurestaking research, I have come to the following conclusion: It's not new, but it's not bad. I wouldn't kick it out of bed. This is my report. Try it. You'll like it.

My opinion was shared by the national

press corps. Stories appeared across the nation proclaiming the good news: Once was not enough. The Robbins-Jensen report made the cover of *New York*. The author of the story—Carol Tavris, a former editor for *Psychology Today*—had reservations about releasing the news. Sex was already too goal-oriented. Men and women were hung up on performance. A new trophy would only increase the competition and the casual ties. Maybe. Men who read the description of the newfangled multiple male orgasm and who recognized it as something they had experienced shrugged and asked, "What's all the fuss about?" If it came down to a choice between multiple male orgasms and a better backhand, most would opt for the latter. A few, finding that a talent they had taken for granted was suddenly in the news, made the most of it. At singles bars in the Big Apple, men approached strangers and asked, "Would you like to come back to my apartment and watch me have a multiple orgasm?"

Sexual critics refused to accept the facts. The multiple male orgasm? Wasn't that what happened when the high school football team finally cornered its favorite cheerleader?

People like to keep their orgasms simple, cut and wet. You'll know it when you have it. With orgasms as well defined as numbers, it's easy to keep score. The critical reaction to the Robbins-Jensen paper recalled the reception accorded the publication in 1966 of Masters and Johnson's *Human Sexual Response*, in which the good doctors confirmed the existence of the female multiple orgasm. Acute, conservative disbelief. If it hasn't happened to me, it doesn't exist. Self-appointed experts such as Natalie Shainess claimed that the researchers had been conned by their subjects. They had misinterpreted the facts. The multiple was a figment of their imaginations. Women became confused by events and could not distinguish between a single muscle contraction and a genuine climax. Consequently, they might view each pelvic throb as an additional orgasm. The poor souls couldn't count. Fortunately, experience proved the doctors right. Women could and did have multiple orgasms, bless their little hearts.

Does the phenomenon described by Robbins and Jensen deserve to be called an orgasm? When I started my investigation, I wasn't sure. When I finished, I knew it didn't matter.

A short history of the orgasm: In the beginning, man came and woman didn't. Nor did she expect to. Her duty was to lie back and think of England. To en-

dure until she could ask, "Are you finished?" Then, in the early part of this century, some enlightened soul drafted the erotic-rights amendment. Not only could woman vote, she could also experience orgasm. And if she didn't, it was somehow your fault. With time and the intense study of marriage manuals, a balance was reached. His and hers, most of the time. Then Masters and Johnson raised the stakes. Woman was suddenly insatiable, capable of 50 or more orgasms in a single session. The *Queen for a Night* applause meter did not have a top end. The question became not "Did you come?" but "How often and is that enough?" The man endured until he could ask, "Are you finished?" What's wrong with this picture? The assumption that an orgasm is a noun, something that you give your partner, like flowers or furs. When sex is goal-oriented, it is easy to keep score, to measure success. Either you deliver the product or you don't. Sex, instead of being infinite and protean, is simply good or bad. Sex is not a noun but a verb. It is an action—like eating or talking—that a person can enjoy without being self-conscious. The most intriguing aspect of Robbins and Jensen's paper: that orgasm (or pleasure) is not a scarce commodity, to be rationed—one to an erection. Just imagine: infinite credit. Who wouldn't like to be a big spender?

If nothing else, Robbins and Jensen seem to offer a model for mature sex. The multiple-erection-orgasm ability noted by Kinsey belongs to the young, but then, they need it. The gift seems to be nature's way of compensating for premature ejaculation, a condition that is most prevalent among males 17–26. It doesn't matter if you come fast when you can come again. Nature provides the grace period, in which a young man can learn about sex. By the time he reaches 30, he is less likely to experience multiple erections in a given session. He knows what he is up to and acts accordingly. Indeed, if he experiences more than one orgasm on an erection, or more than one erection in a night, he may become alarmed. It must be love.

The Robbins-Jensen paper is a declaration of independence: Ejaculation is not the sole arbiter of pleasure in a relationship. For years, men have gone to bed with a sign that reads, THE FUCK ENDS HERE. No more. We are not the prisoner of our orgasm. Now, getting there is all the fun.

•
"The first time I ever got head from a girl, I experienced what could be called a multiple orgasm. Being a virgin to oral sex, I wasn't exactly sure how to have an
(continued on page 232)



Dedim

"What I really need is tax relief."

GIN TYPES

when it comes to mixed drinks, it's the berries, by juniper!



By EMANUEL GREENBERG A SUPERCILIOUS British bromide informs us that "Summer was made for gin." But so were autumn, winter and spring. Despite gin's identification with the martini and gin and tonic, it happens to be a gregarious mixer—a spirit for all seasons.

Federal standards describe gin as neutral spirits redistilled with, or over, juniper berries and other aromatics, reduced at time of bottling to no less than 80 proof. In other words,



diluted, herb-scented, highly refined alcohol.

Today, virtually all gin is London Dry, which is neither a specific formula nor a geographic appellation but a *style* of gin that's crisp, clean, buoyant, discreetly fragrant. The term London Dry is best understood in relation to the original Hollands or Genever gin—a pungent, earthy, rooty, aggressively flavored product customarily taken ice-cold, neat, in one gulp.

Franciscus de la Boe, a professor at the University of Leiden in Holland, is credited with formulating the first gin some 300 years ago. Noting that wines infused with juniper berries were popular at the French court, he applied the practice to distilled spirits, naming the resultant brew *genièvre*, French for juniper, thus acknowledging its Gallic connection. British troops fighting in the Low Countries discovered that a slug of this aromatic potion before the fracas miraculously transformed them into John Waynes, and they took the Dutch courage back to England, anglicizing *genièvre* to gin en route.

Old Tom, a lightly sweetened gin popular in 18th Century England, has earned a niche in merchandising history as the first vending-machine spirit. An ingenious device consisting of a wooden sign in the form of a black cat was nailed below the window of a tavern. The customer deposited one or two pence in the cat's mouth and put his lips to a pipe under the cat's paw. The publican, inside, then poured a jolt of gin through the pipe and on down the customer's gullet. One need not be a philologist to see the origin of such colloquialisms as feeding the kitty and cat's paw. Although extremely scarce, Old Tom gin is available today under the Booth's label. You wouldn't want to use Old Tom in a martini, but it makes a smashing collins; just hold the sugar. Another distinctive type is the Frisian gin. Doornkaat, from northern Germany. It's mildly flavored—just a light lacing of juniper—seeming to bridge the gap between standard gins and vodka. The Frisians still observe their curious custom of offering a welcome drink of iced Doornkaat in a round-bowled pewter spoon.

Part of gin's attraction is the subtle sensory shading among the various bottlings. Seagram, for example, markets four distinct brands, each with a different taste, different appeal and different sales position. The lightest is Calvert, designed to compete with Fleischmann's—perhaps the leading light gin. Seagram's Extra Dry is aimed at Gordon's gin—number one in the country. Both hit the middle ranges, with Seagram's being a touch mellow. Burnett's White Satin is quite full—taking on richly fragrant, somewhat perfumy Gilbey's gin. Seagram's

entry in the import category is Boodles. But this one has quite a way to go before it can challenge Beefeater, the lead horse in the premium-gin race, or Tanqueray—number two and coming up very fast.

As a rule, British gins are more pungent, intense and full-flavored—and not quite so clean as the native product. British distillers say, "You want to leave something in the spirit to hang the botanicals on." American gins are lighter and crisper, with a muted juniper flavor, as well as more orange, lime and lemon accents. They're lower in proof, too. Schenley Extra Dry and Booth's High & Dry are among the few national brands holding at the traditional 90 proof. The others are descending to 80 proof, the minimum permitted. These lighter gins are conducive to drinking on the rocks or with tonic—and that's how lots of folks are taking them now.

However, the martini is still the king of cocktails and every bartender claims the secret of the ultimate mart: a dash of orange bitters, a few drops of Scotch, rinsing the glass with Pernod or curaçao or kirsch. The real secret is simple—make it cold, frosty, glacial. When the liquid hits the ice, you want to hear a cr-r-racking sound, like an iceberg sundering. Serve it up, in a prechilled cocktail glass, *never* on the rocks! Then take a long sip; and if you've done it right, you'll feel an exquisite, *electric* tingle. *That's* a martini!

MARTINEZ COCKTAIL

Alleged to be the original version of the martini, conceived by Professor Jerry Thomas to comfort a parched traveler on his way to Martinez. Imbibe at your peril.

- 1 dash bitters
- 2 dashes maraschino liqueur
- 1 pony Old Tom gin
- 1 wineglass sweet vermouth
- 2 small lumps ice

Shake all ingredients thoroughly and strain into large cocktail glass. Garnish with quarter slice lemon. "If the guest prefers it very sweet, add 2 dashes gum syrup."

ELECTRIC MARTINI

- 2½ ozs. gin
- 1 teaspoon dry vermouth
- 1 teaspoon kirsch
- 1 teaspoon framboise

Have *everything* frigid! That means all spirits, mixing glass and cocktail glasses. Have your ice *hard* frozen. Quickly stir all ingredients with ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass. Sip and tingle!

PUSSY COLLINS

- 2 ozs. Old Tom gin
- 1 teaspoon triple sec

- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- Club soda, chilled

Shake gin, triple sec and lemon juice briskly with ice. Strain over fresh ice in highball glass. Add soda to taste; stir once. Garnish with cherry and half slice orange.

GIMLET SURPRISE

- 1½ ozs. gin
- ¾ oz. triple sec
- ¾ oz. fresh lime juice
- ½ teaspoon sugar, or to taste

Shake all ingredients briskly. Pour over ice in old fashioned glass. Decorate with lime slice, if you like.

CLUB TONIC

- Wedge lime
- 2 ozs. Booth's or other light gin
- 2 ozs. tonic water, chilled
- 2 ozs. club soda, chilled

Squeeze lime over ice in highball glass; drop peel in. Add gin; stir. Add tonic and soda; stir once.

SOUTHAMPTON SWIZZLE

- 1½ ozs. gin
- 3 ozs. pineapple juice
- 3 ozs. orange juice
- ½ oz. crème de menthe
- 1 teaspoon anisette

Pour all ingredients over ice in collins glass. Stir well; serve with straws.

BUNNY HUG

A Prohibition drink with an inviting name. Substitute Pernod or anisette for the absinthe—which is unobtainable. Also illegal.

- 1 oz. gin
- 1 oz. whiskey
- 1 oz. absinthe

Shake all ingredients briskly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Twist lemon peel over, if desired.

SILVER BULLET

- 1½ ozs. gin
- ¾ oz. kummel
- ¾ oz. lemon juice

Shake all ingredients with ice. Strain into cocktail glass or over ice in old fashioned glass.

BLOODSTONE

- 1½ ozs. gin
- ¾ oz. Rosso Antico
- ¾ oz. dry white wine

Pour all ingredients over ice in wineglass; stir. Add orange twist and serve.

For most of its turbulent history, gin has been attacked as the inspiration for debauchery, bacchanalian revels and permissive conduct. Which should solidify its position with all sensible types.



THE OTHER

*how could i
convince him
that my past
was his future?*



fiction

BY JORGE LUIS BORGES IT WAS IN CAMBRIDGE, back in February 1969, that the event took place. I made no attempt to record it at the time, because, fearing for my mind, my initial aim was to forget it. Now, some years later, I feel that if I commit it to paper others will read it as a story and, I hope, one day it will become a story for me as well. I know it was horrifying while it lasted—and even more so during the sleepless nights that followed—but this does not mean that an account of it will necessarily move anyone else.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning. I sat on a bench facing the Charles River. (continued on page 104)



Patti D'Arbanville, the young leading lady of photographer David Hamilton's first feature film, "Bilitis," represents, for Hamilton, the embodiment of that exact, exquisite moment of a girl's sexual awakening.

OUR LADY D'ARBANVILLE



child-woman patti—cat stevens wrote a song about her, andy warhol featured her in two of his movies, and now famed photographer david hamilton has starred her in his first film. when you look at his pictures of her, you'll know why

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID HAMILTON







In a special shooting for PLAYBOY, Hamilton photographed Patti in the St.-Tropez château where most of the film's sequences took place.

YOUNG PATTI D'ARBANVILLE's life story reads something like a contemporary fairy tale. At the age of two, she was entered in a baby beauty contest by her parents and made her professional debut as the Ivory Soap baby in television commercials. When she was 15, a chance encounter at Greenwich Village's legendary Figaro Café resulted in her playing in two Andy Warhol films. Shortly thereafter, she was noticed in New York's hip Max's Kansas City bar and wound up with a part in John Schlesinger's *Midnight Cowboy*. The story goes that she then became Cat Stevens' girlfriend, and when she left him for Mick Jagger, Stevens wrote a song about her called *Lady D'Arbanville*, a ballad with lyrics just this side of melancholia ("I loved you my lady / Though in your grave you lie"). The song, one of the most memorable on Stevens' album *Mona Bone*



The man you see with Patti is her husband, Roger. He appeared on the scene unexpectedly and Patti was so pleased to see him that Hamilton decided to make him part of the shooting.

Jakon, became a hit in six countries. And Patti herself is on the verge of becoming a hit in her own right. While in Paris in 1970, playing a role in the film *La Maison*, she came to the attention of photographer David Hamilton. Six years later, he chose her for the lead part in his first feature film, *Bilitis*. Hamilton's film, based on the Pierre Louÿs classic, is the story of the awakening of a sexual innocent attending a boarding school in the south of France. Hamilton is world-renowned for his erotic photographs, which deal almost exclusively with the fragile sensuousness of young girls. "I like to photograph their beauty before they are aware of it themselves," he says of his best models. These pictures, taken especially for *PLAYBOY*, say all there is to say about the fascinating erotic/innocent admixture that is the essence of Patti D'Arbanville and about David Hamilton's camera wizardry.



THE OTHER (continued from page 97)

"The other man had begun to whistle. It was then that the first of the many disquieting things occurred."

Some 500 yards distant, on my right, rose a tall building whose name I never knew. Ice floes were borne along on the gray water. Inevitably, the river made me think about time—Heradius' millennial image. I had slept well; my class on the previous afternoon had, I thought, managed to hold the interest of my students. Not a soul was in sight.

All at once, I had the impression (according to psychologists, it corresponds to a state of fatigue) of having lived that moment once before. Someone had sat down at the other end of the bench. I would have preferred to be alone, but not wishing to appear unsociable, I avoided getting up abruptly. The other man had begun to whistle. It was then that the first of the many disquieting things of that morning occurred. What he whistled, what he tried to whistle (I have no ear for music), was the tune of *La Tapera*, an old *milonga* by Elias Regules. The melody took me back to a certain Buenos Aires patio, which has long since disappeared, and to the memory of my cousin Alvaro Melian Lafinur, who has been dead for so many years. Then came the words. They were those of the opening line. It was not Alvaro's voice but an imitation of it. Recognizing this, I was taken aback.

"Sir," I said, turning to the other man, "are you a Uruguayan or an Argentine?"

"Argentine, but I've lived in Geneva since 1914," he replied.

There was a long silence. "At number seventeen Malagnou—across from the Orthodox church?" I asked.

He answered in the affirmative.

"In that case," I said straight out, "your name is Jorge Luis Borges. I, too, am Jorge Luis Borges. This is 1969 and we're in the city of Cambridge."

"No," he said in a voice that was mine but a bit removed. He paused, then became insistent. "I'm here in Geneva, on a bench, a few steps from the Rhone. The strange thing is that we resemble each other, but you're much older and your hair is gray."

"I can prove I'm not lying," I said. "I'm going to tell you things a stranger couldn't possibly know. At home we have a silver maté cup with a base in the form of entwined serpents. Our great-grandfather brought it from Peru. There's also a silver washbasin that hung from his saddle. In the wardrobe of your room are two rows of books: the three

volumes of Lane's *Arabian Nights*, with wood engravings and with notes in small type at the end of each chapter; Quicherat's Latin dictionary; Tacitus' *Germania* in Latin and also in Gordon's English translation; a *Don Quixote* published by Garnier; Rivera Indarte's *Tablas de Sangre*, inscribed by the author; Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*; a biography of Amiel; and, hidden behind the other volumes, a book in paper covers about sexual customs in the Balkans. Nor have I forgotten one evening on a certain second floor of the Place Dubourg."

"Dufour," he corrected.

"Very well—Dufour. Is this enough, now?"

"No," he said. "These proofs prove nothing. If I am dreaming you, it's natural that you know what I know. Your catalog, for all its length, is completely worthless."

His objection was to the point. I said, "If this morning and this meeting are dreams, each of us has to believe that he is the dreamer. Perhaps we have stopped dreaming, perhaps not. Our obvious duty, meanwhile, is to accept the dream just as we accept the world and being born and seeing and breathing."

"And if the dream should go on?" he said anxiously.

To calm him and to calm myself, I feigned an air of assurance that I certainly did not feel. "My dream has lasted seventy years now," I said. "After all, there isn't a person alive who, on waking, does not find himself with himself. It's what is happening to us now—except that we are two. Don't you want to know something of my past, which is the future awaiting you?"

He assented without a word. I went on, a bit lost. "Mother is healthy and well in her house on Charcas and Maipú, in Buenos Aires, but Father died some thirty years ago. He died of heart trouble. Hemiplegia finished him; his left hand, placed on his right, was like the hand of a child on a giant's. He died impatient for death but without complaint. Our grandmother had died in the same house. A few days before the end, she called us all together and said, 'I'm an old woman who is dying very, very slowly. Don't anyone become upset about such a common, everyday thing.' Your sister Norah married and has two sons. By the way, how is everyone at home?"

"Quite well. Father makes his same

antireligious jokes. Last night he said that Jesus was like the Gauchos, who don't like to commit themselves, and that's why he preached in parables." He hesitated and then said, "And you?"

"I don't know the number of books you'll write, but I know they'll be too many. You'll write poems that will give you a pleasure that others won't share and stories of a somewhat fantastic nature. Like your father and so many others of our family, you will teach."

It pleased me that he did not ask about the success or failure of his books. I changed my tone and went on. "As for history, there was another war, almost among the same antagonists. France was not long in caving in; England and America fought against a German dictator named Hitler—the cyclical battle of Waterloo. Around 1946, Buenos Aires gave birth to another Rosas, who bore a fair resemblance to our kinsman. In 1955, the province of Córdoba came to our rescue, as Entre Ríos had in the last century. Now things are going badly. Russia is taking over the world; America, hampered by the superstition of democracy, can't make up its mind to become an empire. With every day that passes, our country becomes more provincial. More provincial and more pretentious—as if its eyes were closed. It wouldn't surprise me if the teaching of Latin in our schools were replaced by Guarani."

I could tell that he was barely paying attention. The elemental fear of what is impossible and yet what is so dismayed him. I, who have never been a father, felt for that poor boy—more intimate to me even than a son of my flesh—a surge of love. Seeing that he clutched a book in his hands, I asked what it was.

"*The Possessed*, or, as I believe, *The Devils*, by Fyodor Dostoevsky," he answered, not without vanity.

"It has faded in my memory. What's it like?" As soon as I said this, I felt that the question was a blasphemy.

"The Russian master," he pronounced, "has seen better than anyone else into the labyrinth of the Slavic soul."

This attempt at rhetoric seemed to me proof that he had regained his composure. I asked what other volumes of the master he had read. He mentioned two or three, among them *The Double*. I then asked him if on reading them he could clearly distinguish the characters, as you could in Joseph Conrad, and if he thought of going on in his study of Dostoevsky's work.

"Not really," he said with a certain surprise.

I asked what he was writing and he told me he was putting together a book

(continued on page 203)



*"And if you should still be confused, remember that
he likes boobs and I dig backsides."*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL GREMMER

MAYBE THIS ARTICLE should be titled *The Lawlessness of the Long-Distance Runner*, since most of the bikes pictured here are against the law. Or, more accurately, the law is against these ma-

chines—the absurd law that man shall not travel faster than 55 mph. Perhaps it's the Shah's way of getting back at Lawrence of Arabia, who was known to turn a (text continued on page 184)

LONG-DISTANCE RUNNERS

THE PLAYBOY STABLE OF SUPERCYCLES

YAMAHA XS 750D (below): A five-speed 747-c.c. triple coupled with a revolutionary shaft drive produces one of the smoothest rides in the world (when it comes to touring, the only good vibrations are no vibrations). The clean café-racer styling, including cast-aluminum wheels, twin disks front, single in back, is yours for \$2098.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON XLCR (bottom): This is what a motorcycle should look like. Harley's entry into the café-racer field is a block-on-black beauty that boasts a 1000-c.c. V-twin, a four-speed transmission, a snub-nosed fairing and a \$3595 price tag. Eat my dust.

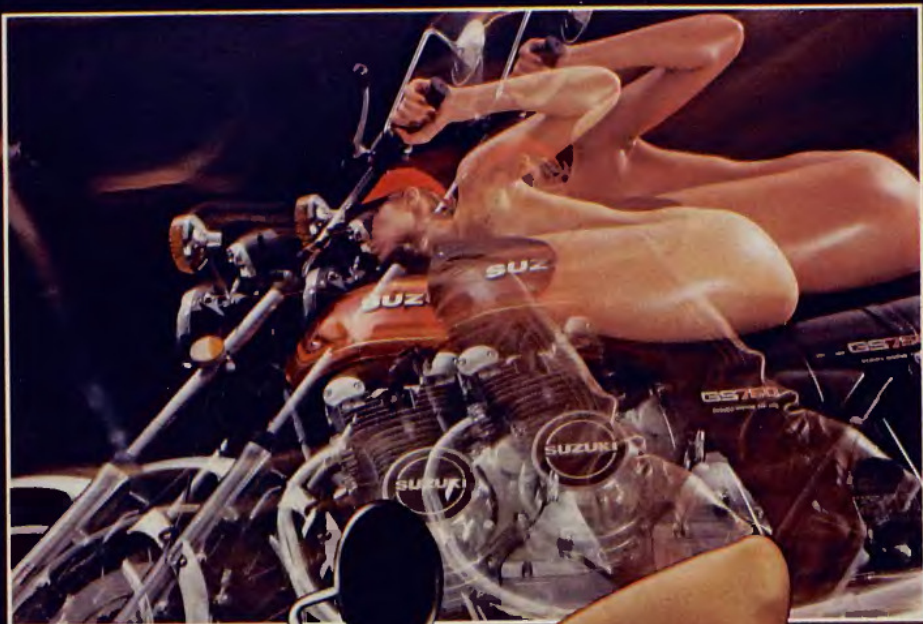


BMW R100RS (below): Its \$4595 price tag and sleek aerodynamic styling make this German thoroughbred the Silver Cloud of motorcycles. For the money, you get state-of-the-art luxury and the awe-inspiring precision of Bavarian craftsmanship. The 980-c.c. opposed twin is routed through a five-speed transmission and a supersmooth shaft drive to give hours of effortless touring. (The clock contained in the console of the integrated cockpit fairing will tell you how many hours.) The ultimate long-distance runner.

KAWASAKI Z1000 (bottom): Just as the BMW is the standard for comfort, the Kowosoki is the bike to beat between stop lights. The son of the King of Beasts—the fabled Z1—has a 1015-c.c. engine that can eat quarter-mile sections of concrete in 12-second chunks. Hydraulic disks front and back will make sure you stop when you get there. The West Coast price is \$2595.

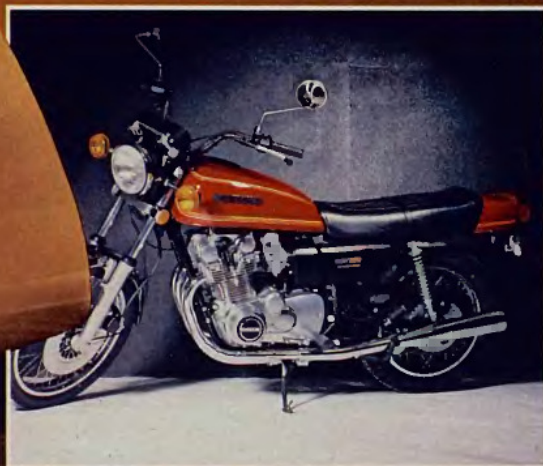






SUZUKI GS 750 (below): The major surprise of the season—a killer four-stroke 748-c.c. engine from the some folks who made two-stroke engines a machine-shop word. This bike hauls ass, turning 12-second quarters. And that's only in a straight line. Turn 'er loose on a country road, tap-dance your way through the five-speed georbox and you have one of the best-handling bikes on two wheels—all for \$2195.

HONDA GW1000 (bottom): The Gold Wing is a luxury tourer, built around a 1000-c.c. opposed-four engine, a shaft drive, twin disks front and a single in back. At \$2938, it does everything but close the garage door for you.



ORAL HISTORY

the planes they no longer noticed had come in the night and dropped something terrible and alive

fiction **By NADINE GORDIMER**



THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN one house like a white man's house in the village of Dilolo. Built of brick, with a roof that bounced signals from the sun. You could see it through the mopane trees as you did the flash of paraffin tins the women carried on their heads, bringing water from the river. The rest of the village was river mud, gray, shaped by the hollows of hands, with reed thatch and poles of mopane from which the leaves had been ripped like fish scales.

It was the chief's house. Some chiefs have a car as well, but this was not an important chief, the clan was too small for that, and he had only the usual stipend from the government. If it had *(continued on page 206)*



"Posing for the gatefold was strange. Prior to this, the only pictures I'd seen of myself were family snapshots. You know, there's Sheila in the front row. These aren't exactly family pictures, are they?"





miss may is a team mascot. now, that's what we call a strong bench

GAME GIRL

THE PICTURES you see on these pages are atypical—for the simple reason that Sheila Mullen is almost never alone. Our gatefold girl for May is a one-woman crowd scene. She always stands out. When we tracked her down, she was sunning her 5'9" frame on the side lines of the athletic field of Valley College in Van Nuys, California. The parking lot was filled with 'Vettes, clunkers and bikes. The owners were out on the field playing a rough game of tackle football. "I'm the team mascot," says Sheila. "On Saturdays we play football. On Sundays, softball. On Thursdays we go to the races. It's a very unofficial team. We'll play anybody at anything, if you're willing to bet on it. I hold the bets." Sheila explains that her friends are all gamblers. "They learned to lay odds in little league and pony league. They'll bet on anything. When I started going out with Tom, the quarterback, everyone had side bets on how long he'd last." The team comes off the field. Guys with names like Pinhead, Mildew, Wimp, Dog drink beer and casually

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
KEN MARCUS

"My sisters used to sneak out their windows using a couple of knotted sheets. They used me to test the knots. So when it comes to fooling around, you could say I know the ropes."





discuss physical destruction, the injuries received in a life of sport. Sheila smiles. "I never get hurt. I just get tan." Miss May confesses that her nickname is Motor Mouth Mullen. "I talk a lot. I tend to digress. It comes from growing up in a family with eight kids. Did you know three of my sisters were on *The Dating Game* at once? My boyfriend is always stopping me and asking, 'What question started this rap?' When I got my car, I requested personalized license plates with the letters MMM, for Motor Mouth Mullen. People trying to guess what the letters stand for go, 'Mmm?' I say, 'You got it.'" Where were we? What question started this? It doesn't matter. The game resumes. Sheila's team wins.





"I'm independent. I watched my mother raise eight kids by herself. She taught me that you don't need a man in the house. So when I choose a mate, he will be someone I want, not someone I need."







"My boyfriend and I went to Las Vegas a few weeks ago. Most of the time we played blackjack. A Saudi Arabian oil sheik saw us and apparently fell in love with me. When I went to the ladies' room, he asked my boyfriend if they could trade girlfriends for the night. The sheik said, 'How can you refuse? You have not even seen my girlfriend.' Tom just said, 'Don't need to.' I like that."





Sheila Muller

MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



"I'd like to act, to express the different characters within myself. Some people see me as a sweet thing, others as Katharine Hepburn. One guy wanted me to star in a porno film."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Golf didn't come naturally to the housewife who was taking up the game, and the basic problem seemed to be a defective grip. "I'm afraid this may be putting it crudely, Mrs. Wallingford," said the frustrated teaching pro, "but I suggest you take hold of the club as you would your husband's erect organ."

The woman made the adjustment, swung the club and drove the ball 200 yards straight down the fairway. "Great shot!" exclaimed the astonished pro. "Now I suggest you take the club out of your mouth and try using it with your hands."



There's a report about an entrepreneur whose idea is to set up weight-guessing stands in singles bars. We suppose it could be referred to as a weigh-a-lay plan.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *flat-chested secretary* as a topographical error.

I don't see why you're complaining," sniffed the manager of the cable-TV dating service. "After all, you have to admit that what you saw was what you got."

"Oh, I agree that the picture as you showed it to me was fine," retorted the client, "but during the date itself there proved to be some difficulty with horizontal adjustment."

*The wife of young sea captain Gray,
Deprived of her absent mate's lay,
Found a dildo of wood
Could be almost as good—
So she's happily pining away.*

I don't know much about Russian history," the perky little teenager confided to her best friend, "but last night I at least found out why they decided that Peter was Great!"

A tiny and exceptionally homely man had just dropped his shorts when his small daughter opened the door and walked into the bedroom. "Mommy, Mommy," she cried, pointing to her father's disproportionately ample endowment, "what's that?"

"It's . . . well, it's Daddy's secret weapon," said the woman. "If it weren't for what you call that, young lady, you wouldn't be here in this room right now. And neither," she added ruminatively, "would I."

Perhaps you've heard of the poor fellow whose unfortunate pissing trajectory earned him the nickname Tinkletoes.

In the dining car, they seated me with this nicely built broad," the man at the bar was telling his drinking companion, "and after dinner we had a few in the club car and—well—we ended up in my compartment. Afterward, she told me how good it had been, but then she burst into tears. 'My husband is the most wonderful man in the world,' she sobbed, 'and here I am, making love with a perfect stranger!' She talked about her wonderful life with the guy in such moving terms that I ended up crying, too."

"A distressing picture," commented the listener. "What happened then?"

"Nothing startling," answered the storyteller. "All the way to Cincinnati, we just kissed, fucked and cried . . . kissed, fucked and cried . . ."

*Don Juan muttered, "Luscious Marie
Was ripe for seduction by me.
I employed Spanish fly,
But her virtuous cry
Made me switch to abrupt Spanish flee!"*

One fellow we know maintains a special register of particularly accommodating girls. He refers to it as his blew book.



Son," advised the male-chauvinist father on the young man's wedding day, "there are only three things you have to do to handle a woman: Show her you're the boss, prove to her you're a man and assert your independence."

When the couple returned from their honeymoon, the father asked his son how things had gone. "Just fine, Dad," said the young man. "I followed your advice and made the situation clear to Betsy on our wedding night. As soon as we were in our hotel room, I tore off her clothes to show her I was boss. Next I tore off my own clothes to prove to her I was a man. And then I leaped into bed and jacked off to assert my independence!"

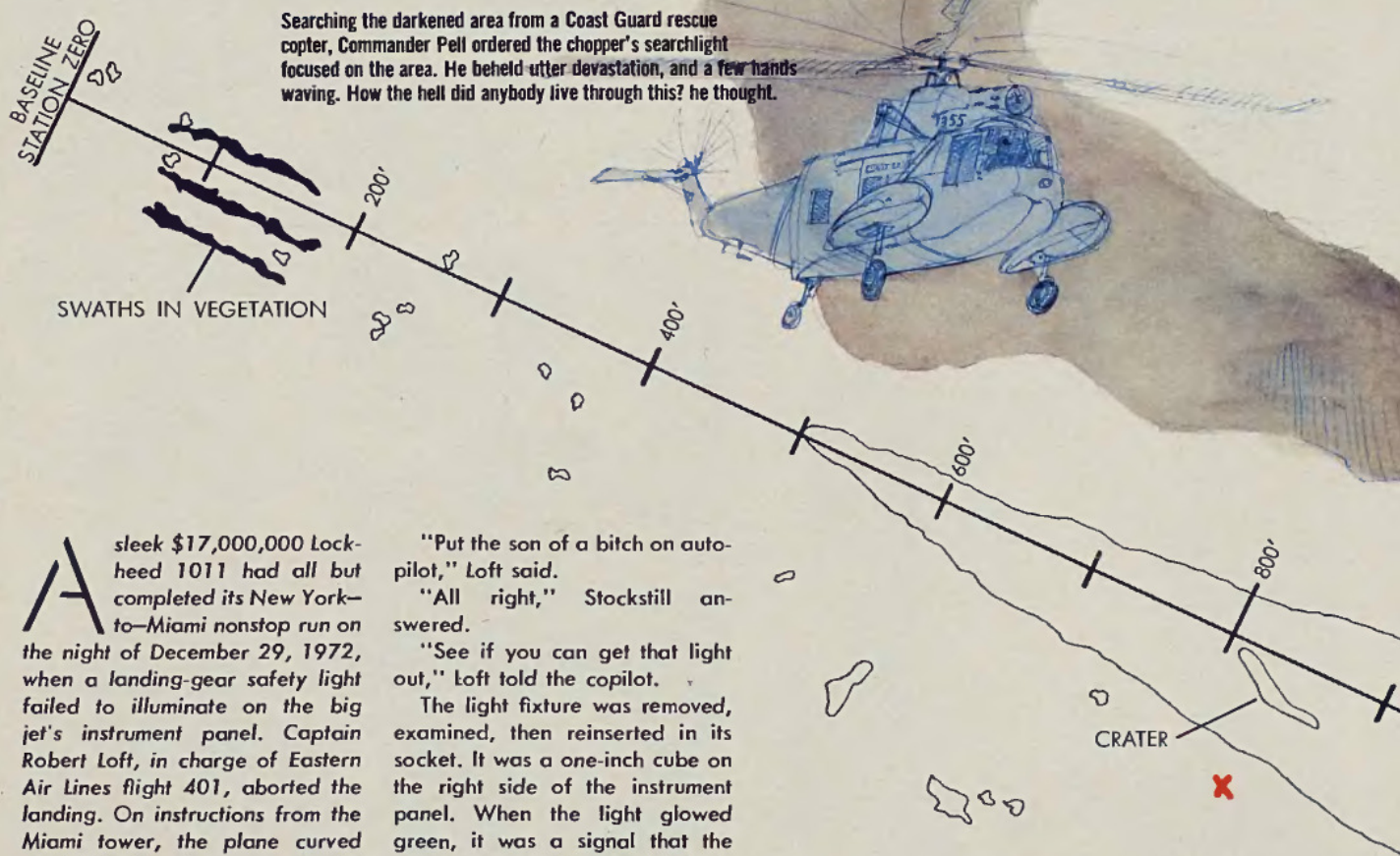
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Good night, Mrs. Foster—a quite delightful evening."

CRASH-I

article By ROB and SARAH ELDER
a "goddamned twenty-cent piece of light equipment" brought down america's first jumbo jet—
don't bother to fasten your seat belts



A sleek \$17,000,000 Lockheed 1011 had all but completed its New York-to-Miami nonstop run on the night of December 29, 1972, when a landing-gear safety light failed to illuminate on the big jet's instrument panel. Captain Robert Loft, in charge of Eastern Air Lines flight 401, aborted the landing. On instructions from the Miami tower, the plane curved west into the darkness over the Everglades; the time was 11:35 and there was no moon. Clearance was granted for the Whisperliner to continue west at 2000 feet while the flight crew checked the light. Both Loft, who was operating the radio, and copilot Albert Stockstill, who was flying the airplane, regarded the incident as an annoyance rather than an emergency. But for them and 174 others aboard flight 401, the holidays were about to end in grotesque horror. A bizarre sequence—starting with failure of a \$12 light fixture—was leading inexorably to the first jumbo-jet crash in history.

"Put the son of a bitch on autopilot," Loft said.

"All right," Stockstill answered.

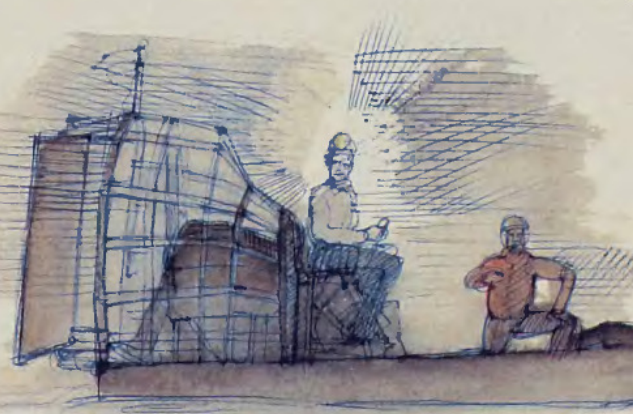
"See if you can get that light out," Loft told the copilot.

The light fixture was removed, examined, then reinserted in its socket. It was a one-inch cube on the right side of the instrument panel. When the light glowed green, it was a signal that the nose gear was down and locked. But it remained unlit.

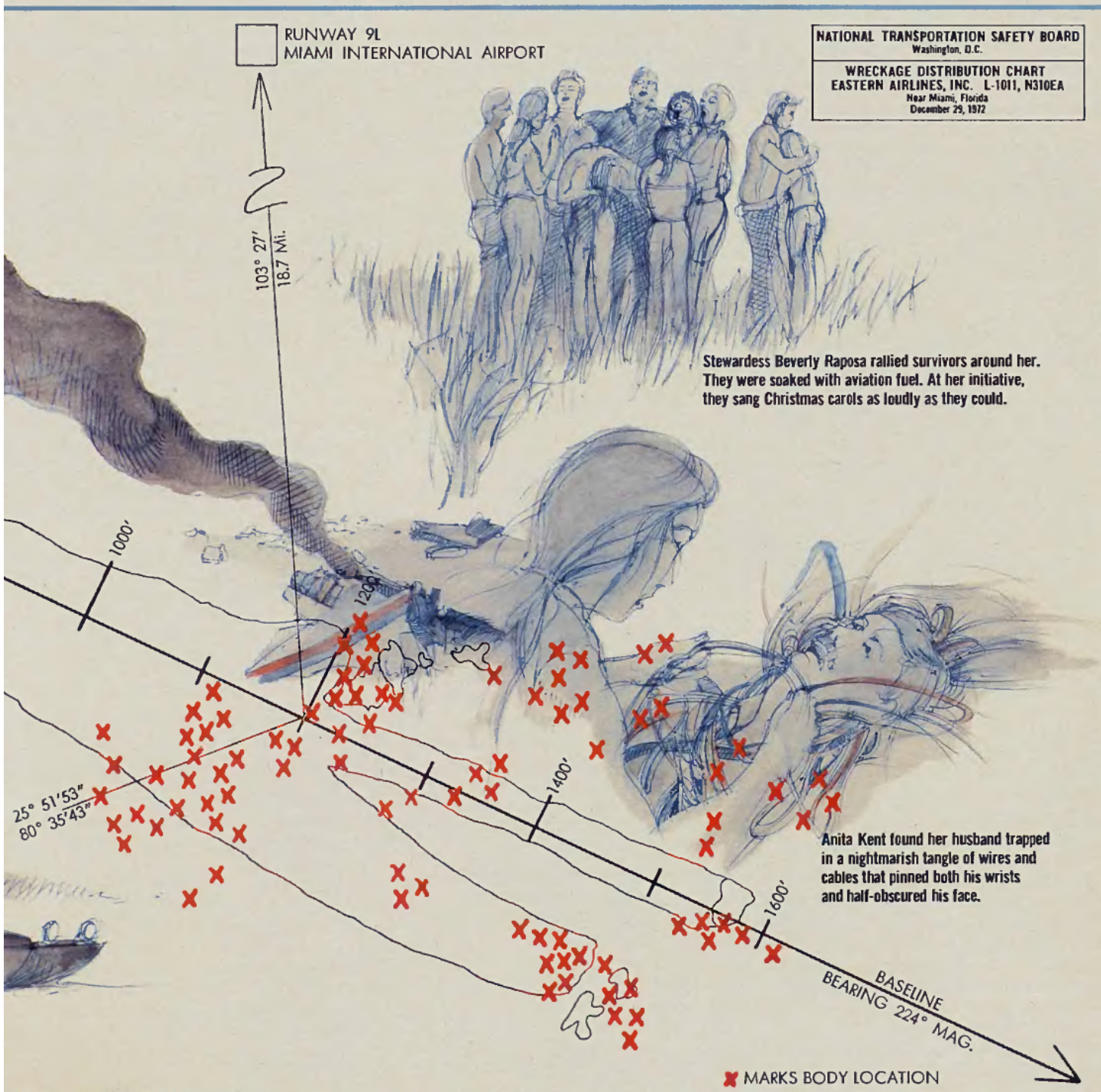
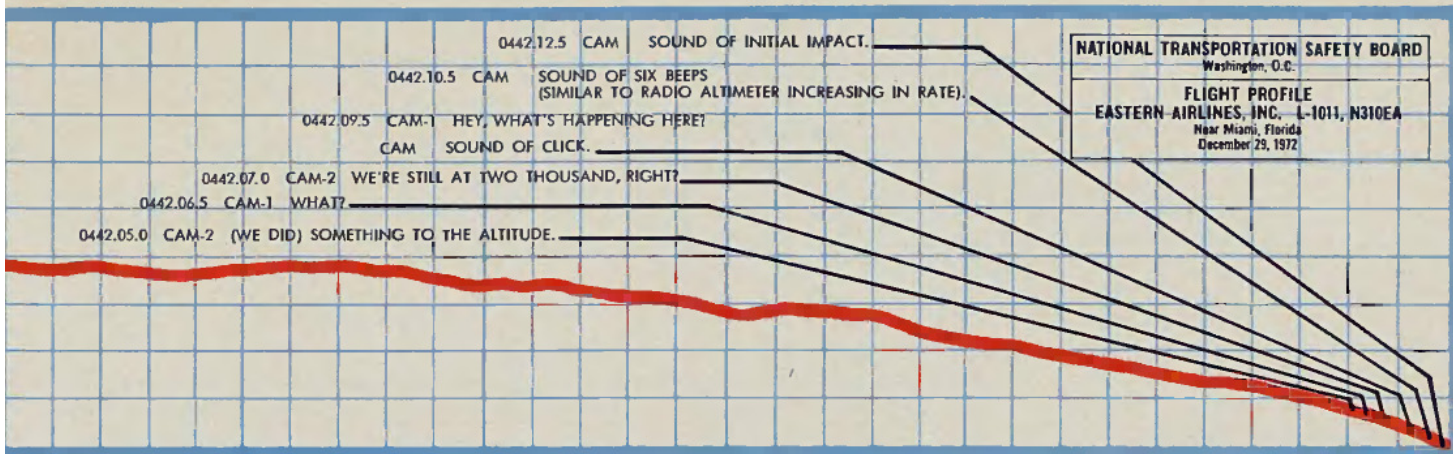
"You got it sideways," Loft said. "You gotta turn it one quarter to the left."

But now the light cube was jammed. "To hell with this," Loft said. He spoke to Donald Repo, the flight engineer: "Go down and see if it's lined up . . . that's all we care. Fuck around with that goddamned twenty-cent piece of light equipment they got on this bastard!" Repo climbed down through a trap door into the forward electronics bay beneath the cockpit floor. The space below was called the hellhole.

Stockstill continued to jiggle



Robert Marquis had been giggling frogs from a homemade air boat when, suddenly, he saw a "ball of fire," 100 feet high, and raced to the scene. "There were dead people everywhere. And half-naked people, some completely naked," he recalled. "I felt so helpless."



the light. He and Loft both believed, correctly, that the light was simply burned out and that the nose gear, in fact, was down. But Repo's attempt to check the gear visually was unsuccessful; he stuck his head back up into the cockpit. "I can't see it," he said. "It's pitch-dark and I throw the little light, I get, ah, nothing."

Loft threw a switch on the overhead panel. "Now try it."

Repo went below again. This time he was followed by Angelo Donadeo, an Eastern Air Lines technical specialist who had been riding on deadhead, or off-duty, status in a cockpit jump seat. As Donadeo left the flight deck, he noticed that Stockstill had his right hand on the yoke and was pushing or pulling the light assembly with his left. Loft was reaching across the center pedestal, attempting to help. No one realized that the plane's autopilot had become disengaged and that they were losing altitude.

At the airport, the approach controller looked at his radar screen. Flight 401 was assigned to an altitude of 2000 feet. Crisp green phosphorescent numerals said it was at 900.

The controller radioed the plane: "Eastern 401, how are things coming along out there?"

"OK," answered Loft. "We'd like to turn around and come back in."

The controller authorized the turn—180 degrees left.

On the radio speakers in the cockpit, the tower controller could be heard telling another airplane, Lan-Chile flight 451, to descend to 1500 feet. And for the first time, Loft and Stockstill became concerned about their own altitude.

"We did something to the altitude," Stockstill said.

Loft: "What?"

Stockstill: "We're still at 2000, right?"

Loft: "Hey, what's happening here?"

On the radar screen in the tower, flight 401's altitude now read "CST," the abbreviation for coast stand by.

The controller radioed the Whisperliner: "And, ah, Eastern 401, are you requesting the, ah, equipment?" He meant the airport fire trucks, ready to stand by, in case the plane's landing gear was, indeed, faulty.

His question went unanswered. From the darkness over the Everglades came only silence.

Captain Loft's last announcement had given the Whisperliner's passengers and stewardesses no reason to expect anything other than a normal landing. But several of the cabin occupants noticed that something unusual was happening. In the very rear of the airplane, flight attendant Beverly Raposa felt the jet climbing after the first landing approach was scrubbed. Ronald Infantino, sitting almost precisely halfway between the

front and the rear of the aircraft, felt the Whisperliner turn. In first class, Jennifer Larsen noticed the nose lifting slightly.

Adrianne Hamilton, the senior stewardess, sat facing the rear, her back against the cockpit wall. She knew the L-1011 required a long landing approach; this one, however, seemed extraordinarily long. Adrianne did not think of herself as a religious person. Without understanding why, she did something she had never done before in more than four years of professional flying. She said a quick prayer: If anything happens, please let me make it through.

Ann Connell, an off-duty Eastern employee who was familiar with the airport, watched from a cabin window as Miami's lights faded into darkness. She turned to her husband, who was reading a paperback book. "If I didn't know better, I'd think we were being hijacked," she told him. Then she began thinking about the location of the plane's emergency exits and life rafts.

When the Whisperliner first touched ground, it seemed to Mrs. Connell that it was in the normal horizontal landing position. Then the plane lifted and hit again. Her husband threw his arm around her shoulders, forcing her to duck forward. The first touchdown had been light, but the second was a solid, grinding impact. The nose of the jet slewed clockwise. A fireball flashed through the cabin from front to rear, touching the ceiling and extending as low as the seat tops. The plane was skidding, rotating on a horizontal axis, and the fuselage was breaking up.

Strapped against the cockpit wall, Adrianne Hamilton lurched left but was held by her seat belt. The lights went out; she was wet, she knew there was fuel on her and was afraid of fire. She thought: You know, this is an airplane crash.

In the rear of the cabin, stewardess Beverly Raposa was shaken like a rag doll. "I could see my arms going in front of me from side to side and I felt my feet go from side to side. My body was held in tightly by the shoulder harness, but the rest of me was going along with this jolting." The coat closet on her left disappeared. She felt fuel slosh over her "like a waterfall."

Angelo Donadeo, in the hellhole beneath the cockpit, had just reached the rear bulkhead and was preparing to look through the wheel-well viewer to see whether the nose gear was down. He felt a concussion that he described as "like two freight trains colliding."

Jerry Eskow awakened to "a lot of noise and a lot of vibrations." He thought he was still asleep, dreaming. "Suddenly, the noise stopped. I was sitting upright

in my seat in water up to my waist. I heard screaming. And I realized: If I'm not dreaming, the plane has crashed. And I am alive."

The airplane went down in the Everglades. The crash site was west-northwest of Miami, 18 miles from the airport. The terrain was flat marshland on which saw grass grew to heights of ten feet. The grass grew in water, six to twelve inches deep, and beneath the water lay soft black mud.

The plane was traveling 227 miles per hour when it flew into the ground. The left wing tip hit first, then the left engine and landing gear. When the main body of the jet impacted, it continued to move through saw grass and water, disintegrating as it went. From first impact to last movement, the Whisperliner traveled more than one third of a mile.

Pieces of the left wing were strewn for 1600 feet. The left engine separated and was found near the right wing. The cockpit and first-class lounge separated from the remainder of the fuselage. The walls and ceiling tore away as far forward as the cockpit door. The pilot's and copilot's seats remained in place, but the flight engineer's seat broke away from its floor tracks. Just to the rear of that, Adrianne Hamilton's jump seat remained intact; across from her, the walls and door of the forward lavatory ripped away. The commode remained in place. The first-class cabin and the first three rows of tourist seats were demolished. The longest piece of fuselage wall left intact contained 11 windows, from what had been a total of 62. Passenger seats were scattered over an area the length of two football fields.

The biggest part of the airplane remaining after the crash was a section of tail ten yards long. An accident investigator would describe the crash as "the most total and complete wreck I've ever seen." Officially, it was classified as a non survivable accident.

Gigging frogs from a homemade air boat, Robert Marquis was one of the few humans abroad in the swamp at nearly midnight. He saw a "ball of fire, an orange, orange glow that just lit up and spread out for about 8000 foot across the Glades; looked like it went up maybe 100 foot high."

What Marquis observed was a flash fire. The plane crashed carrying 43,000 pounds of unburned jet fuel. Spewing from broken tanks, the fuel ignited, flared, mixed with cold swamp water—and went out.

Marquis swung the prow of his air boat west, toward the dark spot where the glow had been. He put his foot on the throttle and jounced through saw grass, (continued on page 196)

SILVERSMITH WISHES

fiction By **ROBERT SHECKLEY**

THE STRANGER lifted his glass. "May your conclusions always flow sweetly from your premises."

"I'll drink to that," said Nelson Silversmith.

Solemnly, they both sipped Orange Julius. Outside, the flotsam of Eighth Street flowed eastward, to circulate with sluggish restlessness in the Sargasso of Washington Square. Silversmith munched his chili dog.

The stranger said, "I suppose you think I'm some kind of a nut."

Silversmith shrugged. "I assume nothing."

"Well spoken," the stranger said. "My name is Terence Maginnis. Come have

a drink with me."

"Don't mind if I do," Silversmith said.

Some 20 minutes later, they were seated on torn red-plastic benches in Joe Mangeri's Clam Bar and Beer Parlor, exchanging fragments of discursive philosophy as casual strangers meeting in New York's Greenwich Village on a slow, mild October afternoon will do. Maginnis was a short, compact, red-faced man with emphatic gestures and a fuzzy Harris-tweed suit. Silversmith was a lanky 32-year-old with a mournful face and long, tapering fingers.

(continued on page 162)

it was an offer he couldn't refuse—three requests, no strings attached, frequent bonuses



PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST

you don't have to break the bank at monte carlo to be a winner

attire By DAVID PLATT

FOR THE COMING SEASONS, the one thing you won't want to gamble on in Monte Carlo—or anywhere else, for that matter—is your wardrobe. Elegant simplicity is the key phrase, as exemplified by three-piece suits with contrasting vests, easygoing shirt and slack combinations and

unconstructed cotton jackets that can be worn with a shirt and tie or no shirt at all. Colors, too, will be uncomplicated; expect the all-white look to be an odds-on favorite. And for collegiate fun, there's a terrycloth varsity cardigan on the market that's a sure winner. Your move, sports.



Left: Ah, the Casino de Monte Carlo—where gamblers have been known to lose their shirts. Not this lad, of course. He's wearing a polyurethane pullover, by Europa Sport, about \$30; boot-neck T-shirt, about \$24, and cotton jeans, about \$55, both by Jean-Paul Germain; and wing-tip shoes, by R. Martegani for Roger Bowman, \$110. (His gomboling lady's outfit is by Yves St. Laurent and Yves St. Laurent Rive Gauche.) Comprenez-vous?



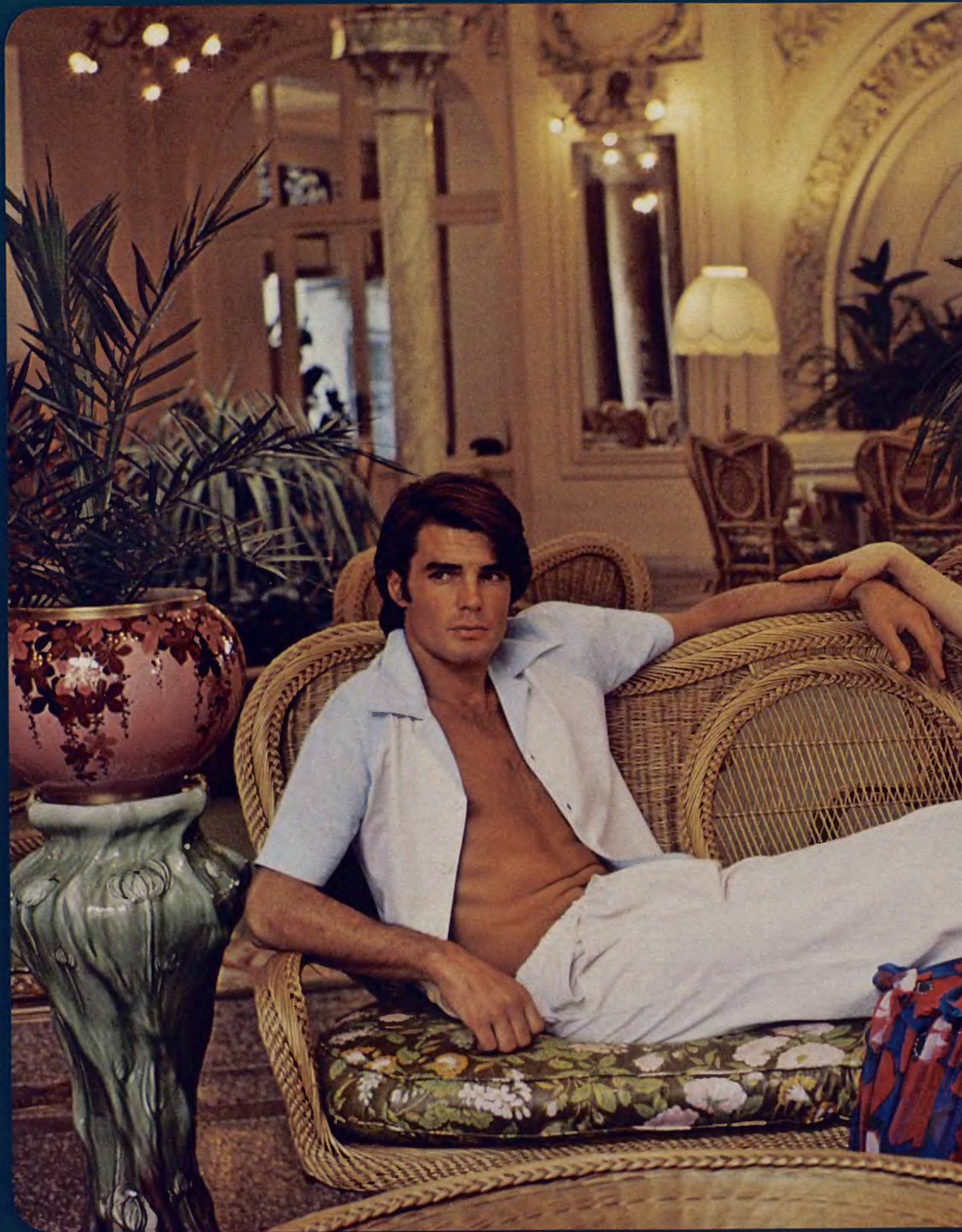
Left: The view from the Hôtel de Paris' balcony overlooking Monte Carlo's Place du Casino is exceptional—in both directions. So are his polished-cotton blazer, \$155, corduroy slacks, \$55, round-collared polished-cotton shirt, \$47.50, and silk foulard tie, \$22.50, all by Ralph Lauren for Polo. (Her silk evening gown is by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloé.)





Opposite page: No, that's not the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo, although you can't tell it by his clothes. Especially the polyester/wool three-piece suit, by Society Brand, \$275, he's got on, worn with a striped shirt, by Pierre Cardin, \$35; silk tie, by Guy Laroche for Dunleigh, \$12.50; and gabardine shoes, by R. Martegani for Gentlemen's Footgear, \$90. (Milady's clothes are by Régine and Echoppe.)

Above: This covered swimming pool, located just a stone's throw from the Hôtel de Paris, offers filtered sea water, individual saunas and a great location near the harbor—plus other appealing sights. This fellow digs it all in his terry cardigan, by Cesarani, about \$30; herringbone jeans, by Levi Strauss, about \$19; and knit pullover, by Sosta, about \$40. (Her suit—what there is of it—is by Vanessa.)



Below left: A season in Monte Carlo isn't complete without relaxing in the Hermitage Hotel's winter garden; the decor is Belle Epoque, but the companionship is decidedly 1977—and so are the clothes. Cose in point: a cotton short-sleeved shirt, by Circus Maximus from Forum, \$13; cotton drawstring slacks, by Potential, \$17; and linen sandals trimmed with leather, by Pierre Cardin for Smerling, \$25. (His date's outfit is by Yves St. Laurent Rive Gauche.) Below: Here, again in the winter garden, it's obvious that our Romeo's Juliet hasn't stroyed far. How can she, when he has changed into a great-looking cotton pullover, plus a pair of matching flared-leg slacks, by Induyco, \$80 the set; and a polyester/cotton pullover, by Career Club, \$8? (Her outfit is by Yves St. Laurent Rive Gauche.)





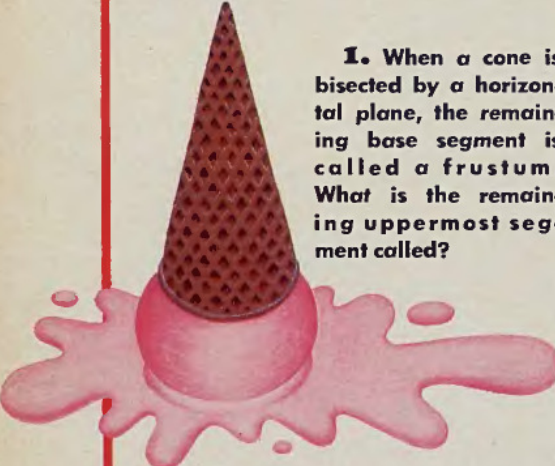
THE WHAT-ME-STUPID?

QUIZ

By JACK SHARKEY

if you don't do well, cheer up; you've got plenty of company

The following test is geared to show you just how stupid you really are, thus sending you out into the world armed with an impenetrable shield of stupidity: Convinced you know nothing, you will become an extremely good listener, and thus make everybody else marvelously happy; and what nicer goal in life is there? Good luck, dummy.



1. When a cone is bisected by a horizontal plane, the remaining base segment is called a frustum. What is the remaining uppermost segment called?

2. Give the first names of the following famous people:

- A. Dante
- B. Rembrandt
- C. Michelangelo

7. How far, in centimeters, is Boulder Dam from Lake Mead? Hoover Dam from Lake Mead? Boulder Dam from Hoover Dam?

3. Was the Great Pyramid of Egypt built to house the body of Cheops or Khufu?

4. What is the common link that unites a guinea pig's tail, a shark's sleeping habits, a rat's incidence of nausea and the location of public telephones at a race track?



5. An Eskimo male, even if he and his family are on the verge of starvation, will not attempt to eat a penguin's egg. Why?

6. A plane crashes on a state line, the nose of the plane lying in Montana, the tail of the plane lying in Idaho. According to Federal aviation regulations, which state has the legal obligation to bury the survivors?



8. What does a ship weigh when leaving port?



9. What is the main characteristic of a Hawaiian snake?

10. Supply the next item in each of the following series:

- A. 77 49 36 18 _____
 B. O T T F F S S _____
 C. April 5 May 3 _____

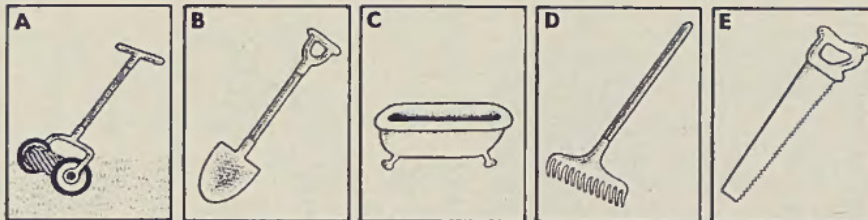
11. Correctly match the three items on the left with the definitions on the right:

- | Item | Definition |
|-------------|-------------------------------|
| A. Shaddock | D. A pear-shaped citrus fruit |
| B. Rotifer | E. An aquatic animal |
| C. Mangonel | F. A military engine |

12. Which of the following sentences does not have a grammatical error in it?

- A. Susie loves Billy more than me.
 B. Susie loves Billy more than I.

13. In the following drawings, which item does not belong?



14. Which of the following statements is factual?

- A. California has a delightful climate.
 B. Napoleon was a great leader.
 C. Tombstone is a town in Arizona.

15. If one's lonely, two's company and three's a crowd, what are four, five and six?

16. Identify the following internationally famous persons:

- A. Claudia Johnson
 B. Thelma Catherine Ryan
 C. Leslie Hornby

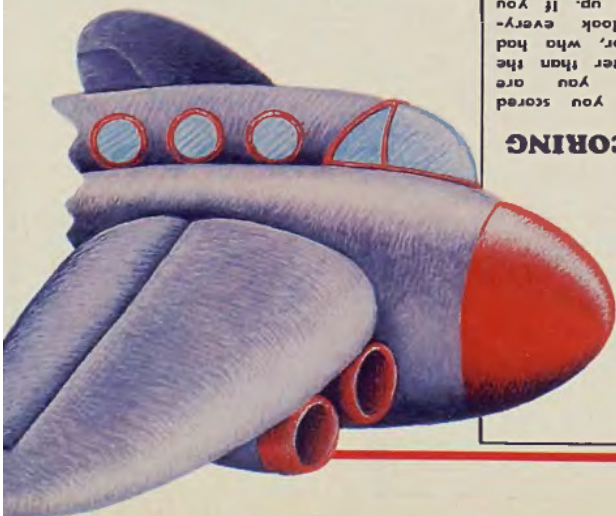
17. If a Frenchwoman says to you, in French, "Don't you like me?" and the fact is that you do like her and want to tell her so, also in French, you should answer:

- A. Oui.
 B. Si.
 C. Da.



18. In the following list of reindeer names, cross out those that do not pull Santa's sleigh through the sky on Christmas Eve:

- Dasher . . . Dancer . . . Prancer . . . Vixen . . .
 Comet . . . Cupid . . . Donner . . . Blitzen . . .
 Rudolph . . . Dixon . . . Watson



SCORING

C. The only item needing water to fulfill its function.
 D. The only item that is only pulled, never pushed.
 E. The only item not related to earth, soil or dirt.
 14. Only C is a fact; A and B are opinions.
 15. Fifteen.
 16. A—Lady Bird; B—Pat Nixon; C—Twiggy.
 17. The answer is B; in French, a negative query is answered to a score of 7-12, you have a lovely average stupidity.
 18. The lady asked, "Do you like me?" Out! would have been correct.
 19. If you did not cross out all the names—aren't you a bit young to be reading this magazine?

is 49, 4 times 9 is 36, etc. B—E; they are the initials of One, Two, Three, Four, etc. C—June 4; June is the next logical month in the series of months and, since April has five letters and May three . . .
 11. They are all ready matched: A = D, B = E, C = F.
 12. Either: the first means Susie loves Billy more than Billy means Susie loves me; the second me; she loves loves Billy more than Billy more than I love Billy.
 13. Whichever answer you select is correct:
 A. The only item with moving parts.
 B. The only item for working beneath the ground.

the public can get to them.
 5. Because Eskimos live near the Arctic Circle and penguins near the Antarctic Circle, and it is doubted that either one ever saw a specimen of the other.
 6. Neither; but they might help the survivors bury the victims.
 7. Zero centimeters; Lake Mead is the man-made body of water created by the presence of Hoover Dam—which is also known as Boulder Dam.
 8. Anchor.
 9. It shares the telephone area—should be obvious for reasons that landline snakes: It simply does not exist.
 10. A—8; because race tracks, at least not where

1. A cone, of course.
 2. Those are the first names! (Respective surnames are, in case you're curious, Alighieri, Van Rijn and Buonarroti.)
 3. Yes, because that Pharaoh was known by both of those names.
 4. None of them exists. Guinea pigs have no tails, sharks never sleep, rats cannot regurgitate (even when poisoned, which is a big help to all of us) and telephones are—when you think it over—never found at race tracks, at least not where

ANSWERS



Benita von Klingspor (above), 48, is a bona fide baroness whose ancestors were originally titled in Sweden in the 13th Century. Now living in Los Angeles, where she owns and operates her own fashion-design and manufacturing company ("Called B.v.K., after my own initials"), Baroness Von Klingspor was born in Vienna, lived in Czechoslovakia for a while and was educated in Germany, where, after World War Two, she served as an official interpreter for the Allied Third Army. "I speak enough Russian to keep myself out of jail," she says, "enough Japanese to keep my Japanese employees happy and, of course, German." In addition to minding her thriving sportswear business (the garment she's wearing is one of her company's hotter items this season) and seeing her two sons and two granddaughters, the baroness is planning to film a pilot for a proposed syndicated TV talk show involving "a little philosophy, a little art, but mostly arts and crafts."

"I've always wanted to appear in PLAYBOY," says Canadian Eva La-Pierre (right), "for the men who have fantasized about me but never had me. I've always wanted to feed those fantasies." Educated at a Montreal convent, 30-year-old Eva is a researcher and production assistant for a Canadian news-documentary company. "I've also been working on a novel for the past four years," she tells us, "but I'll probably never get it done."

BEWITCHED BY OLDER WOMEN

every young man has savored the fantasy of a stunning, worldly-wise older woman introducing him to pleasures he has never known. here, in words and pictures, is the reality that leaves the fantasy far behind

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

text By PAUL THEROUX SHE STOOD ALONE and completely calm on the empty railway platform, her long coat tugged by the train's draft. The first thing he noticed in the overbright lights of the station was the lustrous bones in her face. Boarding the train, she looked straight ahead and carried a small suitcase. Then she disappeared. Once the train pulled out on its journey to Ventimiglia, he walked the length of it and didn't see her. He could only conclude that she was in one of the first-class sleepers.

He saw her an hour later in the dining car and was stunned again by her composure and the odor of jasmine that reached him two tables away. Though she faced him, he could not help staring. She didn't appear to see him. She looked through him as she finished her meal and lit her cigarette and guillotined the flame with the lid of her lighter. Her eyes went to the window and watched with a pitying lack of interest the feebly lighted countryside. She crossed her legs and something ripped inside him.

She was 40, perhaps more, but her make-up worked—her lipstick was so neatly done, the highlights in her hair so convincing and the languid glamor of her movements so studied she awoke in him his earliest sexual memory and she was ageless. More tempting even than her slender grace, her pretty mouth pursed on her cigarette and movements of her breasts—with just a hint of weight, they trembled over the table—more tempting than the hunger he saw in her bones was the fact that she had not looked him in the eye. She was perfect. Private. Impenetrable. She hadn't smiled, and yet she wasn't sad. She was a lioness in repose. She had lived in the world—he hadn't.

He considered offering her a drink but hesitated. Being older, she had it in her power to make a fool of him. He decided to risk everything. The dining car emptied. He joined her, sitting next to her at her table. Then she smiled, unmistakably her victory, and before he could think of anything to say ("How far are you going?" he had ridiculously rehearsed), she said, "Where do you Americans get such splendid boots?"

"How did you know I was American?" he said. He had registered her British accent, her cool enthusiasm that was almost theatrical.

She ignored his question and went on, "I'd love to buy some for my son. He's just started at the university."

Son 18. She got married at about 24. A little arithmetic. She was about 42.

He said, "You could probably get them here, but things in France are so expensive."

"France," she said, mimicking his accent. "You make it rhyme with pants."

"What's wrong with that?" he said. "I like pants."

She smiled and touched her throat and said, "At least we have that in common."

It was then that he went for her, reaching his hand under the table and placing it just above her knee, where the hem emphasized the division between the heat of her leg and the coolness of her dress. If she had been younger, it would have meant nothing, but she was old enough to understand that his hand there was both an appeal and an invitation. She did not react. She was still speaking about her son and he moved his hand up her thigh and let it rest there, burning.

Without interrupting herself, she gently lifted his hand from her leg and glanced



around. Only one waiter lingered. The boy wondered if he had made a blunder. He began to apologize.

"Listen," said the woman, "we haven't got much time. I'm only going as far as Cannes. I'm in the next coach, room fifty-two. Give me ten minutes." And she got up and left.

He did as he had been told and when he knocked, she opened the door a crack before letting him in. She wore a robe and when she kissed him and pressed herself against him, it loosened and fell open. He caressed her, but she drew away and said, "Aren't you going to take those clothes off?"

The train rocked slowly southward. He was sprawled on the berth and could see the lights of passing stations in her hair—her head was against his stomach. "No. No," she said. "Let me do it." And so he lay with his feet braced on the jolting wall while she knelt and worked on him with her feathery mouth and her hands. His orgasm trembled and teased him, rising and stopping like fluid heating in a pipe. Her tongue snaked furiously and the spurts came in (text continued on page 146)

An ex-Bunny, 32-year-old Debbie Hoffman (below), currently working as a disco deejay at Beverly Hills' posh private club Sergio's, has—would you believe?—an 18-year-old daughter. Eileen LaTarre (right), 34, used to be a model and an actress ("I made a few movies that never got out of the can") and is now into traveling (she's been to Japan, Europe and Rio) and is "lacking for a new career, possibly photography."









Married to a doctor, Ann O'Neill (above), 35, lived for three years in Japan, where she got a brown belt in judo and learned to speak Japanese. Now a resident of San Francisco, Ann tells us that her "main hobby and ambition is to learn acting."



Gail Berton (above) and Sheri Smith (below) are both 30 and both professional models. Recently divorced, Gail has been posing for her friend Leonard Nimoy, who has taken up photography. A music major in high school and college, Gail tells us that her major goal these days is "to marry a millionaire." Sheri, born in Baltimore, now lives in New York City, which, she defiantly claims, "is still a great city." Sheri says she has maintained her looks by "getting to bed late and smoking a lot—but it's mostly heredity."



five spasms that she controlled with her lips and he heard in the darkness the sound of her gulping it down.

Later—she hadn't spoken a word—she began again on him, with her fingers, and then mounted him. She moaned and cried out so acutely, finally uttering wild little shrieks, that afterward his clearest memory was of having to stifle her sobs of pleasure and make love to her with his hand over her mouth.

•
This is, of course, fantasy: There was no woman. There was no dining car. There was only the blue train and the boy. But the encounter is plausible (more plausible now than when *Tea and Sympathy* was considered shocking) because you have seen that woman traveling alone and idly wished yourself upon her. If the woman had been younger, she wouldn't have been alone or would have asked for more. Pretended to be sullen. Demanded high spirits. Her moves from the beginning would have been more obvious. The



Thirty-year-old Roberta Miller (left), a legal secretary for a large San Diego firm, attributes her shapeliness to one of her favorite pastimes—belly dancing. Kai Brendlinger (below), 33, who recently had her name legally changed to K—just the initial—was our November 1964 Playmate. K is a professional model and actress and a personal manager for local Chicago talent. At 32, Ursula Digard (right) has acted in over 50 films, including three by Russ Meyer (*Harry, Cherry and Raquel, Seven Minutes and Supervixens*), and is now working as associate producer on Meyer's latest movie, *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*. Raised in Europe, Ursula speaks Swedish, French, German, Italian, Spanish and Swiss fluently and translates documentaries and songs in her spare time.







"I never lie about my age, because I'm proud of it," says 34-year-old Patti King (above). "Age is nothing but experience." Patti is presently trying to get a book of her own poetry together. In her native Italy, Luciana Gabriel (right), 32, was a semiprofessional track star specializing in hurdles and relays and an artist (she won several European competitions) before becoming a model.

older woman makes no decisive moves except the last and she knows, if she is attractive, that you are hers for the taking. So she seldom is disappointed and never is humiliated. She is not looking for flattery and certainly is not husband hunting. She has met your kind a hundred times before.

No apologies. No explanations. She knows the essential things about concealment and, more than anyone else in the world, this woman has a heightened awareness of time. As the boy sees maturity in a sexual encounter—proof of his manhood, another statistic to relish—the older woman is granted a reprieve and in that encounter has outwitted her age. For her it is a private, mutual compliment. In the classic situation, she does not want to see you afterward. The preliminaries, the half-truths, the confidences—all these are dispensed with. There isn't time. She will come straight (concluded on page 183)







*"Isn't it amazing what the right woman can do
for your sex life?"*

There's Somebody Coming

Young William threw Margery down
on the floor
And with his stout gimlet began for to
bore:
But while he was fiddling and fumbling
and thumbing,
"Hark!" cried the maiden. "Is that
somebody coming?"

The boldhearted Willy pumped on,
undismayed.
Half dying with anguish, poor Margery
said.
"Oh, lor', deary me, stop your stuffing
and strumming;
A foot's on the stairs, there is somebody
coming."

"Oh, no," said young William, "it's
impossible, for
You remember the sentries I placed at
the door?"

"By my conscience," said Madge, "you're
only ahumming.
I tell you again, there is *somebody*
coming."

But Will, unabashed, kept on bucking
away
And teased her so much with the
amorous play
That soon, quite enraptured, her senses
succumbing.
"Oh!" moaned she. "Believe it, there's
somebody *coming*!"

Sweets for Sale

Come gather round, good neighbors;
there is glorious news to tell—
Here's a waggonload of beetroots I've
come to town to sell,
And if you'll be my customers, I'll use
you very well!

Along now came a lady gay; her footman
ran before,
Requesting she might buy a root, nine
inches long—no more.
And when Johnny touched her fanny up,
she blushed and cried, "*Encore!*"

Then on there came the parson's wife,
as pretty as you please.
And she would have a little one to give
herself some ease,
For parson's churchly organ did dangle
to his knees.

Then on there came a gardener's wife
and she was clothed in green.
While buying half a dozen, she stole
away fifteen
And crammed them in her hairy pouch
that they might not be seen.

Then on there came the vintner's wife,
all pink and full of spleen,
Demanding for the largest one that ever
yet was seen.
For she'd been teased with little ones
since she was scarce fifteen.



Then on there came the sailor's wife, a
comely wench and tall.
She bought five bushels of my roots, the
waggoner and all—
To keep her home fire burning while
Jack's sailing to Bengal.

Then on there came a little miss, intent
to have her part,
And when she heard my roots were sold,
I thought 't would break her heart.
"Pray, give me leave," says she, "to rub
my muff against your cart."

A Letter

Oh, I'm getting very hot for you, my
charming Mrs. Bond.
And though you will not smile on me,
I never will despond.
This moment when I write to you,
indeed, quite stiff I stand,
With my proudest prized possession
asweating in my hand.

Some randy little duchesses have lured
me to their arms
And crumby little countesses have
yielded me their charms.
So only give me leave to go afishing
in your pond
And I'll bring out my rod and reel, oh,
sporting Mrs. Bond.

From my window, I can view you each
morning when you rise
And watch the foamy motion as you
wash your lovely thighs.
Then I pray for some enchantress to
transform me with her wand
To the towel you dry your belly with,
my darling Mrs. Bond.

If some god would grant my wishes and
accomplish my request,
I'd ask to be a little flea and skip upon
your breast.
Or I'd pray to be a petticoat of satin
trimmed with blond

To caress your rosy bobbies and your
buttocks, Mrs. Bond.

Mrs. Bond, you must forgive me, but,
indeed, I cannot wait,
So open up your pretty mouth and
swallow all my bait.
There's one reflection left to solace
me beyond:
I'll never go afishing unless it's in your
pond.

No Hypocrite

One day, as I was walking out
And crossing o'er the plain,
I suddenly beheld, oh, dear!
A very handsome swain.
And while I stopped to look about
And view his manly grace,
A certain member he pulled out;
He did—before my face!

Transfixed was I unto the spot,
Of that you may be sure,
For such a curious instrument
I never saw before.
And while I stared, with widened eyes,
Into my hand's embrace,
He put this stout and throbbing prize;
He did—before my face!

Now, on the grass where daisies spread
To deck the spot around,
He clasped me gently in his arms
And laid me on the ground.
Then off his buckskins he did pull
And stript us both apace.
I saw his apples dangle full
Before my very face.

Transported with our mutual joys,
In a lover's knot we lay.
I could not coax him to arise
Until near end of day.
But, sure, he was no hypocrite,
No author of disgrace—
Nothing he did behind my back
But all before my face!



an investigative report:

- exposing the network
- moscow's secret hot war
- the search for "carlos"
- the palestinians' revenge

TERROR, INC.

article **By DAVID B. TINNIN**

ABOUT 5:30 on the afternoon of September 15, 1974, a young man leaned over the top-rail balcony of the multilayered Le Drugstore, a combined boutique, newsstand and snack bar on Boulevard Saint Germain in Paris. From the pocket of a gray jacket, he pulled a U.S.-made hand grenade. With an abrupt gesture, he dropped it among the shoppers and

diners below. The toll: two dead, 34 wounded.

On June 27, 1976, Air France's Tel Aviv-Paris flight took off from Athens, bound for France. Four terrorists—a German man and woman, and two Palestinians—suddenly took command. They set the plane on a course that led to the Libyan city of Bengasi and then to Entebbe, Uganda. For the next six days, the most tense hijacking in

history took place. It was ended only by the dramatic Israeli rescue. The dead: one Israeli officer, seven terrorists, at least 20 Ugandan troopers and three hostages caught in the cross fire.

Six weeks later, at Istanbul's Yesilkoy Airport, a group of El Al passengers was leaving the transit lounge to board a Tel Aviv flight. Suddenly, three young men carrying Kuwaiti passports whipped out pistols and grenades, launching a murderous attack. Turkish guards returned the fire. The toll: one terrorist and three passengers killed—including a staff member of the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations—and 30 passengers wounded.

And so it goes—one terrorist act after another. Of course, not every act of violence in the world is caused by terrorism. But there are many more of them than almost anybody realizes. The Western world is seized by an unseen, largely unknown network of terrorism. It has one main aim: to make you so paralyzed by fear that ultimately you will be unable to assert the independence and good sense that make Western democracies work. Finally, you will cower in fear and others will decide your fate. Or so think the masterminds of terrorism.

The terrorist is today's criminal par excellence. But the aim of terrorism is not money, though that is a part of it. The aim is power.

So far, the United States has largely been spared the horrors of terrorism. Yet no American air traveler can pass through all the security paraphernalia at any major airport and step aboard a jet without wondering: Is there someone on this plane who is going to whip out a pistol and hijack us? And who can walk past the baggage conveyors in New York City's La Guardia Airport without thinking about all the canvas-shrouded victims of the terrorist bomb, probably disguised in an ordinary suitcase, that someone—also probably quite ordinary-looking—placed in a locker on December 29, 1975? Whoever it was took precautions not to leave fingerprints behind. Or can anyone stride past the lockers in Grand Central Station without remembering that one of them harbored the bomb planted there by the Croatian terrorists?

The creeping encroachment of terrorism: The baggage lockers have now been removed from Newark and some other major airports.

But in many countries, terrorism already has seized the jugular and is squeezing hard. Think of Northern Ireland and Lebanon: strangled spiritually, politically and economically. Or consider Argentina and Brazil. There, terrorists have set off a ruinous right-wing reaction that has led to the creation of murder squads on both sides, each hunting down the

other—and catching scores of innocent people in the cross fire.

We are living in an era of violence and the terrorists understand how to use that violence for their own calculated purposes. Take, for example, the seemingly senseless tossing of the grenade in Le Drugstore. The young man who dropped the grenade, a U.S. Army M-26 with a 50-foot casualty zone, was Carlos—the Jackal, as the European press has dubbed him. As we shall see, Carlos is a specially manufactured product of the Soviet K.G.B. In this instance he was seeking to apply pressure to the French government: Two days before the Drugstore episode, a handful of Japanese Red Army members, the killer elite in the terrorist network, had stormed the French embassy in The Hague and taken hostage the ambassador and some ten other embassy personnel. The goal was to secure the release from a French prison of a fellow Japanese, a terrorist courier known as Yutaka Furuya, who had been apprehended while passing through customs at Paris' Orly Airport carrying secret messages about future operations.

When dealing with terrorists, the Dutch government usually seeks to stall for time, hoping to wear them down. The French have less patience; hence, Carlos was hoping to emphasize the urgency of a quick deal. The Drugstore bombing had the desired effect: It spread panic throughout Paris and further unnerved the jittery French government. Then an anonymous caller, probably Carlos himself, heightened the tension by ringing up news-service offices in Paris. "We'll attack a cinema next," the voice warned. The official reaction: *Ça ne va plus!*—This can't go on! The French government immediately began to lean very hard on the Dutch, who finally caved in. The Japanese Red Army gunmen flew to the Middle East with a ransom of \$300,000 and their comrade, whom the French already had taken to the Netherlands.

The threat of terrorism is intense and growing steadily worse. The terrorists are becoming more brazen, more confident and better equipped. From the original weapons of grenades and submachine guns, they are graduating to infrared-guided rockets. What will come next? Just about every antiterrorist operative has his own special nightmare about the day in the not-too-distant future when terrorists may finally get their hands on small nuclear devices that could devastate whole cities or the bacteriological-warfare germs that could spread plagues quickly throughout entire countries—or perhaps even the world.

In the face of the terrorist threat, West-

ern governments so far have proved to be extremely ineffectual, or worse. And the terrorist is quick to capitalize on the cowardice of his opponents. Says L. Douglas Heck, director of the State Department's Office for Combating Terrorism: "A terrorist has an 80 percent chance of escaping death or capture, a 50 percent chance of having all or some of his immediate demands met and a 100 percent chance of getting the publicity he sought." The Arab terrorists, who constitute the main external peril to Western societies, have the backing of many of the oil-producing Arab states. Hence, western Europe's dependence on Arab oil confers an immunity on the terrorist, who knows that even if he is apprehended, his stay in a west European prison will probably be short.

Just how short was demonstrated by the French. The case concerned a former terrorist called Abu Daoud (real name: Uchmed Daoud Mechamed Auda). He is a middle-ranking Palestinian Liberation Organization official who once was an important member of Black September. But Daoud was not, as was widely reported, the mastermind of the 1972 massacre of the Israeli Olympic team in Munich. That infamous distinction belongs to Ali Hassan Salameh, the Black September planning chief still high on the Israeli hit list. Daoud was the logistics officer; he arranged for the delivery of weapons in Munich and helped procure fake passports for some members of the eight-man Black September assault team. He left Munich before the attack. A few months later, he was captured while on a surveillance mission in Jordan. There he broke down and his confessions were televised. Later, Black September stormed the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum, killing two visiting American diplomats, in an unsuccessful attempt to force the release of Daoud (and several hundred others) from prison.

In late 1973, Daoud was released through amnesty to the P.L.O., but he never again was entrusted with sensitive intelligence missions. Instead, he became a P.L.O. bureaucrat, specializing in propaganda and leading delegations on visits abroad. Israeli intelligence did not even have him on its hit list; the Israelis reckoned that after his confession in Jordan, he either was washed up in the P.L.O. or had become a Jordanian agent. But he was still wanted by Germany and Israel for his role in the Munich killings.

Traveling under the fake name of Youseff Raji Hanna on an Iraqi passport, Daoud flew to Paris last January as a member of a three-man P.L.O. delegation to attend the funeral of a colleague, Mahmoud Saleh, who had run

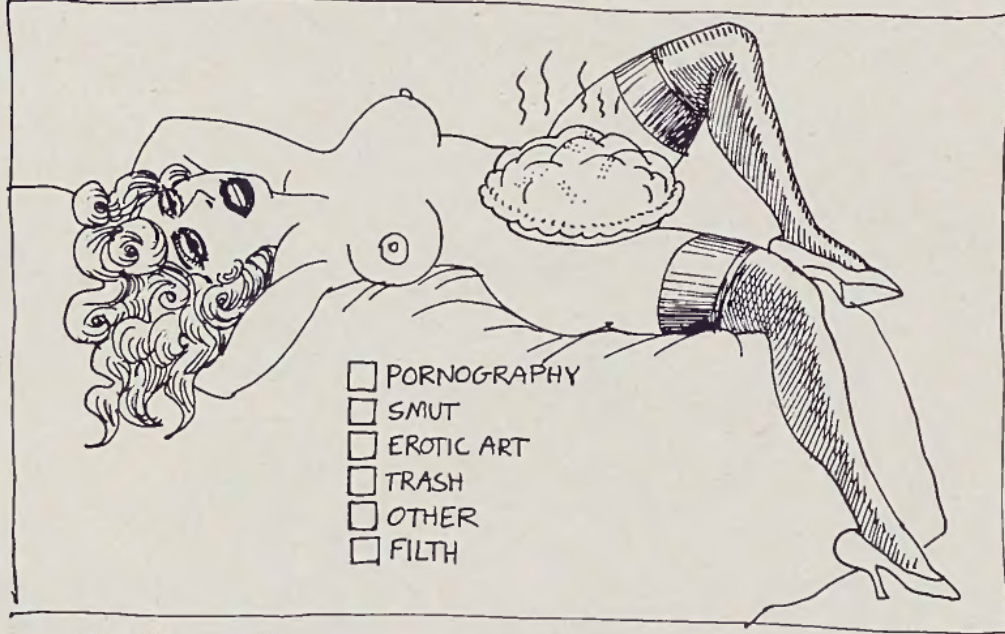
(continued on page 158)

WHACK YOUR PORCUPINE

more cartoon
madness from playboy's
off-the-wall graffitist

By **B. KLIBAN**

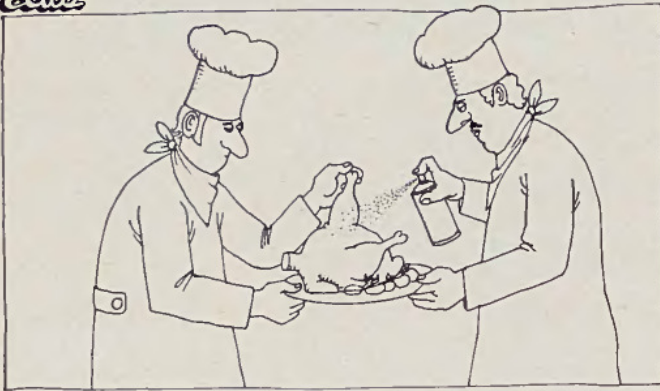
Easy Home Test



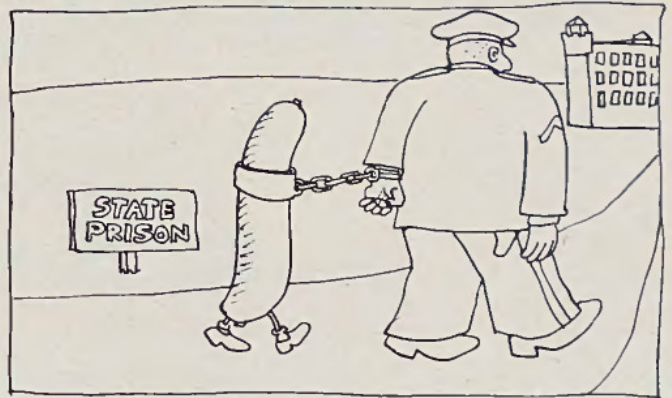
Groin, Grin, etc.



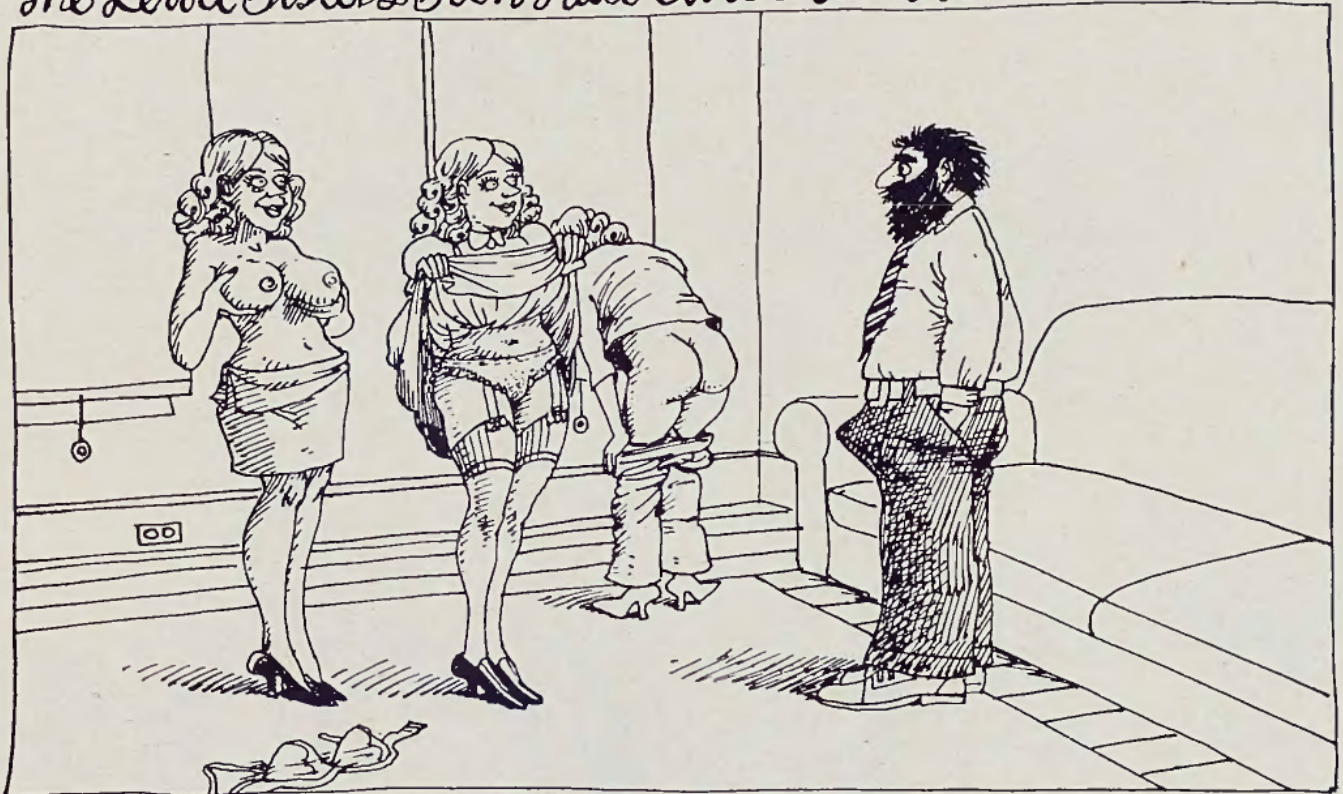
Eaton



A TERM FOR THE WURST



The Lewd Sisters Soon Had Carl Aroused



That Old Devil Time



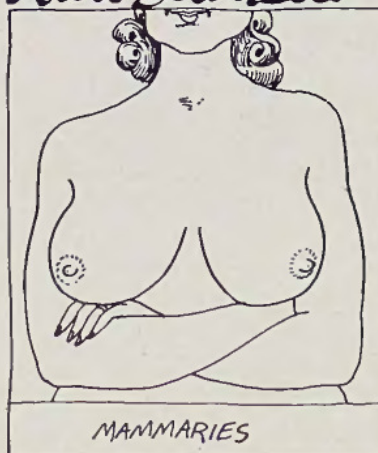
Copping A Good



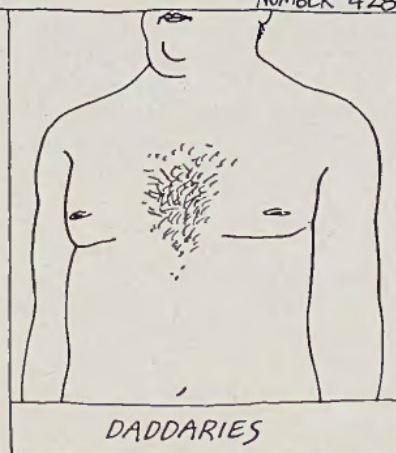
Whack Your Porcupine



Know Your Bod



MAMMARIES



DADDARIES

NUMBER 428

TERROR, INC. (continued from page 154)

"Even an operative on the outskirts of terrorism must be prepared to show that he has the guts to defy the enemy."

the organization's library and bookstore in Paris. Saleh had been gunned down in the French capital, probably by assassins from a rival Arab-terrorist group. Terrorism, like revolution, consumes its children.

Why would a wanted terrorist take the risk of going to Europe? First of all, Daoud undoubtedly thought his cover was secure; second, terrorism demands huge amounts of *machismo*. Even an operative on the outskirts of terrorism must be prepared to take great risks and to show that he has the guts to outfox and defy the enemy. For example, Salameh, mastermind of the Munich massacre and then one of the world's most wanted terrorists, accompanied P.L.O. chief Yasir Arafat on his official visit to the United Nations in November 1974.

French intelligence was aware that Daoud was coming to Paris. He and his two P.L.O. companions had obtained visas at the French consulate in Beirut; Daoud's Iraqi alias was undoubtedly spotted by resident French agents. Furthermore, the photo in Daoud's passport was easily recognizable as that of the same P.L.O. official who was often pictured in the Arab press. No outsider knows for certain why French intelligence did not object to his being granted a visa. One explanation is that it wanted to embarrass the pro-Arab government by allowing a wanted terrorist to travel to Paris and then arrest him there.

In Paris, Daoud and his two colleagues checked into a fairly expensive hotel on the boutique-ridden Rue St-Honoré. They were invited to the Quai d'Orsay, where a French Foreign Ministry official gave sympathetic assurances that the French government would do everything in its power to bring to justice the murderer of their associate. When Daoud returned to his hotel, French intelligence agents were waiting. They only wanted to check out his identity, they told him. He went quietly.

Through Interpol channels, Israel and West Germany sent requests for Daoud's detention until they could supply the full particulars that would justify his extradition (both countries have extradition treaties with France that provide for a suspect to be held at least 60 days). But they were out of luck. Four days after his arrest, Daoud was whisked from his cell in the Santé prison in southeast Paris for closed-door hearings before a Paris court. Daoud's lawyers (seven attorneys were lined up on short notice on

his behalf) and the government's representative argued that the German and Israeli requests were invalid on technicalities (the Germans had failed to identify Daoud with his present Iraqi cover name, for example, and had not followed up their Interpol request with a diplomatic *démarche*). The Israelis and the Germans were given no opportunity to present their case; they did not even know the hearing was in process.

The next sequence of events reeked of French duplicity and cynical self-interest: The court ruled that Daoud should be expelled from France. The entire proceeding lasted only 20 minutes. French police rushed him to Orly, where an Algerian Airlines jet delayed its departure for 30 minutes to take him aboard. The French government paid for his first-class ticket. In Algiers, a P.L.O. delegation welcomed him as a returning hero.

"France does not give lessons," declared interior minister Michel Poniatowski, "and France does not expect to receive any."

In French eyes, oil and money came first; resisting terrorism was not even a poor third. It is a nonstarter. While Daoud was being held, France's defense minister was in Cairo discussing French participation in a huge Arab armaments project. On the very day Daoud caught the plane for Algiers, France closed a deal with Egypt for the sale of 200 advanced fighter-bombers, worth two billion dollars or so.

• Terrorism is probably the most difficult subject a journalist can attempt to cover; huge efforts must be expended before he feels even close to putting together a story. The terrorists themselves, for obvious reasons, are uncooperative. They have no press officers, no brochures, no guided tours of training facilities. Worse yet, they are scared. If you think that we are paranoid about them, well, they are even more paranoid about us. Any journalist showing an interest in them must, they suspect, be an enemy intelligence agent setting them up for a kill. Khodr Kannou, a Syrian journalist, was murdered in Paris by Black September because it suspected he was an Israeli double agent.

Fortunately, a few contacts—mainly diplomats and businessmen on the fringe of the network—are less skittish and, under very carefully prescribed circumstances, are willing to talk a little, off the record. But one can't know how reliable

their information is, since there are few means of verifying it.

Information from Western intelligence agencies is, sad to say, almost as hard to double-check as that of the terrorists' friends. Furthermore, how cooperative are those agencies, really? The data they pass off as secret often could have been read days earlier in *The New York Times* or *Le Monde*.

By far the best-informed intelligence agency is the Israeli Mossad. Next best is the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency, though other Allied services claim that it is fading fast. The CIA's repressive bureaucracy and its exposure in Congressional hearings have caused many foreign informants to draw back. As one of them put it: "I don't want to read my name next week on the front page of *The Washington Post*." Next in order of good information are the West German, British and French agencies, but their knowledge is limited mainly to their own territory. These national agencies do, after all, suffer the serious handicap of operating only within one country, while the terrorists are far more effectively organized on an international basis. Ironically, though their orientation is generally Marxist, the terrorists are set up like the great multinational corporations; just as the multinationals can switch funds and personnel from country to country, seeking the maximum economic advantage, so, too, can the terrorists move teams, explosives and weapons around to strike at the most vulnerable targets with the greatest potential for publicity and political impact.

Interpol, the international police information-sharing agency based in Paris, is largely ineffectual against terrorism. Its charter prohibits it from dealing with political crimes and it is bound by such archaic operational procedures that it cannot catch a fast-moving terrorist. All in all, in the war between terrorism and Western countermeasures, you can assume two things: (A) the terrorists are ahead and (B) the intelligence agencies are not yet closing the gap.

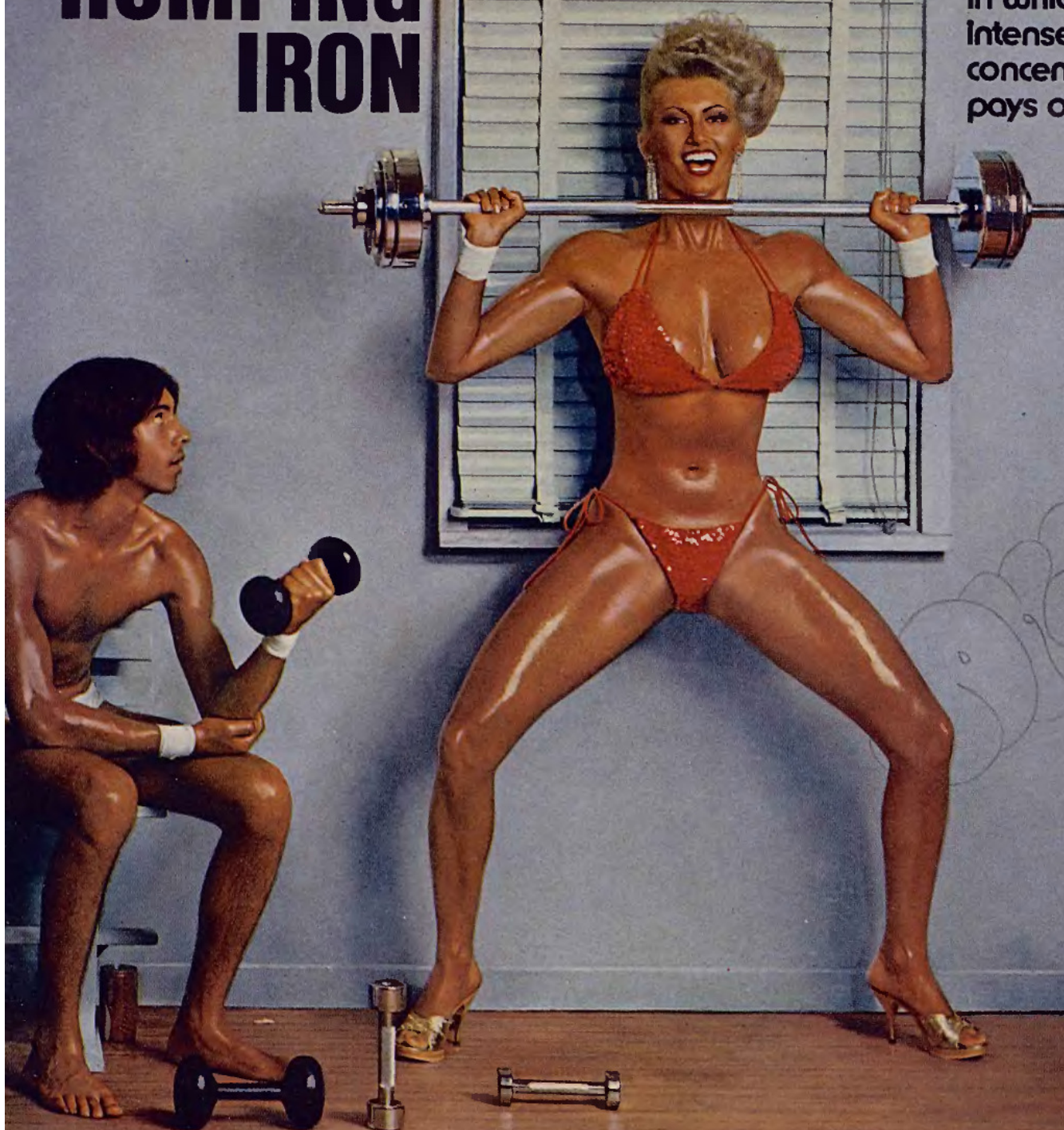
• One afternoon in early 1976, a small group of terrorists slipped quietly through the bushes just outside a landing strip at Nairobi International Airport. As they were preparing a small, highly sophisticated rocket launcher, with which they planned to shoot down an El Al airliner, they were surprised by Kenyan police. The Kenyans do not like terrorists' operating on their turf. Into prison went the terrorists.

• Every six months, the chiefs of Western and Israeli intelligence meet in secret to discuss their challenges and problems.

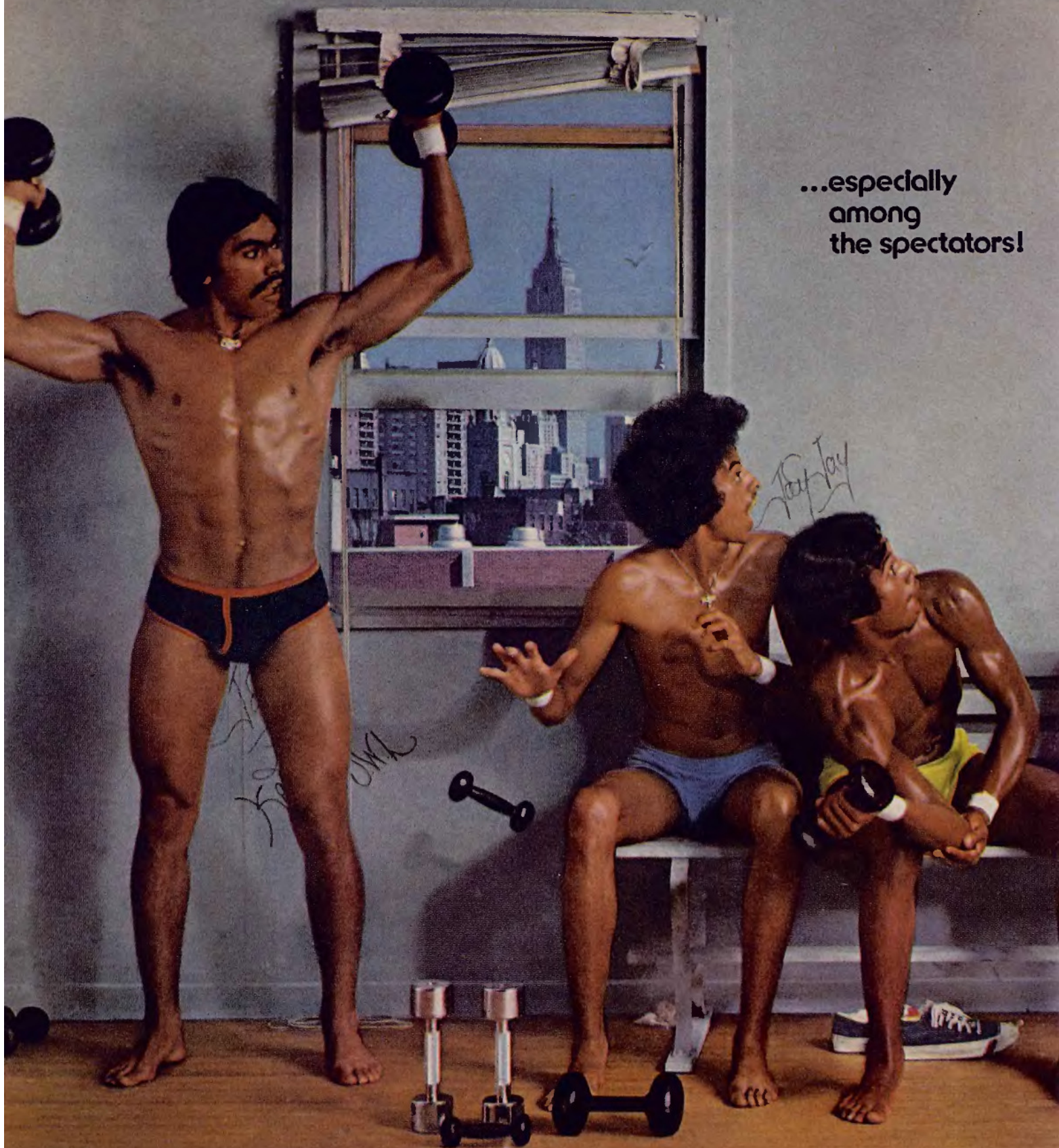
(continued on page 166)

HUMPING IRON

weight lifting
is a sport
in which
intense
concentration
pays off...



The lady you see here is Kellie Everts. As you can also see, she's a weight lifter—and we're not kidding. Now if you think that's weird, you have the wrong idea about what weight lifting does for ladies. It



...especially
among
the spectators!

doesn't make their muscles into magic mountains like Arnie Schwarzenegger's. It can make their muscles look like those on Kellie Everts, who's been Miss Body Beautiful U. S. A. and Miss Nude Universe. Nothing more need be said. This way to the bar bells, girls.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEAN-PAUL GOUDE

SILVERSMITH (continued from page 131)

"Some people really abuse the privilege—demand palaces, slaves and harems filled with Miss America runners-up."

"So look," Maginnis said abruptly, "enough small talk. I have a proposition to put to you."

"So put," Silversmith said, with aplomb. Not for nothing had he been brought up in the bewildering social complexities of Bayonne, New Jersey.

"It is this," Maginnis said. "I am a front man for a certain organization that must remain nameless. We have a free introductory offer. We give you, absolutely free and without obligation, three requests. You may ask for any three things and I will get them for you if it is within my power."

"And what do I do in return?" Silversmith asked.

"Nothing whatsoever. You just sit back and take."

"Three requests," Silversmith said thoughtfully. "Do you mean three wishes?"

"Yes, you could call it that."

"A person who grants wishes is a fairy."

"I am not a fairy," Maginnis said firmly.

"But you do grant wishes?"

"Yes. I am a normal person who grants wishes."

"And I," Silversmith said, "am a normal person who makes wishes. So, for my first wish, I would like a really good hi-fi with quad speakers, tape deck and all the rest."

"You are a cool one," Maginnis said.

"Did you expect me to portray astonishment?"

"I expected dubiety, anxiety, resistance. People generally look with suspicion on a proposition like mine."

"The only thing I learned at NYU," Silversmith said, "was the willing suspension of disbelief. Don't you get many takers?"

"You're my first in a long time. People simply don't believe it can be on the level."

"Incredulity is not an appropriate attitude in this age of Heisenbergian physics. Ever since I read in *Scientific American* that a positron is nothing more than an electron traveling backward in time, I have had no difficulty believing anything at all."

"I must remember to put that into my sales pitch," Maginnis said. "Now give me your address. You'll be hearing from me."

Three days later, Maginnis went to Silversmith's fifth-floor walk-up on Perry Street. He was lugging a large packing case and perspiring freely. His tweed suit smelled like an overworked camel.

"What a day!" he said. "I've been all over Long Island City, looking for just

the right rig. Where shall I put it?"

"Right there is fine," Silversmith said.

"What about the tape deck?"

"I'm bringing it this afternoon. Have you thought about your second wish yet?"

"A Ferrari. A red one."

"To hear is to obey," Maginnis said.

"Doesn't all this strike you as rather fantastic?"

"Phenomenology takes these matters into account," Silversmith said. "Or, as the Buddhists say, 'The world is of a suchness.' Can you get me a recent model?"

"I think I can put my hands on a new one," Maginnis said. "With supercharger and genuine walnut dashboard."

"Now you're beginning to astonish me," Silversmith said. "But where'll I park it?"

"That's your problem," Maginnis said. "Catch you later."

Silversmith waved absent-mindedly and began to open the packing case.

Next, Maginnis found him a spacious rent-controlled triplex on Patchin Place for \$102.78 a month, including utilities. With it, Maginnis gave Silversmith five bonus wishes.

"You can really do that?" Silversmith asked. "You won't get into trouble with your company?"

"Don't worry about that. You know, you're a really good wisher. Your tastes are rich but not outrageous; challenging but not incredible. Some people really abuse the privilege—demand palaces and slaves and harems filled with Miss America runners-up."

"I suppose that sort of thing is out of the question," Silversmith remarked casually.

"No, I can come up with it. But it just makes trouble for the wisher. You give some slob a replica of the czar's summer palace on a ten-acre site in Rhinebeck, New York, and the next thing you know, the tax people are buzzing around him like a holocaust of locusts. The guy usually has difficulty explaining how he managed to save up for this palace on the one twenty-five a week he earns as a junior Comptometer operator, so the IRS makes its own assumptions."

"Which are?"

"That he's a top Mafia button man who knows where Judge Crater is buried."

"They can't prove anything, though."

"Maybe not. But who wants to spend the rest of his life starring in FBI home movies?"

"Not a pleasing prospect for a lover of

privacy," Silversmith said, and revised certain of his plans.

"You've been a good customer," Maginnis said, two weeks later. "Today you get a bonus, and it's absolutely free. You get a forty-foot Chris-Craft, fully equipped. Where do you want it?"

"Just moor it at the dock of my Nassau place," Silversmith said. "Oh, and thanks."

"Another free gift," Maginnis said, three days after that. "Ten additional wishes, no strings attached."

"That makes eighteen unused wishes to date," Silversmith said. "Maybe you should give some to another deserving customer."

"Don't be silly," Maginnis said. "We're very pleased with you."

Silversmith fingered his brocade scarf and said, "There is a catch, isn't there?"

It was one month and 14 wishes later. Silversmith and Maginnis were seated in lawn chairs on the broad lawn of Silversmith's estate in Juan-les-Pins on the French Riviera. A string quartet was playing softly in the background. Silversmith was sipping a Negroni. Maginnis, looking more harried than usual, was gulping a whiskey and soda.

"Well, you could call it a catch," Maginnis admitted. "But it's not what you think."

"What is it?"

"You know that I can't tell you that."

"Do I maybe end up losing my soul to you and going to hell?"

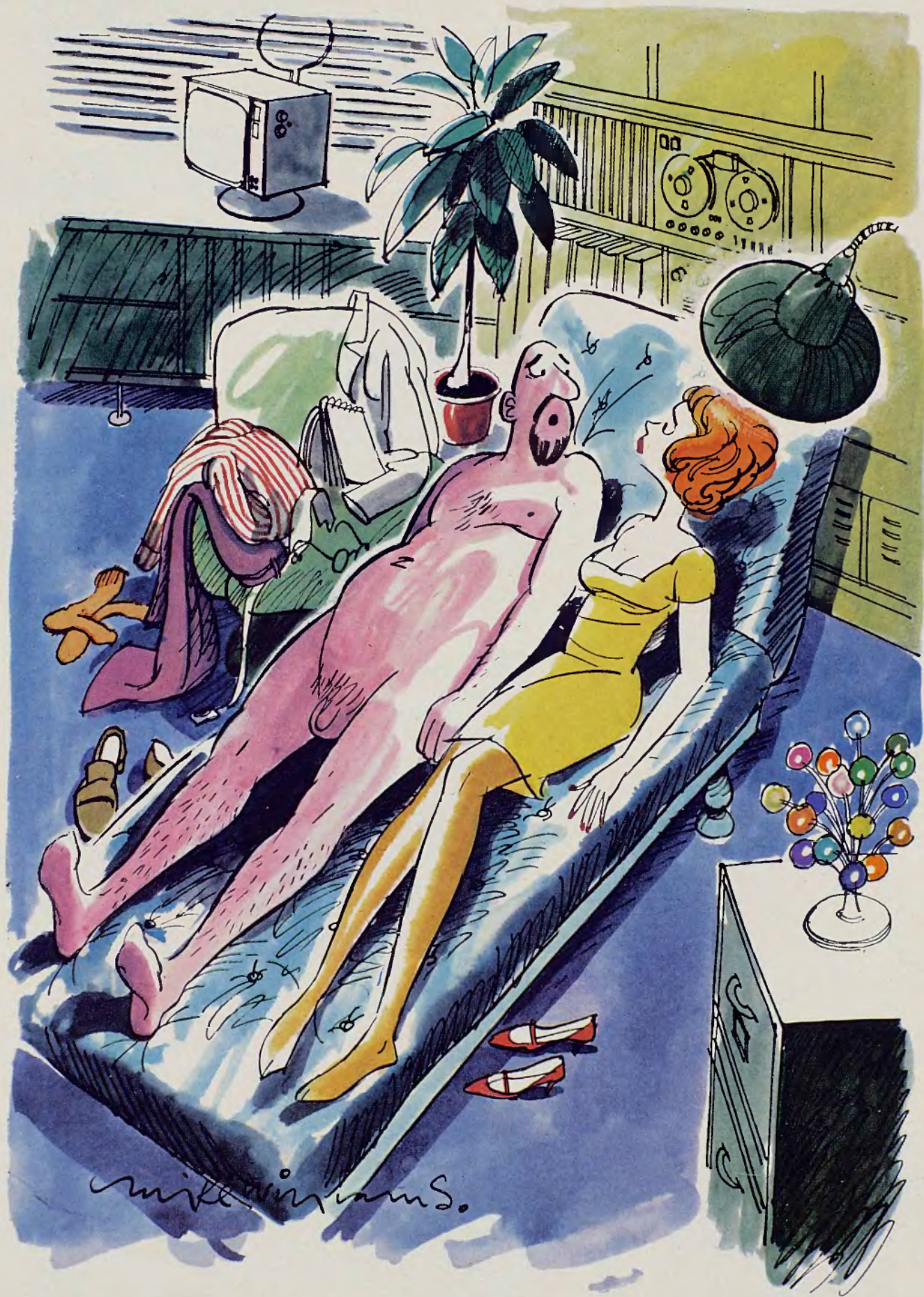
Maginnis burst into rude laughter. "That," he said, "is just about the last thing you have to worry about. Excuse me now, I've got an appointment in Damascus to see about that Arabian stallion you wanted. You get five more bonus wishes this week, by the way."

Two months later, after dismissing the dancing girls, Silversmith lay alone in his emperor-sized bed in his 18-room apartment on the Pincio in Rome and thought sour thoughts. He had 27 wishes coming to him and he couldn't think of a thing to wish for. And, furthermore, he was not happy.

Silversmith sighed and reached for the glass that was always on his night table filled with seltzer flown in from Grossinger's. The glass was empty.

"Ten servants and they can't keep a lousy glass filled," he muttered. He got out of bed, walked across the room and pushed the servants' button. Then he got back into bed. It took three minutes and 38 seconds by his Rolex Oyster, whose case was carved out of a single block of amber, for the butler's second assistant to

(continued on page 188)



"Psychiatrists get sick, too, you know."



PLASTIC MAN!

**PRINCELY POLYURETHANE!
WHY DO I FIND
MYSELF IRRESISTIBLY
DRAWN TO THESE GREAT-LOOKING
GADGETS AND GIZMOS?**



Following the numbers: 1. The Pluvium umbrella stand is comprised of six rings, each of which can be used to hold an umbrella, from Ambienti, \$58.

2. Clairol's Hot Stuff 1000 combines a powerful blow drier with a round brush styler, \$31.50. It's leaning against a hair-drier holder, from House of Camelot, \$12.95.

3. The Pluff choir with chrome legs folds flat when not in use, from Ambienti, \$70. 4. The Eclipse lamp is ideal for table or wall, from Ambienti, \$44.

5. Bath wall plaque with 14 hooks for robes, towels, etc., by Architectural Supplements, \$99.

6. The Gemini alarm clock tells the time in easy-to-read light-emitting diodes, by Spartus, \$29.95.

7. Mug and Snack Tray combination, by Ingrid, \$18 per dozen for the mugs and \$12 per dozen for the trays.

8. Boalum lamp that glows, measures 79", from Ambienti, \$210.

9. Electronic stop watch with six-digit display, by Heuer, \$79.95. 10. Solari digital clock, from Ambienti, \$26.

11. Lucite coat tree, by Karmel Plastics, \$165.



TERROR, INC. (continued from page 158)

"Qaddafi awarded Black September \$5,000,000 for the massacre in Munich: He admired their direct approach."

The most recent meeting took place somewhere in Switzerland. The climactic dialog ran about like this:

West European intelligence chief: "So we have devised methods to penetrate and destroy terrorist units. . . ."

Israeli representative: "And when will they go into effect?"

Answer: "I can't say."

Question: "Why not?"

Answer: "Our government has tied our hands. Because of *détente*, we are not supposed to offend the Russians. Because of our oil needs, we are not supposed to offend the Arabs."

The fact that the Western side is clearly on the defensive makes the job of reporting on terrorism all the more difficult. Victors may sometimes brag, but men under siege are reticent. So in researching this article, I fell back on contacts that I had developed for *The Wrath of God* (PLAYBOY, August 1976), which told the story of the Israeli campaign of retaliation against the leaders of Arab terrorism and was expanded into the book *Hit Team*. And I turned to my old friend and colleague David Halevy, an Israeli journalist and army-reserve lieutenant colonel who has been intimately concerned with terrorist activities ever since his childhood in Jerusalem.

David and I started digging; when we hit nothing, we started again. Piece by piece, we put the story together. Whenever possible, we tested information from one agency against that from another, trying to factor in the additional information we gained by various means from sources close both to the terrorists and to Soviet intelligence. From our research emerged six stark, scarifying facts about international terrorism, as seen by the people waging it as well as by those fighting against it.

One: Terrorism represents nothing less than an undeclared World War Three, a continuing interacting conflict that, in essence, pits the terrorists against Western societies. The big war, for which the U.S. and the Soviet Union have spent uncountable billions preparing their armies, may never be fought. Our world may end, as T. S. Eliot mused, "not with a bang but a whimper." A selective series of terrorist attacks—what the British call "low-intensity operations"—is tearing at the fabric of Western society and, in time, could cause a polarization of political forces, left vs. right. During the Nazi era, German Communists used to say, "*Nach Hitler,*

uns—"After Hitler, us." The terrorists hope to create a similar situation of strife and heightened hostilities in which, this time, *their* extremists triumph.

Two: A confederation of at least 30 terrorist groups interlaces the entire free world. Some of these outfits, mainly those in Europe, North Africa and the Middle East, cooperate extremely closely. They provide personnel for joint operations, exchange information, share training facilities, weapons and explosives. Other groups, especially those in South America and the Philippines, participate less directly in this Terrorist International but can be counted upon for help and cooperation.

Three: International terrorism is, to a large degree, directed by remote and well-protected "brains," who do the overall planning and selection of targets. One of the main brains is Palestinian; the other is Russian. Sometimes their aims mesh. The Russians, for their part, are not pushy. They seldom seek to sponsor an operation that would directly serve their goals: That would be too blatant and might lead to exposure of their involvement. Instead, the K.G.B. works mainly to create chaos and fear in the West, echoing the old pre-Revolutionary code of the Russian anarchists: "To throw a bomb is a creative act."

Four: Terrorism is extremely profitable. The sums of money rewarded for successful operations are enormous. Sometimes the money is pocketed by the individual terrorists, who spend it on wine, women and safe hiding places. According to the rules, however, the money *should* be plowed back into the organization. Two of terrorism's principal financial benefactors besides the K.G.B. are Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi and Algeria's Houari Boumedienne. In 1972, Qaddafi, swimming in new-found oil riches, awarded Black September, then the most dreaded Arab-terrorist outfit, \$5,000,000 for the massacre of the Israeli Olympic team in Munich. Reason: He admired their direct and violent approach. In December 1975, either Qaddafi or Boumedienne reportedly paid a \$5,000,000 reward for the kidnapping of the Arab oil ministers from the Vienna meeting of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC).

Five: A secret network of Arab and Communist governments and their embassies gives essential support to the terrorists—communications, fake identities, passports, weapons, hiding places and training. Communist East Germany, for example, is a haven for terrorists on

the run from western Europe; in and around East Berlin are numerous so-called safe houses where they can rest and regroup. East Germany also provides training facilities where terrorists learn to use the latest Soviet weaponry. It was there that Arabs were taught to use the Soviet Sam-7, a shoulder-held surface-to-air missile that is capable of destroying an airliner flying at a low altitude. The fear of Sam-7 caused the British to station tanks and troops around Heathrow Airport in 1974. Within 60 miles of Moscow are three institutes whose sole aim is to train both foreigners and Soviet citizens as terrorists. Libya, Algeria and the Democratic Republic of Yemen provide passports as well as hiding places and staging areas for terrorists. Libyan embassies act as weapons storehouses in Europe and Libya is fast becoming an increasingly important training area. Cuba, too, is a major training site; an estimated 200 to 400 aspiring terrorists pass through courses there each year, and the Cuban intelligence agency (known as the D.G.I.) frequently acts as a front for the K.G.B. Carlos' contact in Paris, for example, was a Cuban.

Six: The Terrorist International makes effective use of psychological warfare. Exhibit A is the myth building involving Carlos. Playing upon the gullibility of Western public opinion, a clandestine K.G.B. propaganda campaign has managed to project his image as that of a Superman and a Scarlet Pimpernel combined, far too clever for Western police ever to catch. Carlos, in reality, is only a very fallible Venezuelan named Ilich Ramírez Sánchez. Sure, he can shoot straight, but he is also an overweight, vain Casanova who was never nearly so successful with women as he hoped to be. But the Russians have "run" him well, as they say in the spy trades, tailoring his exploits to grab headlines and enhance his image. And it worked. Last autumn, when Carlos left his hideaway in Algiers for a trip to Belgrade, which has become an important transit point for terrorists, the European press recoiled in dread. "CARLOS IS HEADING FOR BRITAIN," wailed one London daily.

It seems the K.G.B. hit upon the Carlos idea in 1967 or 1968, when western Europe and the U.S. were exploding with student revolts. They needed a revolutionary who was not bound to the relatively conservative and nonviolent Communist parties of western Europe. They wanted a hero, a loner who could foment terrorism, somebody with a simple, readily recognizable name—and they came up with the concept of Carlos, a Robin Hood of terror. The present Venezuelan version is not the only Carlos. Western intelligence agencies have identified at least three others: an Algerian, a Palestinian and a second Latin American. All use the same four or five passports and fake names. Thus,



Buck Brown

*"My lady! The peasants are aroused and
they're screaming for your head."*

Volkswagen celebrates the millionth Rabbit with cars that look like a million.

Imagine! One million Rabbits hopping around all over

the world!

No one ever introduced a car so successfully before.

So to mark the occasion, we're offering our stunning "Champagne Edition" Volkswagens —all decked out and dolled up like you've never seen VWs before.



DASHER



RABBIT

The limited *Champagne*

Would you believe our Rabbit? Catch it in a glowing copper or silver green metallic paint. Either way, you get a soft velour interior and deep cut-pile carpeting.

Dasher. Elegant to begin with, even more so with its own handsome metallic glow and dramatic interior.

Scirocco — with sport bucket seats and plush carpeting. Dressed in rich platinum metallic with handsome red stripes.

There's even a "Champagne Edition" Beetle Convertible — elegantly upholstered in white leatherette. And a special VW Bus in a luscious chocolate brown.

In all, they make the most beautiful Volkswagens ever. But if you want one, you'll have to hurry. Limited editions like these don't last forever.



BUS

BEETLE

SCIROCCO

Editions from Volkswagen

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the Soviets have created an undying Carlos; if one falls, another will always be there to carry on the mission of murder and kidnaping. The good guys will never know if they have really gotten Carlos. In this manner, the Soviets have made the movement, as well as the man, seem indestructible.

In the tidier wars of the past, generals had large maps on the wall. Everyone could see the results of a battle. Red lines delineated the ebb and flow of opposing armies. The "generals" in the defensive war against terrorism have no such tidy diagrams. But pinned on many of their walls is another sort of map. It resembles the chart of an air-routes system showing the frequency of flights and air freight. In reality, it reveals the flow of terrorists and supplies between the supporting countries and their targets. The center now is Tripoli, capital of Libya. Black lines show the flow of volunteers, recruited among the restless Arab youths by various Libyan embassies, arriving for training in the Libyan camps of Sirte, Tobra, Tarhuna and Misurata. Other lines indicate more volunteers from Kuwait, the Sudan, western Europe. Still others show supplies, medicines and intelligence information arriving from the Soviet Union. And more black lines

point to Yemen and Somalia, where some of the volunteers are also trained. At this writing, 30 young Dutch people are undergoing weapons and attack training in Yemen.

On the map are also red lines, showing the routes of attack. They point to western Europe and the U.S. and etch the ingress of trained terrorists into the heart of the target countries. From Tripoli and Belgrade, the two chief jumping-off points, the red lines extend to Paris, Bonn, Vienna, London—to virtually every center of Western commerce and culture.

These maps are not the product of imagination; if anything, they are far too limited. They do not show, for instance, the flow of money and terrorists from Latin America into Europe. For reasons the government of Giscard d'Estaing has failed to explain, Paris' Latin Quarter is once again safe turf for the terrorists. French counterintelligence officers imply that they know what is going on. But can they control it? I wouldn't bet on it.

Somewhere in a well-guarded flat in Baghdad, Aden or Mogadiscio, the capital of Somalia, sits a burly, distinguished-looking Arab. Inside he is burning with rage at the failure of the Nairobi opera-

tion. Slowly, his complex mind figuring every angle, he begins to formulate his revenge. He puts his finger on the map: Athens.

Organized terrorism dates back to the late Sixties. At that time, the Palestinians, having been defeated in their efforts to start a guerrilla war within Israel, shifted the scene of battle to Europe, where they began killing Jews, burning Jewish old-age homes and hijacking or dynamiting airliners. As they moved into this new theater of operations, the Palestinians needed all the essentials for clandestine operations—places to hide, secure communications, detailed data about the capabilities of the police and intelligence service in the countries in which they were operating.

Hence, they sought out the radical dissent groups that were forming in various parts of western Europe during the rebellious Sixties. In the process, the Palestinians became the catalyst that brought the different groups into contact with one another. They also provided the organizational drive; unlike many of their fellow Arabs, the Palestinians have a talent for patient, methodical organization.

In the spring of 1972, the Palestinians secretly convened what might be called the First International Conference of Terrorism. The host organization was the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, or P.F.L.P. Called Flop by its detractors, the P.F.L.P. was in reality a highly successful outfit that specialized in skyjackings. Its leader was George Habash, 40ish, a droopy-mustachioed Palestinian Christian educated as a physician at the American University of Beirut. Habash had run an eye clinic in Amman, but increasingly he grew desperate over the plight of his patients, who were often Palestinian refugees living in the miserable, fly-infested refugee camps. He switched from medicine to murder.

By secret and circuitous routes, the representatives of at least a dozen terrorist groups made their way to a refugee camp near Tripoli, Lebanon. Today, by and large, they still compose the core of the Terrorist International. In attendance were delegates of the German Baader-Meinhof urban-guerrilla group, the Japanese Red Army, the Eritrean Liberation Front, the I.R.A., the Basque separatists and the French far-left underground. There were also delegates from a number of illegal liberation fronts, including those in Turkey, Iran and the Sudan. At the meeting, the conferees agreed to try to work out ways and means by which they could cooperate to inflict maximum pain and terror on their enemies.

The first example of international terrorism at work came only a few weeks after the conference: the Lod massacre. Black September, the supersecret terrorist wing of Yasir Arafat's Palestinian



"I wish you'd stop helping yourself to my popcorn, whoever you are."



**Heineken—
het fijnste bier
van Holland—is het
meest geïmporteerde
bier in Amerika—#1
omdat Heineken zo heerlijk smaakt.**

Liberation Organization, wanted to avenge a failure at Lod, where earlier that year they had hijacked a Sabena jet in hopes of freeing their comrades from Israeli prisons. Instead, they were outsmarted by Israeli commandos, who boarded the plane disguised as mechanics, killed the two male terrorists and captured their two female accomplices.

So, after meeting with Black September representatives at the conference, the P.F.L.P. hired three Japanese Red Army gunmen to act on behalf of Black September. Posing as ordinary tourists, they deplaned in spring 1972 from an Air France flight at Lod. When their luggage reached them on the baggage belt, they pulled out submachine guns and sprayed the airport arrivals hall. You know the rest: 28 persons killed and 72 wounded.

The Lebanon meeting was kept remarkably secret—but not from the Soviets. For several years, the Russians had been observing the growth of terrorism, especially in the Middle East. Already they were providing weapons for various Palestinian terrorist groups. Now, as the terrorists began to organize on an international basis, the K.G.B. undoubtedly sensed an opportunity to wield power behind the scenes. In the K.G.B.'s gray-stone headquarters on Dzerzhinsky Square in Moscow, a special section for terrorism was established and a

K.G.B. colonel, Yuri Kotov, was summoned home to direct it.

Now about 45, Colonel Kotov is a huge, hard-driving bear of a man who had been masquerading since the mid-Sixties as a Soviet diplomat in Israel and Lebanon. His aim in Israel was to recruit agents. After Moscow broke diplomatic relations with Israel because of the 1967 Six Day War, Kotov moved to Lebanon, where he became involved with Palestinian terrorists. By the time he was summoned home to take charge of the new section for terrorism, the Soviet Union had created its own training program for terrorists.

"What we face," says a ranking counterterrorist specialist in a major intelligence agency, "is an organized wave of terror. I would call it the international trade union of terror." No outsider knows for certain exactly how many members belong to this union or how many remain active. The terrorists have never suffered from a shortage of volunteers. Within the past six years, an estimated 10,000 foreigners have taken terrorist training in Soviet, Cuban and Palestinian schools. Some 200 of them are thought to be in Mexico, 400 in Britain, 600 to 700 in West Germany, 500 in France, 400 in the Netherlands, 200 in Sweden, 200 in Austria, 200 in Italy.

Who are the terrorists? They are generally young, in their late teens and 20s.

Many come from middle-class backgrounds, attended high school, sometimes even college. But somewhere in their development, they became losers: failed at studies, were unlucky in finding jobs. Within them an anger flared and they directed it against the society that they felt had wronged them. Often their convictions assume psychopathic proportions; a large percentage of captured terrorists have proved to be mentally unbalanced, attracted by violence. Many of them delight in venting their rage by seeing bombs explode and bullets fired; you wouldn't want to invite one over for a drink and a chat.

And guess what? Two hundred to 300 Americans have also passed through terrorist training schools and have returned to the U.S. A large contingent was trained in Libya last year. So far, they have not engaged in any terrorist activity, but many of them are traveling around the United States a great deal, apparently to establish new contacts and perhaps to study various cities and airports for future operations.

Who are these Americans? They stem mainly from Arab ancestry. Many of them are the sons and daughters of Lebanese parents who immigrated to the U.S. shortly after World War Two and acquired citizenship. Others are Palestinians who came to the U.S. as students and then decided to stay; they got jobs, often

Decisions...decisions... Make your decision

PALL MALL

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. '76.
Pall Mall Extra Mild . . . 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

married Americans and became citizens.

And what are Federal agencies doing about this threat? At present, not much. Once these terror-trained Americans return to the U.S., they come under the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. But the FBI is under certain constraints when it comes to surveillance of American citizens; unless it can convince a Federal judge that it has solid information of a conspiracy, the bureau is theoretically restrained from placing wire taps and other electronic bugs that might enable it to flush a terrorist plot. There will probably have to be a major terrorist outrage in the U.S. before the FBI is able to crack down on incipient terrorism.

•
Four or five men begin to lounge around the Athens airport. They try to appear as unobtrusive as possible, but whenever a jetliner is landing from or taking off for Tel Aviv, they edge close to the passport check point. From there they can observe the transit lounge and note the passports of the passengers boarding the flight in Athens. The watchers are being watched. Israeli Mossad undercover agents, checking their activity, notice they are beginning to take a special interest in Air France flights.

•
There are conflicting accounts about how the Soviets came across Ilich Ra-

mirez Sánchez as a candidate for the Carlos role. According to one version, he was spotted by a veteran Communist spy-master while attending a terrorist training course in Cuba. Another theory has him recruited by the Soviets in Venezuela in 1967 as an undercover agent to keep tabs on the leftist revolutionary movements in South America.

His background would have been appealing. Born in Caracas in 1949, he was the eldest son of a wealthy Venezuelan lawyer who celebrated his allegiance to Marxism by naming each of his three sons after Lenin. Ilich is, of course, Lenin's patronym. The second son was called Lenin; the third son was called Vladimir, Lenin's given name.

When Ilich was a teenager, his parents separated and he traveled extensively throughout the Caribbean before he finally settled with his mother and brothers in London in the late Sixties. By that time, the K.G.B. undoubtedly was keeping him under surveillance to see how well he could handle himself in a Western country. They must have been pleased. Using his family's connections, he quickly gained access to London's diplomatic set and was soon attending cocktail parties and dinners, often accompanied by beautiful Latin-American girls.

Ilich's appearance also must have fitted in with the K.G.B. plan. He had a

saturnine, ill-defined face that would enable him to pass as a European, a South American or even a citified Arab. Later, when Carlos became a hit man, his Mr. Everybody appearance confused witnesses, who invariably gave conflicting descriptions.

Since little is known of Carlos' true personality, it's difficult to deduce exactly which traits in his character endeared him to the K.G.B. We can, however, speculate. "There are basically two types of people who get involved in terrorism," says a senior psychologist with a Western intelligence agency, "the frustrated and the destructive. The frustrated type is an introvert who eats himself up and hates the world because of his failures. The destructive type has a need to destroy; he is like the small child who breaks his toys because he wants to gain attention. Carlos, I think, is a combination of both, and therefore especially dangerous."

By late 1969, Ilich evidently satisfied his K.G.B. control officers that he was, indeed, promising material. A scholarship was arranged and he went to Russia, where he entered Patrice Lumumba University. Situated on the outskirts of Moscow, the university is a major place of learning for foreign students. It also is a center for recruiting and training K.G.B. agents. There began the transformation of Ilich into Carlos.

During the next two years, Carlos had



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Not too strong, not too light.
Not too long. Tastes just right.



PALL MALL RED
with a filter.
America's best-tasting
king-size cigarette...
made to taste even
milder with a filter.

Only 7 mg. tar.
Lower than all the Lights.



PALL MALL EXTRA MILD
Lower in tar than
95% of all cigarettes
sold. De-tarred but
not de-tasted.



"Refreshments! Heads up."

a blotted record at the university; he frequently missed classes and made poor grades. No wonder. All that time, he was being drilled by the K.G.B. in the arts of espionage and political assassination. Judging from his later exploits, he was superbly schooled in three disciplines: (1) the care and use of weapons, (2) surveillance techniques—how to elude tails and how to follow without being spotted yourself—and (3) the organization and conduct of terrorist missions, including the use of fake identities and codes and the establishment of escape routes.

By late 1971, the K.G.B. began to script Carlos' transformation from student to terrorist. His behavior during his brief appearances at Patrice Lumumba became more loutish. He engaged in a protest demonstration outside an African embassy, an unheard-of occurrence in the Soviet Union, and was placed under brief arrest. He even began openly to criticize the Soviet Union and to condemn communism, Soviet style, as too bureaucratic and ossified. As a consequence, the young Venezuelan was summoned before a disciplinary board and expelled from the university. He was thereupon ordered to leave the country. Carlos' departure as a protesting anti-Communist was just a bit too perfect; but then, the K.G.B. often overdoes things.

For the next year, Carlos dropped almost entirely from sight. After his "expulsion," he returned to Britain to visit his mother and brothers. Then he took a trip to the Middle East; a few fairly reliable eyewitness reports place him in Palestinian camps and in Beirut in mid-1972. During that period, he met the leaders of Arab terrorism and apparently impressed them as a capable, trustworthy young man. Later, he returned by clandestine means to the Soviet Union for further training—and possibly psychological conditioning. Having viewed films of Carlos in action during the kidnapping of the OPEC oil ministers in Vienna, some Western intelligence analysts were convinced that he underwent extensive psychological preparation in the Soviet Union. His deliberate, almost slow way of moving, his studied manner of speech and his uncannily cool behavior under pressure suggest that he was well programed through hours of suggestive treatment; in such conditioning sessions, the subject is placed in a semihypnotic state and told repeatedly how to react under various conditions of stress. In effect, Carlos was turned into a sort of Manchurian Candidate, prepared to respond to commands with total allegiance.

By late 1972 or early 1973, his K.G.B. instructors must have decided Carlos was ready. He made his debut in Paris, which was then the center of a shadowy

war of kill and counterkill that pitted terrorist gunmen against an Israeli hit team. Carlos became the assistant to a debonair Palestinian named Mohammed Boudia. Boudia, an inveterate womanizer, was director of an experimental theater in Paris; he was also the K.G.B.'s first coordinator for international terrorism. The Israeli hit team, which was killing off one Arab terrorist after another, targeted Boudia as its 12th victim. While trailing him, the Israelis also came across Carlos' tracks but ignored them, judging him to be an unimportant underling. "Oh, what a mistake!" cries an Israeli ex-hit-team member. "At least we should have made him run."

On the morning of June 28, 1973, Israeli demolition experts placed a powerful bomb in Boudia's white Renault in Paris. After spending the night with a girlfriend, Boudia climbed into his auto and was killed by the explosion. Carlos then assumed the terrorist duties of his slain superior, in whose memory he named his terrorist ring the Boudia Commando.

Boudia had been a clever amateur. Carlos quickly showed that he was a pro. He undertook assignments aimed primarily at intimidating Israeli supporters and spreading fear in Europe. As a part of the K.G.B. script, Carlos had to become an instant hero. Hence, he would hit relatively "soft," or unprotected, targets where his chance for success would be very high. As a lone wolf, he undertook a number of operations. In London, he bulled his way into the home of Joseph Edward Sieff, the Jewish heir to part of the Marks & Spencer chain-store fortune, and shot him point-blank. Sieff's tough jaw slowed the bullet, saving his life. In Paris, Carlos probably murdered the Syrian journalist suspected of being an Israeli double agent.

A confidential warning about the surveillance of flights from Athens is sent to Air France headquarters in Paris. Back comes the reply: We are not worried. Our government has good relations with Arab organizations.

All the while, Carlos strove to coordinate the activities of the main European terrorist groups. He was beginning to make things fit. His Boudia Commandos were excellent planners, as well as efficient killers. The West German urban terrorists, known as the Baader-Meinhof group after the names of their two leaders, gave the other groups weapons and grenades. The Italian Red Brigades provided underground routes for entry from and escape to the Middle East. The Palestinian groups invited the European terrorists to come to their camps for weapons and tactical training. It was all starting to come together, just as the K.G.B. had hoped it would.

Even as he was building this terrorist trade union, Carlos was leading a disarmingly normal life, though somewhat frenetic on the female front. He was shuttling frequently between Paris and London, sometimes using his real Venezuelan passport and sometimes traveling on a false one. In all, it appears he was using at least four identities, including one of a Chilean engineer named Adolfo José Muller. He had two girlfriends in London and two in Paris; in addition to sleeping with them, he used their flats as safe houses in which to store small arsenals of weapons and explosives.

By mid-1975, Carlos had led at least half a dozen major operations, including two attacks on aircraft at Paris' Orly Airport. Even so, Western intelligence agencies were still completely in the dark about the real identity of this international killer. Then came a break. One member of the Boudia Commando was a Lebanese courier named Michel Moukarbel. He sometimes accompanied Carlos on scouting missions throughout Europe, while Carlos compiled long assassination lists of leading European politicians, artists and journalists. (Among those on the list: John Osborne, the British playwright, and Anthony Wedgewood Benn, the Laborite leftist politician.) Moukarbel also made frequent trips to Beirut, where he received new instructions and picked up funds. (Carlos' operation was funded partly by the K.G.B., which routed the money through a front operation in Cyprus to Beirut.)

The Mossad was seeking to locate the unknown killer in Paris by trailing his couriers, a standard Israeli procedure. In June 1975, as Moukarbel made a return trip to Paris from Beirut, Mossad agents were on his trail. They alerted France's counterespionage agency, the D.S.T.—*Direction de la Surveillance du Territoire*. On a tip from the Israelis, D.S.T. men picked up Moukarbel. After three days of interrogation, they turned him loose in hopes he would lead them to Carlos. Moukarbel did manage to arrange a meeting with him during which a D.S.T. operative even succeeded in taking a clandestine picture showing Carlos biting his lower lip in a gesture of nervous irritation—apparently suspecting that Moukarbel was leading him into a trap. The D.S.T. did not spring it yet. They seized Moukarbel again, but they let Carlos get away. Perhaps they did not believe Moukarbel's claim that Carlos was the Big Man they were hunting but rather suspected that they were being decoyed away from the real catch. Or maybe Moukarbel had held back the most telling information about Carlos during the interrogation sessions.

No outsider knows for sure; the D.S.T. is extremely secretive and sensitive about its encounters with Carlos. But, according to a European double agent involved in



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the hunt for Carlos, the D.S.T. men within the next two days became increasingly curious about this character whom Moukarbel had met. Late one afternoon, they decided to have a chat with him. Moukarbel was taken from his cell. Supposedly, he was told: "You can go free if you lead us to the Big Man."

Piling into an unmarked police car, the D.S.T. men followed Moukarbel's instructions, which led them to a shabby apartment house in Rue Toller near the Sorbonne. It was a balmy Friday night and music and rowdy laughter were pouring from open windows of a third-floor apartment.

While Moukarbel was left behind in the car, guarded by one of the D.S.T. men, the two others climbed the stairs. When they knocked on the door, the music stopped. A girl let them in. Seated on the couch, Carlos, drunk and disheveled, was cradling a guitar. He was giving a going-away party for one of his Latin-American girlfriends. To the D.S.T. men, he must have appeared to be a highly unlikely leader of an international terrorist network.

They asked if they could sit down for a chat and Carlos readily agreed. The conversation is unrecorded, but obviously they must have questioned him about his movements, source of income and the like. After about 40 minutes of what were probably very unrewarding responses

for the D.S.T. men, they decided to bring Moukarbel up to the apartment for a confrontation.

By that time, Carlos had sobered up. When he saw Moukarbel, he must have thought his game was up. The next moments are lost in confusion. One report says Carlos asked to be excused to go to the toilet; he had, after all, been drinking heavily. Another account holds that he walked into another room. The results, however, are fully documented. Grabbing a Czech-made automatic that he had secreted in a flight bag, Carlos fired with an accuracy that would have delighted his Soviet instructors. He shot Moukarbel between the eyes and two of the D.S.T. men in the heart. The third D.S.T. man took a bullet in the throat but survived.

Carlos bounded down the apartment-house steps three at a time and raced into the night. Since he was, in the final analysis, a Soviet agent, he undoubtedly had a prearranged escape route set up by the K.G.B. In such instances, the fleeing agent usually dials a telephone number that he has committed to memory. An anonymous voice gives him instructions. With K.G.B. help, Carlos made a getaway to Beirut.

Before he left, he posted a letter to one of his girlfriends in London. "I am going on a trip for an undetermined time," he wrote. "But I won't be too

long in returning." He added, "As for the Chiquito ["Little One," Carlos' nickname for Moukarbel], I have sent him to a better life for his treachery. Kisses, Carlos."

To be sure that their suspicions are well founded, the Israeli agents carefully trace the Arab plane watchers in Athens back to the man in Baghdad. Mossad headquarters in Tel Aviv is chilled by the connection.

Only six months later, Carlos made a spectacular return. Half a year on the run and in P.F.L.P. training camps in the Middle East had made him leaner, meaner and even more self-assured. He had also changed his looks: his hair, normally black, was tinted red. He had grown a chin beard, also red. His fat round face was now thinner and oblong; according to intelligence sources, he had traveled to Prague—the center of East bloc plastic surgery—for removal of his heavy jowls. The head of a six-person group of international terrorists that included two Germans and two Palestinians, Carlos electrified the world with the most successful terrorist kidnapping so far: He shot his way into OPEC headquarters in Vienna and seized the oil ministers as hostages. It was all the more sensational in that most of the captives of the Palestinian operation were Arabs.

During the operation, which stretched out over nearly two days, Carlos behaved more like an accomplished actor than like a wanted terrorist. He strutted and preened, daily capturing world headlines. At an early point in the negotiations for an Austrian Airlines DC-9 to fly the hostages to Algiers, he snapped to an intermediary: "Tell them I am the famous Carlos!" Although his gang killed three persons in the assault, Carlos charmed the hostages with his gracious manners. He gave autographs to his captives and even handed out spent cartridge shells as souvenirs. Despite the tensions that built up during nerve-racking negotiations, Carlos retained a surprising poise. Only at the very last did he show annoyance. As the DC-9 circled over Tripoli, awaiting permission to land, he railed against the inefficiency of the Libyans. "How can one work for such people?" he asked the Austrian flight crew. Oddly, Carlos seems to nurture a racial prejudice against Arabs, who are too disorganized for his liking.

For his part, Carlos pulled off the kidnapping with flawless precision. He and his P.F.L.P. sponsors collected a ransom of at least \$50,000,000 from Iran and Saudi Arabia for the safe return of their oil ministers. There are conflicting reports as to which country sponsored the operation, but, in any event, it appears likely that Carlos and Company

were paid \$5,000,000 by either Algeria's President Houari Boumedienne or Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi. Both Libya and Algeria are political radicals in the Arab world. The lesson of the OPEC kidnapping was that the conservative oil states, particularly Iran and Saudi Arabia, should watch their step, be aware of political accommodations with Israel or closer cooperation with the U.S. Saudi Arabia and Iran might have more oil, but the radicals had more guts.

The OPEC raid further enhanced Carlos' image as the international terrorist par excellence. It also earned him a new title: He became the world's most-wanted man. On every list but the Israelis'. The number-one man on their hit list was not Carlos but the man who was at that moment plotting the Athens sky-jacking to Entebbe.

The man is named Wadi Haddad and, at this writing, he is still alive, well and active, even though the Israelis have put two teams of six or more persons each on his trail. For many years, Haddad was a close friend of George Habash. Like Habash, he is a Christian and a physician who also was trained at the American University of Beirut. For several years, Haddad and Habash worked together in the eye clinic in Amman.

Haddad, in his 40s, is sturdy (about 5'7"), fair-skinned by Arab standards and, by all accounts, remarkably virile. He is clever and cautious; his residences are always heavily protected and he travels with a sizable number of bodyguards. Since the late Sixties, he has done the detailed planning that has led to the most sensational hijackings. He orchestrated the simultaneous four-plane sky-jacking that terrified the world in September 1970. He likes to use beautiful women as the leaders of his operations; like Carlos, he freely mixes sex with business. In 1970, when the Israelis first tried to kill him in his Beirut apartment, he was entertaining the beautiful Leila Khaled, who had won fame in the late Sixties by hijacking a TWA jet to Damascus and blowing it up. Later, in July 1973, Haddad used a mistress who traveled under the name Katie George Thomas to direct the capture of a Japan Air Lines 747 jumbo out of Amsterdam. She was killed on board when she accidentally dislodged the pin in a grenade that she was carrying in her purse.

Haddad pursues his new-found revolutionary calling with a ruthless sense of mission and cruel cynicism toward his terrorist underlings. Consider the mission of West German terrorist Bernard Hausman, who received a message in mid-May 1976 to report to a certain home in Amsterdam. Through P.L.O. and diplomatic channels, Haddad had already alerted a cell leader to procure a genuine Dutch passport. When Hausman arrived in Amsterdam, he was presented with the new passport and his new identity—

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Hugo Muller. Hausman's photograph was properly pasted into the otherwise unaltered Dutch passport.

Muller, as we will now call him, was then ordered to Vienna, where he was to dial a certain number upon arrival. When he did so, he was put in contact with another member of the network, who relayed additional instructions from Haddad: "You are to fly from Vienna to Bangkok and return to Vienna. En route to Bangkok, you will stop over in Tel Aviv and Teheran. You are on an important mission. You are to deliver a suitcase to someone you will contact in Israel."

Muller was given enough Austrian shillings to pay for the air ticket in cash (almost invariably, terrorists pay cash for air tickets, which is one of their giveaways). He was told to jot down a telephone number to ring in Tel Aviv and was handed a specially modified plastic suitcase. His orders were to deliver the suitcase to his contact in Israel. The case was heavy—and no wonder. Skillfully molded inside its top and bottom were 26 pounds of highly potent *plastique* explosive. Muller was undoubtedly unaware of the suitcase's contents; he was told to put clothes in the case so it would look normal if he were ordered to open it for a security inspection at the Vienna airport. He tossed in about six pounds of soiled and ragged clothing.

At the Austrian Airlines ticket counter in Vienna's Schwechat International Airport, Muller paid in cash for his ticket, plus an overweight baggage charge that brought the total bill to about \$800. At the security check, he was asked to open the suitcase. Only clothes were found inside. The inspector failed to note the discrepancy between the few clothes and the weight of the case.

As he arrived later that day at Lod Airport (now Ben-Gurion International) in Tel Aviv, Muller had obviously been poorly briefed on Israeli screening procedures. His jeans and hippie-style eyeglasses made him a prime suspect for special attention.

"Please collect your baggage and come with me," a young woman security officer told him.

Muller picked up his belongings from the same conveyor belt where a few years earlier the three Japanese Red Army terrorists had pulled submachine guns from their luggage. He followed the officer, Marguerite Ben Yishy, to a private inspection room.

"Open your bags, please."

Muller complied. As he snapped open the plastic case, a huge explosion rocked the room. Marguerite Ben Yishy and Hugo Muller were instantly killed. A second woman officer who had been witnessing the inspection was wounded.

Muller had been carrying a bomb in a 177



very cleverly constructed case that contained a two-stage detonator: The firing mechanism had been wired to fire the bomb the *second* time the case was opened. Evidently, Haddad had reckoned that Muller would be required to open the case the first time in Vienna; that primed the detonator. The next time he opened the case, the bomb would be fired. Haddad may have thought that Muller might be asked to open the case in the arrivals area at Lod, where other passengers would be waiting for their luggage. In that event, the bomb's kill radius would have been 100 feet or more. But in case the Lod opening was not the second one, Haddad had prepared a fall-back position. On Muller's body was found a piece of paper on which he had noted the instruction to check in at the Tel Aviv Hilton. If he had opened the case in a room there, especially if the windows were closed, the explosion could have caused huge damage, perhaps even bringing about the collapse of a tier of rooms. The telephone number that Muller was told to call in Israel did not exist.

Without his knowing it, Muller had been set up for a suicide mission.

The word came to the man in Baghdad from his agents. Air France flight 139, usually a wide-bodied, French-made Airbus, carried many Jews. It would be the target, he decided, and he began to make his plans. He sent a message through P.L.O. and Arab diplomatic channels to Carlos, then in Algiers, to send him some operatives. Other messages brought west European and Palestinian terrorists to Baghdad for briefings. Among the visitors was a man from Carlos' ring, left-wing German lawyer and publisher Ernst Wilfried Böse. Another was a German

woman: either Gabriele Kröcher-Tiedemann, a member of the Baader-Meinhof gang, or Eleanore Honel-Hausman, the bereaved widow of the unwitting "Hugo Muller" who had died at Haddad's hands only weeks before. Naturally, she would not have been told the true circumstances of her husband's death, only that an accident had occurred during a vital mission. If, indeed, Honel-Hausman was the German woman involved in this new operation, Haddad no doubt played upon her emotions to fire her up for the mission. The individual operative is as much a pawn in the war of terrorism as is the hostage.

And so the operation began to unfold. Haddad moved his base to Mogadiscio, the capital of Somalia, to be closer to the hijacking destination: Entebbe, Uganda. He named the operation after the aborted rocket-launch incident at Nairobi airport: "Remember the Kenyan Treachery."

Four of the operatives—the German man and woman, plus two Arabs—flew to Athens. Someone slipped them their weapons, four pistols and seven hand grenades that had been stored at the Libyan embassy in Greece. Meanwhile, at Haddad's request, Yasir Arafat, who needed a success to boost the waning spirits of the besieged Palestinians in Lebanon, had established contact with the mercurial and maniacal ruler of Uganda, "Big Daddy" Idi Amin.

It was an ironic turnabout. For years, Amin had been a great admirer of the Israelis, who had wooed him with technical assistance and military advisors and had even made him the present of an executive jet. But he had broken with the Israelis in 1972, because they refused to give him a squadron of American-

made Phantom fighter-bombers, which he wanted for an attack on Kenya.

Angered, Amin turned for hardware help to the Arabs. The Arab governments, however, were frightened by his unpredictable behavior. Only the Palestinians responded to his overtures. They moved into the political-military vacuum left by the departed Israelis and were soon piloting Amin's Mig fighters; battle-dressed Palestinian gunmen—an odd sight in the heart of black Africa—began serving as his personal bodyguard. The P.L.O. established a propaganda center in the Ugandan capital of Kampala. In a radio-telephone conversation, Arafat won Amin's approval to use Entebbe as the destination of the soon-to-be-hijacked Airbus. Five members of the terrorist team gathered with Haddad in the Somali capital. Among them was the Palestinian Fouad Jabri, an experienced assassin who had been on the Israeli wanted list since 1968; he would serve as Haddad's on-the-scene commander in Entebbe.

Everything went according to plan. As soon as the four terrorists, including the German woman, had seized the Airbus, they ordered the captain to set a course for the Libyan city of Bengasi. Even as the big plane was still flying over the Mediterranean, one of the terrorists handed the captain a detailed aeronautical map for the final leg of the flight toward Entebbe.

As the plane made its approach to the Ugandan airport, the German woman peered from the window. "We're safe now!" she exclaimed happily. "We have reached our base." The plane was directed to its parking place near the old terminal building. As the four hijackers bounced triumphantly down the air steps, they were warmly embraced by the five other terrorists, who had traveled by air from Mogadiscio to welcome them.

Many of the events at Entebbe are well known. What is not known is the inner workings of the secret Israeli operations and the decisions that ultimately led to the dramatic airborne rescue. As soon as he learned that the Airbus had landed in Uganda, the chief of the Mossad activated his first-string hit team, which had not been in operation for three years. This was a small corps of experienced surveillance experts and assassins, who for ten months in 1972 and 1973 had hunted and killed Black September leaders in Europe. Then, following a horrendous mistake by the reserve team in which an innocent Arab waiter was gunned down in Norway (see *The Wrath of God*), the hit-team operation was suspended. Now the Mossad chief put the A team under the direction of the head of Mossad's clandestine operations, whom we shall call

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Mike. He had committed a major blunder of leadership in Norway; now he had the opportunity to reclaim his reputation.

While the hostages were being held in the old terminal at Entebbe, about six Israeli hit-team members slipped by various means into Uganda, posing as tourists or business travelers.

Meanwhile, the Mossad chief went to Nairobi, where he negotiated for landing and refueling rights.

By Thursday, July first, the outside world had been led to believe that the area around the hostages was mined with explosives and that the terrorists were serious in their offer to exchange their Jewish prisoners for 53 Arabs and assorted terrorists, 40 of whom were held in Israeli prisons. Mike's team learned differently. By means that remain secret, he and other Israeli agents managed to infiltrate the Entebbe airport and to gain access to the old terminal where the hostages were being held. They found no evidence of explosives; they also observed that the terrorists, overconfident, were sloppy about standing guard. As a rule, only six of the nine terrorists were present. The three others, including Fouad Jabri, were continuously shuttling back and forth between the terminal and the P.L.O. office in Kampala, 24 miles away, which they were using as a communications center for conferring with Haddad.

Somehow, the Israeli agents in Uganda managed to listen in on the conversations between Jabri and Haddad and what they heard had a crucial, perhaps decisive, effect on the tense deliberations of the Israeli cabinet back in Tel Aviv. Some ministers were in favor of breaking with the nation's traditional no-swap policy and agreeing to an exchange of prisoners, to be conducted by the Red Cross at Entebbe. But when Mike and his team eavesdropped as Haddad gave Jabri final instructions for the exchange, they overheard a death sentence for the Jewish hostages. According to the Israelis, Haddad said, "Do not allow one Jew to escape alive. As soon as our people are safe, fire on the Jewish hostages, even if it means hitting Red Cross workers."

Haddad's conversation was flashed via Nairobi to Israel, where the cabinet now realized that the offer of a prisoner exchange was only a trap. Shimon Peres, the tough-minded defense minister, made a short speech that conjured up memories of Auschwitz, where the infamous Nazi doctor Josef Mengele stood between the lines of arriving Jews and by a flick of his hand sent some to immediate death in the gas chambers and others to work in the camp. "The state of Israel was not created to allow another Dr. Mengele to decide over life and death for Jews," declared Peres. "The state of

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Israel was created to save Jewish lives." Peres' emotional appeal, combined with the chilling information from Uganda, forced the cabinet to decide in favor of a military solution. For all practical purposes, Operation Thunderbolt was now under way.

The military was ready. Earlier in the week, Israeli commandos and pilots had already begun practicing for a possible military solution to the Entebbe impasse. A replica of the old Entebbe terminal was easily constructed at a military base somewhere in Israel. The combat team of 100 or so elite troopers under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Yehonatan Netanyahu began practicing assaults. Meanwhile, Israeli air-force pilots aided by technicians began experimenting with night-sight devices that would enable the pilots to see enough to land safely the huge four-engine C-130 transports at night on an unlit airstrip.

On July third, at an air base in the Sinai, the Israelis assembled a small airborne armada: the three C-130s, a Boeing 707 that would serve as an airborne communications command post and a number of Phantom fighter-bombers that would fly protective cover. To avoid Arab radar, the C-130s skimmed only 50 feet above the Red Sea, then turned inland over the southern Sudan. Flying virtually at treetop level, the big planes—"hippos" in Israeli air-force slang—slipped in under the Ugandan radar. Just before the planes landed, the pilots opened the rear cargo ramps; as soon as the planes' wheels touched down, the vehicles inside began to roar out. There were several U.S.-made armored personnel carriers bearing dozens of commandos.

Also on board were a black Mercedes and a couple of Land Rovers. The Israelis

had prepared a clever ruse. The black Mercedes was similar to the one used by Amin, who paid frequent visits to the hostages. The Land Rovers were similar to the ones used by his Palestinian bodyguards, who accompanied him everywhere (he no longer trusted his own troops). Contrary to some reports, there was no Israeli made up in blackface to pose as Amin. Instead, there was only a burly Israeli commando dressed in a Ugandan camouflage uniform in the back seat of the Mercedes.

As the small caravan approached, the Ugandan sentries guarding the terminal snapped to attention and saluted. It won the Israelis three seconds—a vital margin. The "bodyguards" leaped from the Land Rovers and stormed into the terminal where the hostages were being held. They were followed by more troopers from the armored personnel carriers. As they fired their submachine guns, the commandos yelled in Hebrew, "Get down, get down; we're Israelis and we've come to take you home."

Other commandos fanned out across the airfield to blow up Amin's big Mig fighters so they could not be used in pursuit. A bitter fire fight raged between the Israelis and the Ugandan troops. Even so, the only Israeli casualty was the mission's commander, Lieutenant Colonel Netanyahu. He took a bullet in the back of the head that was fired from the control tower.

In a hail of submachine-gun fire, the storming Israeli commandos killed seven terrorists. Among them were Jabri, Wilfried Böse, who was Carlos' friend, and the German woman whose curt and merciless attitude toward the Jewish hostages had brought back memories of the Nazi

matrons in the concentration camps. To this day, no outsider is absolutely certain of her identity.

For a terrorist leader, the first law of remaining in command is simple: A failure must be avenged with an even more spectacular outrage. After Entebbe, Haddad's first operation was the attack last August on the El Al passengers in the Istanbul transit lounge. It was only marginally successful. Evidently, the full plan called for the terrorists to seize the surviving passengers, hijack the El Al 707 and fly to Tel Aviv. There they were to demand the release of imprisoned terrorists in return for the lives of the El Al hostages. That, of course, did not work.

Next, Haddad began planning a strike within Israel itself. Perhaps he was contemplating a bombing in a public place or an assassination that would again make use of an unwitting person à la Hugo Muller as the explosives carrier. As an advance party for the new operation, Haddad made his choice from a group of 15 or so young Dutch radicals who were undergoing terrorist training in Aden, the tiny former British colony at the confluence of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean. He selected a Dutch youngster and a fresh-faced young woman whose curvaceous figure had caught his eye. On September 25, 1976, she arrived in Israel, traveling on her own passport. Her orders were to wait—she was to perform surveillance duties. The Dutchman flew on the same Air France flight to Israel.

Upon deplaning at Lod, the Dutch woman somehow aroused the suspicion of the security screeners. Once she was escorted to an interrogation room, she broke down immediately. "So you know all about me!" she sobbed. During the questioning, one reason for her nervousness soon became clear. She was afraid she was pregnant and wanted a test. At first she claimed that Haddad had raped her in Aden. Then she changed her story to say the father presumptive had been her companion on the Air France flight.

"Who?" asked the Israeli interrogator.

"My friend," she replied, adding, "He went into the transit lounge."

Springing to their feet, the Israelis tried to catch the other terrorist. But it was too late. The plane had already taken off. At its next stop—New Delhi—the Dutchman was put under arrest.

For the moment, the Israelis have checkmated Haddad's moves. But they cannot drop their guard for one moment, because he will never stop trying. Entebbe represents such a monumental failure to the terrorists that Haddad must be planning a new operation to exceed all his former spectaculars—if the Israelis do not pump him full of bullets first.



"No, I don't take the pill. I thought you said you had a condominium."



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"Señor, there's only one way to order tequila."

Ask Two Fingers what was the best tequila.

He was known not to say a word. He'd just hold up two fingers.

That was mighty strange behavior for a tequila man who only had the first two fingers on his right hand.

However, once you got to know him and his Two Fingers Tequila better you understood what he was meaning.

"Stick those two fingers up. You're not going to get some of that dime a dozen stuff!" Two Fingers once hollered at a non-believer in Albuquerque.

The man soon became a believer. A lot of folks in the late 30's did because Two Fingers Tequila had a flavor you could taste—even when you mixed it.

"The way I make it," he'd grin. "That's the difference."

At that point Two Fingers would clam up. No one ever

found out what that "way" was.

Heck, only a handful of folks ever knew he had any other name but Two Fingers.

An old lady in Carson City, Nev., told us his last name was Ortega. Claims she heard Honey, the woman who always traveled with Two Fingers, call him that during a tiff they had.

The old lady's story is probably not too reliable though. Her nurse said she babbles a lot.

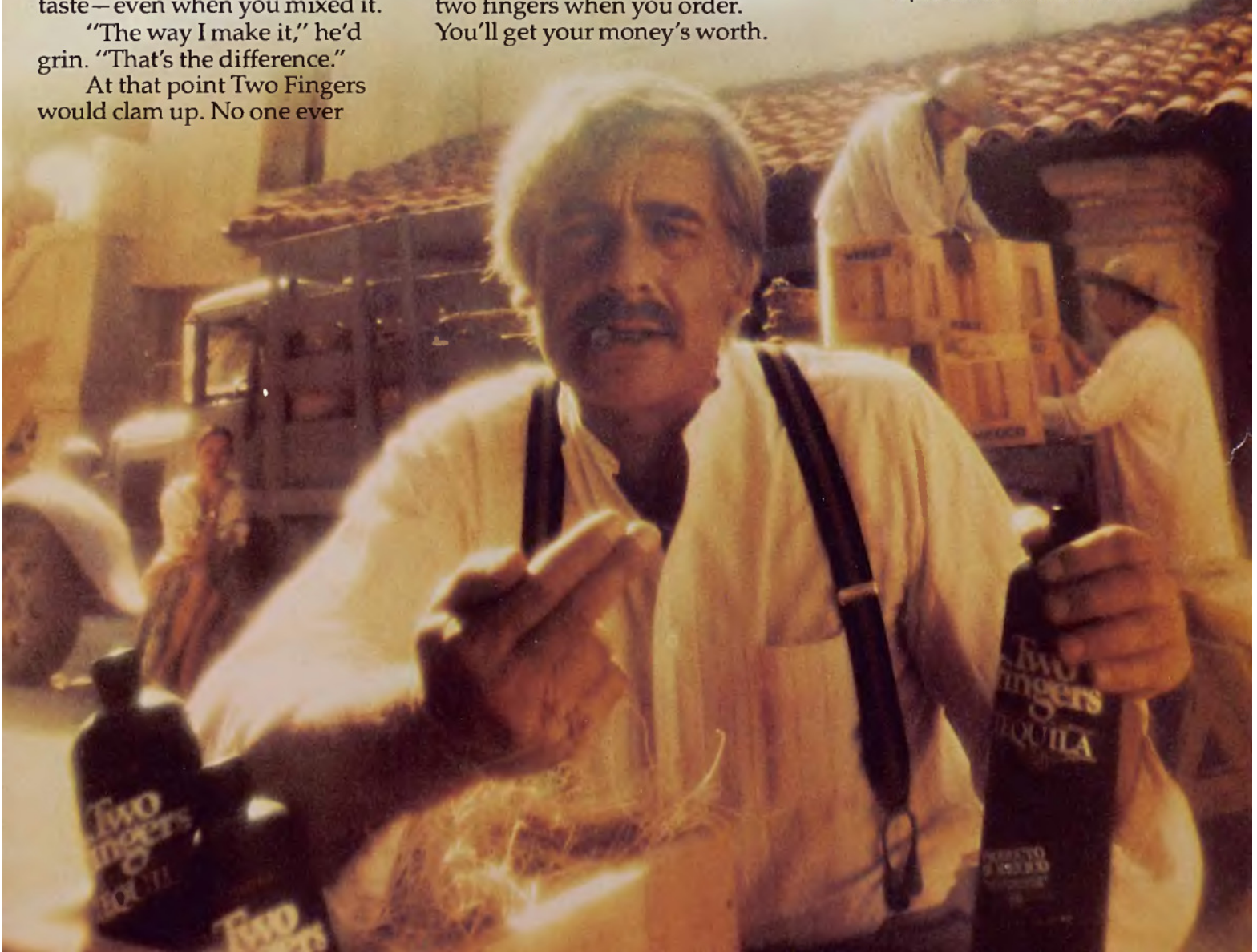
Two Fingers seems to have stopped making his tequila trips without warning in the late 30's.

He was the last of a breed and we'll probably never know his name for sure. His legend is fading pretty fast.

Luckily his tequila lives on. All you have to do is hold up two fingers when you order. You'll get your money's worth.



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"The older woman gives us the chance to complete in adulthood what was impossible to complete as a child."

to the point. And, unlike many of her younger counterparts, she does not want to be caught. She doesn't need witnesses. For someone younger, sex is not an end in itself but a means to another end—the image is intentional: job, money, marriage, power, domination. And so if they never know this older woman and deal only with the 20-year-old, most men grow up believing in sex as a favor they've been granted—sex as strategy or currency. Therefore, the act itself is a threat. The sexual power seeker literally has you by the balls and can invest in the only act of equality the human animal performs. A gross inequality. There is a dangerous bravado in the sexual publicity the younger girl seeks. If sex grants power, she must be seen to be sexy—and involve you—before she can be acknowledged powerful. The older woman isn't really interested in power. Her age has liberated her from that deception.

But this is all theory. There are better reasons for preferring an older woman, not the least of which is that a woman between the ages of 30 and 45 is sexually alight. Her manner may be cool, but her body blazes. She is at an age to have learned every trick in the book and if it weren't for her pride—which inspires respect and annoyance to the same degree—she could probably make a fortune as a hooker. One has to meet her in real life. Literature has very few older women who are convincingly seductive within the conventions of the novel. It is hard to establish such a character. Maybe *Madame Bovary*. Possibly that woman in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. Perhaps Madame De Vionnet in James's *The Ambassadors*. But who else? One or two of Byron's ladies in *Don Juan*. No one in Dickens, Melville, Conrad or Dreiser. The older woman has not been well served by fiction writers, though Stephen Vizinczey's *In Praise of Older Women* is a worthy contribution, and so is Brian Moore's recent *The Doctor's Wife*.

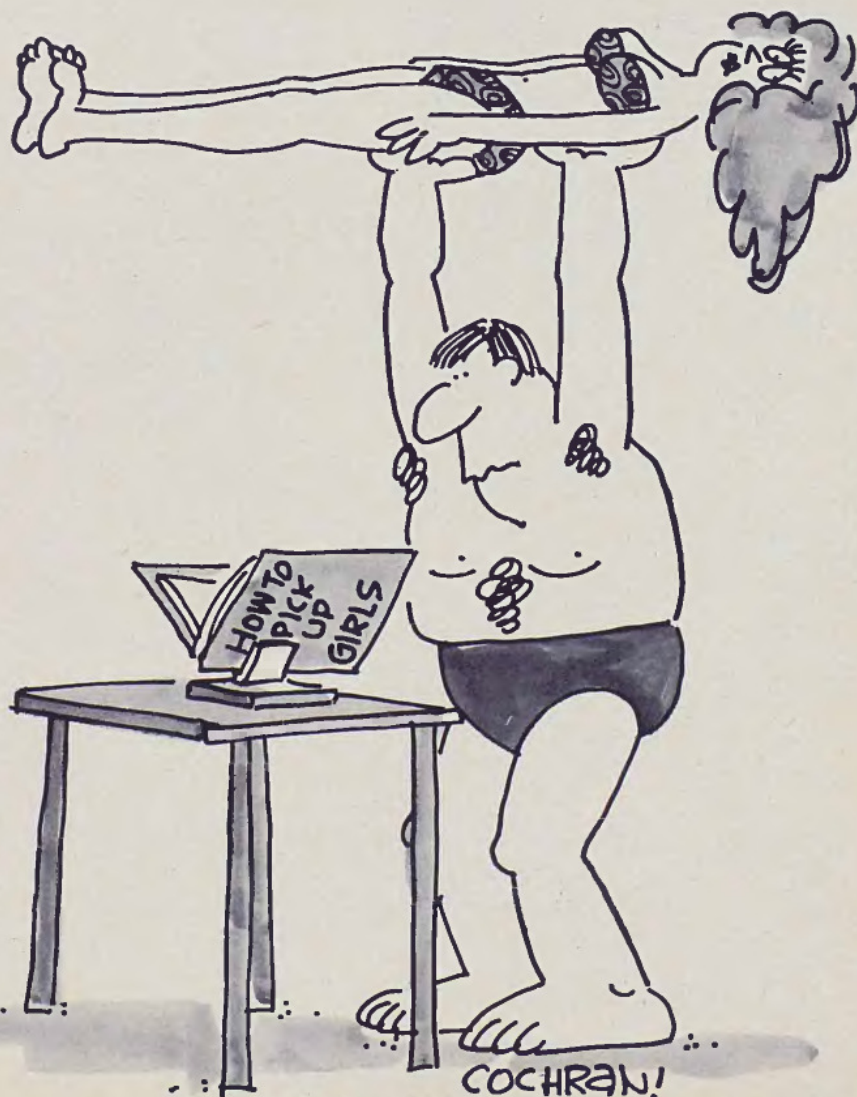
Movies and plays have succeeded where novels have failed. The films that spring to mind are *Sunset Boulevard*, Bergman's *Torment*, *This Sporting Life*, *Nothing but the Best*, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (also a novel but better as a film), *A Cold Wind in August*, *The Last Picture Show*, *Room at the Top* and the brilliant Fassbinder film *Ali: Fear Eats the Soul*. I think of Anne Bancroft in *The Graduate* and Deborah Kerr in *The Gypsy Moths*. Each is the older woman to perfection. Mrs. Robinson is resourceful, responsive, independent and a knockout. Was there

anyone who saw that movie who did not regret the fact that the hero went off with the daughter and not with the mother? There is no doubt that masculine wisdom begins when a man prefers the mother to the daughter, though I suppose it is only normal to want them both. In *Lolita*, Humbert marries the mother so that he can get the daughter, but that was many years ago and he was a pedophile. Our pointless folklore about deflowering virgins or at least finding a snug fit has made many a misguided man a pedophile, inevitably a power seeker (which is why Nabokov turns the tables and makes *Lolita* a pain in the neck).

The older woman is not trying to catch your eye. She is beyond that—but if you look, she'll notice and if she is interested, she will make it simple for you, even protect you. You have only to cooperate.

There is one chance in ten that she'll be hysterical or reckless, but the signs of that will become apparent long before the last move and at any hint of threat, you must fold your tent and steal away, for she is capable of destroying you.

She awoke in him his earliest sexual memory. I am not speaking of the Oedipus complex, which is nonsense and, in any case, enough of a taboo to make one suppress it. But of that friend of your mother's who visited and left an odor of perfume and cigarette smoke and an aphrodisiac smudge of lipstick on her gin glass. The first schoolteacher you wanted (you didn't know how it was done) to go to bed with, the first woman who gave you informed encouragement and knew what was happening to you, even if you didn't—she was always older and always the ideal. We don't abandon that fantasy. The older woman gives us something that is very nearly incomparable, the chance to complete in adulthood what was impossible to complete as a child, a blameless gift of lechery that combines the best of youth and maturity, romance and realism, in equal parts.





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RUNNERS

(continued from page 107)

"Used to be that you got the bike and then you got the girl. Now you get the bike and you get it on."

ton (i.e., break 100 mph) on a Brough Superior. These bikes start at 55 mph. Flat out, they have better gas consumption than most four-wheel vehicles have standing still. If there is an exception to the rule of bureaucrats, this stable of touring bikes and café racers should be it. To contemplate owning one, you must be prepared to... uh... live outside the law and the sometimes meaningless restrictions of the society of man. But, then, that's the point, isn't it? Escape.

Of course, it is possible to own a Harley-Davidson or a BMW or a Suzuki and not break the 55-mph speed limit. But someday, we suspect, you might be seized with the desire to shift into second gear. Anything less is a crime against nature.

Maybe someday an astute reader of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* will take a case to the Supreme Court, to argue that the pursuit of happiness is a religious freedom best conducted at speeds above the legal limit. Toward that end, Associate Editor James R. Petersen compiled the following testimony:

The Harley-Davidson XLCR: The distributors in Tustin, California, were apologetic. Seems that the special-edition XLCR to be tested was the only one in the state. Consequently, it could be allowed out of the shop for only an hour or so. I pointed out that I never wear a wrist watch. The mechanic grinned and offered a solution. "Set the trip odometer at zero and come back in a hundred and fifty miles."

The trip odometer read 152.3 miles when I returned an hour and 30 minutes later. It would have been sooner, but I stopped for lunch.

The Harley is fast. Really fast. The throttle fills your hand. The torquey 1000-c.c. V-twin is a powerhouse, putting out something over 68 horsepower at 6200 rpm. If you're not satisfied with it, drop in a Harley XL750 racing engine (which puts out around 100 hp), then watch out. The classic Harley four-speed gearbox will last forever. Only four? It's more than enough. Shifting into third is like slamming home the bolt of a .30-'06. You go from here to there as fast as you can drop your wrist. The bike breathes easy at 95 mph and wants to go faster, to lengthen its stride and fly. The speedometer is calibrated to 150 mph and you'd better believe it.

When I handed in the bike, the mechanic asked what I thought of the brakes. "Can't recall that I used them." I spent most of the time on a road in Silverado Canyon that is to motorcycling what Bach's *Chaconne in D Minor* is to a

violinist, a melody of switchbacks, S curves and sudden changes of terrain that take your breath away. The bike took corners marked 25 mph at 80 and 90, all the while looking over its shoulder as though to say, "Aw, come on. Let me run."

"Well," asked the mechanic, "how did she handle?"

"Can't recall that I ever had to handle her. Bike seemed to just scare those corners into straightaways."

The mechanic looked at the wheels. The rubber was marked almost to the hubs. "Musta done some leaning. None of us have had it that far over."

Maybe. The XLCR has a sleek, narrow profile that makes the bike its own monorail. There is a direct line from your crotch to the road. The single-seat saddle, the clip-on handle bars, the snub-nosed fairing all declare the XLCR a thoroughbred. Spirited. High-strung. The riding position is the half crouch of a jockey, which is appropriate, if not necessary. You'll have to decide whether the tension coursing through your gut comes from the gymnastics or from the all-out thrill of being on top of a true high-performance machine. With the XLCR, Harley-Davidson has reversed the direction of American motorcycling. Used to be that you got the bike and then you got the girl. Now you get the bike and you get it on. When you show your girlfriend a picture of the black beauty, she will point to the single seat and challenge: "Where do I go?"

She'll have to get her own.

The Kawasaki Z1000: Back in college, I had a weird friend who liked to devise new uses for tape measures. His favorite trick was to unwind a foot or so of tape, put a drop of honey on the end, then sit back and wait for a fly to arrive. When the helpless insect landed on the sweet spot, the friend would press the retract button and Z-Z-Z-Z-T. *Splat!* When you climb aboard the Kawasaki, you feel like the fly that found the sweet spot. Only it's the size of the tachometer. The Kawasaki puts out 83 hp at 8000 rpm and will outpull just about any machine—from a Corvette to a Porsche Carrera.

In this case, the tape measure got pulled out about a quarter of a mile, ending at the turnoff to Santiago Canyon. I covered the distance in something less than 13 seconds. *Splat!* The highway patrolman who was waiting at the end was very impressed. So was the judge who set my bond. I explained that I was on assignment for PLAYBOY and that my boss had agreed to pay for all speeding

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you'd need a license to operate it.**



"IT'S A SONY."



"I'd say that by all means we've got to get rid of the homosexuals, but perhaps we should hold on to the sadists."

tickets. "Nice," said the judge. "Does he also pay for your sex life?" No. He gave me a choice, and I took motorcycles.

The Suzuki GS 750: This time out, I avoided the highway patrol and chased a warm Santana wind out to Silverado Canyon. The dogs sleeping at the side of the road didn't even look up when I went by. The bike is deceptive: The soft-spoken whistle of the four-cylinder air intake can turn into a wasp-nest snarl the first time you crank it on (60 hp at 8500 rpm). Quite frankly, I scared myself. The bike did a 12-second quarter, just like that. After the adrenaline subsided to mere tidal-wave proportions, I found that the bike handled like a dream. Great steering geometry and perfect rubber equals pure delight. The Bridgestone tires could be convicted of having unlawful carnal knowledge of concrete.

In Silverado Canyon, things got transcendental pretty fast. The wide handle bars are a treat after the clip-ons of the Harley. You have the sense of holding a valuable picture at arm's length, turning it this way and that, to get the best view. Yes, you like it. You'll buy it. Throw the bike into a curve and it rejoices. You feel like a kid on skis, kicking up your heels, flexing your muscles, strutting your stuff. Shift your way through the five-speed transmission and an L.E.D. readout lights up on the dash to tell you what gear you're in. (It also balances your checkbook. Those Japanese marketing guys think of everything.) Not as fast as the Harley but more fun. The bike

seems to want to cruise at 75, but lean on it and the engine takes you to 120 with no effort. And no matter what the speed, you experience the confidence of being in absolute control.

Sometime during the day, a dude on a Honda 750 blasts past. Arrogant bastard. For the next 20 miles, we engage in a classic dogfight. I'm ten feet behind his tail. No more, no less. Imagine his surprise. He can't shake me, through a series of corners that pass like clouds. And he knows the road; let him worry. Exhausted, he waves me by.

The Yamaha XS 750D: As my old buddy Fred used to say at times of great duress, "Sometimes you get the elevator and sometimes you get the shaft." This is the year of the latter. Yamaha has introduced a very neat touring machine with a self-contained shaft drive that adds up to one smooth ride. The bike made everybody's ten-best list, and the reasons are obvious: creature comforts and classy styling. Buy the optional fairing and you have a very civilized long-distance runner. Light. Responsive handling (though you may tend to scrape the three-into-one exhaust pipe on hard right turns). If you're one of those guys who think the ultimate sexual experience is a 750 motorcycle, a winding country road and a large-breasted girl glued to your back, this one's for you.

The Honda Gold Wing 1000: The Japanese wanted to build a shaft-drive giant that could compete with the BMW on its home turf—the interstate high-

ways—and they succeeded. Ride the Gold Wing for a day and you'll entertain thoughts of reviving the pony express. Imagine a fleet of motorcycles, complete with saddlebags and Vetter fairings, making the cross-country run. If nothing else, the mail service would improve. Climb on board the Gold Wing and it feels like you've straddled a section of four-lane blacktop. Solid. Heavy. Ain't nothing going to scare this beast from making its appointed rounds. The 1000-c.c. engine is humongous—it can run all day at 80 mph and never stop snoring. The roll-on power is impressive—if some 18-wheeler tries to blow you off the road, just lean on the throttle and it'll eat your dust from here to Shaky Town. The bike is a tourer, which means that it was not designed to be fast off the line or snaky through the corners. The Gold Wing has the steel-rail momentum of the BMW—and at a cost of only \$2938—some \$1657 less than the German bike. A nice saving; you won't spend it all in one place, will you?

The BMW R100RS: The BMW looks a lot like the B-1 bomber, complete with swept-back wings. Almost costs as much, too. Climb into the saddle, check the console built into the integrated fairing. Tach. Speedometer. Clock. A button for air-to-air missiles. And a nice light that will flash to tell you that your brakes are failing. We suspect that you will already be aware of *that* fact, should it occur. Still, a nice touch.

Out on the highway, the bike is as fast as you want it to be. At 95, you have the sense of running in place. The seat feels like a large, soft boot, kicking you comfortably in the ass. Twist the throttle and whoomph. Field goal.

The State Department of Transportation in California, in its infinite wisdom, has chosen to etch tiny little rain tracks in the surface of the highway (etched by the fingernails of screaming bikers as they are dragged away from the wreckage of their bikes). Supposedly, the things increase traction in rain, but it never rains in California, so most of the time the wavering lines give bikers nausea, causing most cycles to skitter across the highway. The BMW didn't even notice the damn things.

You could ride this bike forever. Get on it in New York, point it toward San Francisco and say, "Home, James." On a winding country road, the handling is something else. Good, but not the fluid drive of the Suzuki. Reminiscent of the Blue Angels' or Thunderbirds' precision-flying act. Approach a corner and you push the bike over. Click. Come through the corner and you push it upright. Click. Whatever the BMW sacrifices in handling, though, it makes up for in looks, the astonished, envious glances of those poor souls imprisoned in their four-wheeled dungeons.



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SILVERSMITH

(continued from page 162)

"For \$1000 you could buy beef that had been massaged by consecrated virgins."

hurry into the room.

Silversmith pointed to the glass. The assistant butler's eyes bugged out and his jaw fell. "Empty!" he cried. "But I specifically told the maid's assistant—"

"To hell with the excuses," Silver-smith said. "Some people are going to have to get on the ball around here or some heads are going to roll."

"Yes, sir!" said the butler's second assistant. He hurried to the built-in refrigerator beside Silversmith's bed, opened it and took out a bottle of seltzer. He put the bottle on a tray, took out a snowy linen towel, folded it once lengthwise and hung it over his arm. He selected a chilled glass from the refrigerator, examined it for cleanliness, substituted another glass and wiped the rim with his towel.

"Get on with it, get on with it," Silversmith said ominously.

The butler's second assistant quickly wrapped the towel around the seltzer bottle and squirted seltzer into the glass so exquisitely that he didn't spill a drop. He replaced the bottle in the refrigerator and handed the glass to Silversmith. Total elapsed time, 12 minutes, 43 seconds.

Silversmith lay in bed, sipping seltzer and thinking deep, brooding thoughts about the impossibility of happiness and the elusiveness of satisfaction. Despite having the world's luxuries spread before him—or because of it—he was bored, and had been for weeks. It seemed damned unfair to him to be able to get anything you wanted but to be unable to enjoy what you could get.

When you came right down to it, life was a disappointment and the best it had to offer was never quite good enough. The roast duck was never as crisp as advertised and the water in the swimming pool was always a shade too warm or too cold.

How elusive was the quest for quality! For ten dollars you could buy a pretty fair steak; for \$100 you could get a really good porterhouse; and for \$1000 you could buy a kilo of Kobe beef that had been massaged by consecrated virgins, together with a genius chef to prepare it. And it would be very good, indeed. But not \$1000 good. The more you paid, the less progress you made toward that quintessence of beef that the angels eat when God throws His yearly banquet for the staff.

Or consider women. Silversmith had possessed some of the most intoxicating



Fabulous Faye

While other actresses complain about the dearth of good roles for women these days, Faye Dunaway complains not at all. And for good reason. She gets the plums. Beginning with *Bonnie and Clyde* and on to *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *The Towering Inferno* and *Chinatown* and right down to last year's twin blockbusters, *Voyage of the Damned* and *Network*, when a picture was nominated for an Oscar, Dunaway somehow managed to be in it. She is easily the most sought-after female lead in Hollywood today and you'll find out why in an exclusive interview in the current issue of OUI. In the same issue, Emmett Grogan chronicles the historic last concert of the legendary cult group, The Band, while Ed Sanders returns to the scene of the crime, and possible solution, in *Cattle Mutilations Part II*. All that, plus a galaxy of questions to test your knowledge of Kirk, Spock, et al, in the *Star Trek Trivia Quiz*, makes the May issue of OUI magazine one of the most exciting yet. Look for it at your newsstand now.



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creatures that the planet could offer, both singly and in ensemble. But even this had turned out to be nothing worth writing a memoir about. His appetite had palled too quickly in the steady flood of piquantly costumed flesh that Maginnis had provided, and the electric touch of unknown female flesh had turned abrasive—the sandpaper of too many personalities (each one clutching her press clippings) against Silversmith's increasingly reluctant hide.

He had run through the equivalent of several seraglios, and the individuals in them were as dim in his memory now as the individual ice-cream cones of his youth. He vaguely remembered a Miss Universe winner with the odor of a judge's cigar still clinging to her crisp chestnut hair; and there had been the gumchewing scuba instructress from Sea Island, Georgia, in her exciting black-rubber wet suit, blowing an inopportune pink sugary bubble at the moment of moments. But the rest of them had passed from his recollection in a comic strip of sweaty thighs and jiggling boobs, painted smiles, fake pouts and stagy languors; and through it all, the steady heaving rhythm of the world's oldest gymnastic exercise.

The best of them had been his matched set of three Cambodian temple dancers—brown and bright-eyed creatures, all flashing eyes and floating black hair, sinuous frail limbs and small, hard breasts like persimmons. Not even they had diverted him for long. However, he had kept them around to play bridge with evenings.

He took another sip of seltzer and found that his glass was empty. Grumpily, he got out of bed and crossed the room to the servants' bell. His finger poised over it—

And just at that moment, enlightenment came to him like a 1,000,000-watt light bulb flashing in his head.

And he knew what he had to do.

It took Maginnis ten days to find Silversmith in a broken-down hotel on Tenth Avenue and 41st Street. Maginnis knocked once and walked in. It was a dingy room with tin-covered walls painted a poisonous green. The smell of hundreds of applications of insecticide mingled with the odor of thousands of generations of cockroaches. Silversmith was sitting on an iron cot covered with an olive blanket. He was doing a crossword puzzle. He gave Maginnis a cheerful nod.

"All right," Maginnis said. "If you're through slumming, I've got a load of stuff for you—wishes forty-three and forty-four, plus as much of forty-five as I could put together. Which of your houses do you want it delivered to?"

"I don't want it," Silversmith said.

"You don't, huh?"

"No, I don't."

Maginnis lit a cigar. He puffed

thoughtfully for a while, then said, "Is this Silversmith I see before me, the famous ascetic, the well-known stoic, the Taoist philosopher, the living Buddha? Nonattachment to worldly goods, that's the new number, right, Silversmith? Believe me, baby, you'll never bring it off. You're going through a typical rich man's freak-out, which will last a few weeks or months, like they all do. But then comes the day when the brown rice tastes extra nasty and the burlap shirt scratches your eczema worse than usual. This is followed by some fast rationalizing and, the next thing you know, you're having eggs Benedict at Sardi's and telling your friends what a valuable experience it was."

"You're probably right," Silversmith said.

"So why make me hang around all that time? You just took in too much Fat City too quick and you've got congestion of the synapses. You need a rest. Let me recommend a very nice resort I know on the south slope of Kilimanjaro—"

"No," Silversmith said.

"Maybe something more spiritual? I know this guru—"

"No."

"You are beginning to exasperate me," Maginnis said. "In fact, you're getting me sore. Silversmith, *what do you want?*"

"I want to be happy," Silversmith said. "But I realize now that I can't be happy by owning things."

"So you're sticking to poverty?"

"No. I also can't be happy by not owning things."

"Well," Maginnis said, "that seems to cover the field."

"I think there is another alternative," Silversmith said. "But I don't know what you're going to think of it."

"Yeah? What is it?"

"I want to join your team," Silversmith said.

Maginnis sat down on the bed. "You want to join us?"

"Whoever you are," Silversmith said, "I want to be a part of it."

"What made you decide that?" Maginnis asked.

"I happened to notice that you were happier than I was. I don't know what your racket is, Maginnis, and I have certain reservations about the organization I think you work for. But I really do want in."

"Are you willing to give up all your remaining wishes and everything else, just for that?"

"Whatever it takes," Silversmith said.

"OK," Maginnis said, "you're in."

"I really am? That's great. Whose life do we mess up next?"

"Oh, we're not *that* organization at all," Maginnis said, grinning. "People sometimes do confuse the two of us, though I can't imagine why. But be that as it may: You have just endowed us with all your worldly goods, Silversmith, and you have done so without expectation of reward, out of a simple desire to serve. We appreciate the gesture. Silversmith, welcome to heaven."

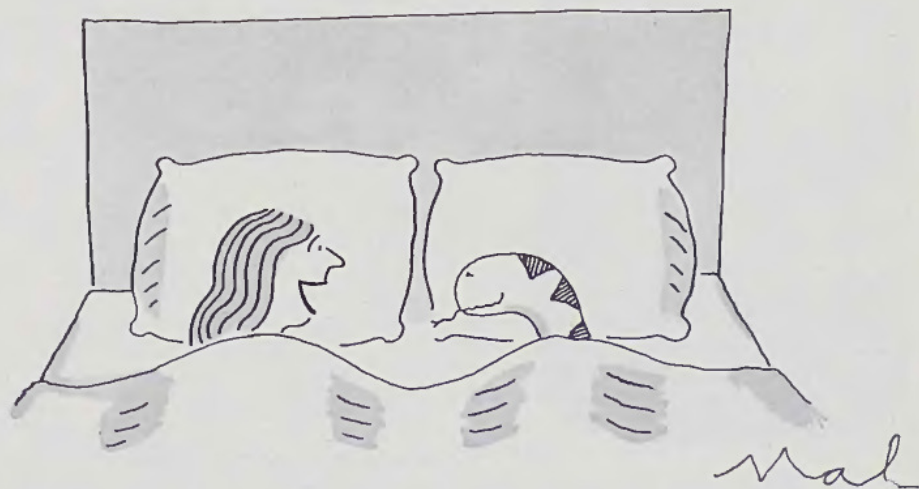
A rosy cloud formed around them, and through it Silversmith could see a vast silver gate inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Hey!" he said. "You got me here on a deception! You tricked me, Maginnis, or whoever you are!"

"The other organization has been doing that sort of thing for so long," Maginnis said, "we thought we really should give it a try."

The pearly gates opened. Silversmith could see that a Chinese banquet had been set out, and there were girls, and some of the guests seemed to be smoking dope.

"Not that I'm complaining," Silversmith said.



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PLAYBOY FORUM *(continued from page 61)*

would have immediately stopped what I was doing.

I was no millionaire smut lord. The only year I made money, a paltry \$800, was in 1976. After my arrest, I lost my job, putting my family on welfare.

I was informed that if by some miracle I beat the rap in court, the Government was prepared to indict me in another Federal jurisdiction. In order to spare myself and my family years of anxiety and litigation, I pleaded guilty to one count and got three years' probation and some assurance that I would not be prosecuted further, though there was no guarantee.

I can only wonder what it cost all of us taxpayers to perpetrate this farce.

(Name withheld by request)
Portland, Oregon

BEYOND LEFT AND RIGHT

It was gratifying to read PLAYBOY's accurate analysis in the January *Forum* of the profound differences between libertarianism and conservatism. In particular, we appreciate the use of Ronald Reagan as a symbol of what libertarianism is not.

But although the *Forum* sets reader Brown straight concerning libertarianism *vs.* conservatism, it misses the boat completely in identifying libertarianism as a right-wing phenomenon. In fact, libertarianism is no more right wing than it is left wing.

To demonstrate this, it is worth noting that the speakers' list at the 1976 national convention of the Libertarian Party in Washington, D.C., included such notable liberals as Earl Ravenal, a fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies; Morton Halperin, director of the A.C.L.U. Project on National Security and Civil Liberties; and Keith Stroup, director of the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). Each of these worthies turned out to be more conservative than the 600 Libertarian Party delegates, whose platform advocated abolition of the CIA and of any Government regulation of the production and use of marijuana.

Libertarianism, then, transcends the traditional left-right political spectrum to advocate a consistent policy of individual liberty. Until the time when either the left or the right decides to reject its own inconsistencies, libertarians will pass on the opportunity to be identified with either wing, thank you.

Edward H. Crane III, National
Chairman
The Libertarian Party
Washington, D.C.

CANNIBALS AND CHRISTIANS

As a regular reader of *The Playboy Forum*, I've been following with fascination the tribulations of the Norman Pliscou

family in the archaic community of Holtville, California. For a long time, I wondered why the Pliscous remained in a place like Holtville and let themselves in for so much grief. I think the answer must be that they're moved by the missionary spirit. Just like a group of Christians living among cannibals, the Pliscous keep trying to educate their savage neighbors. I only hope they don't end up in the stewpot.

James Green
Los Angeles, California

Pliscou gives his own reason for staying in Holtville in the following letter.

Many people have asked me why I stay in Holtville. Well, there are many reasons, not the least of which is my persistent curiosity concerning what might have happened if one person had said no and meant it to Adolf Hitler.

Norm Pliscou
Holtville, California

The trouble between the Pliscous and Holtville really started when Lee Pliscou, Lisa's older brother, refused to cut his hair in order to play on the tennis team. I graduated from Holtville High in 1975 and knew Lee personally. In the past, participants in the school's athletic programs had always agreed to cut their hair. It made them look more like members of teams and set them apart. Also, the weather was a factor. It gets pretty damned hot in Holtville, so short hair actually helps the athletes' health and well-being. Our over-all view was that Lee and his dad were causing nothing but problems for the school and the students. Most of us accepted the school rules and when we didn't agree to something, we would try to change it by majority vote.

Ann Terry A. Bailey
Offutt AFB, Nebraska

I've spent well over a year struggling to retain my First Amendment rights by publishing a school newspaper in spite of unrelenting opposition from all quarters of this community. The pressure has escalated from an attempted boycott of our advertisers to threatening phone calls to my family ("We're gonna make sure your kid never puts out another paper") to vandalism—our car window smashed by a brick in the middle of the night. There is no understanding of democracy in Holtville.

Lisa Pliscou
Holtville, California

NATIONAL INSECURITY

Recent investigations have established that the Government has been operating what amounts to a political secret police

at home and abroad. Something called national-security interests permits the Government to ride roughshod over the civil liberties of Americans and the self-determination of foreign nations. Under the directorship of Morton H. Halperin—the former National Security Council staffer who is suing Richard Nixon and others for illegally wire tapping his phone for nearly two years—the Project on National Security and Civil Liberties has taken two approaches to these problems.

First, it files lawsuits against the Executive branch and its officials. These seek damages on behalf of people and organizations whose rights have been violated and, under the Federal Freedom of Information Act, enforce the public's right to records about illegal programs, personal dossiers and decision making hidden from public debate. These actions have led to the release of such documents as J. Edgar Hoover's personal files, the Colby Report to the CIA on its domestic operations and documents on CIA drug testing.

Second, the project's research has generated a growing list of publications that offer an analysis of what has gone wrong and—equally important—what needs to be done to ensure that the intelligence agencies cannot quietly resume business as usual after the furor dies down. *Playboy Forum* readers can write to the project for a free brochure describing these publications.

The project, of course, needs money to carry out its work. Litigation against the Government, which can draw on unlimited tax dollars, is expensive. Sales of project publications and grants from concerned organizations such as the Playboy Foundation pay for only part of the project's expenses. Tax-deductible contributions should be made out to either of the project's joint sponsors, the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation or the Center for National Security Studies of the Fund for Peace, and sent to the project.

Christine Marwick, Editor
Project on National Security and
Civil Liberties
122 Maryland Avenue, N.E.
Washington, D.C. 20002

Last December, a Federal judge ruled that Richard Nixon, John Mitchell and H. R. Haldeman would have to pay Halperin damages for their responsibility in the FBI's illegally bugging his phone.

PROTECTING PRIVACY

The December *Playboy Forum* carried a letter from Howard Myers, director of the Livingston Crisis Intervention and Prevention Center, in which he contended that the New York State Office of Drug Abuse Services had cut off his funding because he refused to allow officials of that agency access to case files without client consent. Whether or not that was the case is not for us to contest; however, we strongly object to Myers' statement

that the 200 similar clinics in New York State "quietly go along with state demands for fear of losing their funding."

Last year, we were given notice by O.D.A.S. of an upcoming evaluation of our program. We were told that they would not review any client files without consent of the client, as is called for by the confidentiality our center promises its clients. Other programs that we know of also maintain strict confidentiality.

If Myers' charge against O.D.A.S. is true, we sincerely hope that his program's funding is reinstated. But given his erroneous statement about other clinics in New York, we cannot help but wonder about the accuracy of his other claims.

Ronald J. Gaetano
Broome County Drug
Awareness Center
Johnson City, New York

I want to congratulate you for publishing the letter from Howard Myers of the Livingston Crisis Intervention and Prevention Center. Myers' loss of funding is a far too common example of the erosion of our freedoms by the bureaucratic "need to know." The right of privileged communications between a counselor and his client is absolutely essential. How else can we expect our patients and clients to feel free to open up to us? The Government has no business invading that confidence without the express written approval of the client. For far too long, professionals have given in to unwarranted Government requests for confidential information out of fear of losing vital Federal funding. It is time we stood up and fought this insidious trend.

Carl Havener
Cottonwood, California

BUREAUCRACY VS. PARENTHOOD

My husband and I were not married at the time our son Dominick was born in September 1971. For a month after his birth, he was in a Catholic Charities foster home while I looked for a baby sitter. Although we never gave up our rights to Dominick, we received word that he would be taken away from us against our will by state officials. In the state's judgment, we were unfit parents and Dominick was placed in a state foster home by court order. We went to court and when he was finally released to us at seven months, he couldn't see, he was deaf and it was thought he either was mentally retarded or had brain damage. He was finally diagnosed as having cerebral palsy.

Although we would desperately like to care for him at home and give him the love and attention that he couldn't possibly receive in a state institution, we can't afford to do so. My husband is a disabled veteran, unable to work, and the small income I bring home is barely enough to meet our basic needs, certainly not

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enough to provide for the special care Dominick has to have. We have asked the community for help: We applied to Blue Cross for medical coverage but were turned down (Dominick is too sick). Medicaid can't help (funds have been cut), nor can the Muscular Dystrophy Association, the March of Dimes, the Easter Seals campaign or the United Ways Charities (none provide direct financial assistance).

The State Bureau of Children's Services has only one solution: to put Dominick into a state institution. We have refused to do so because we feel he would die in an institution and that we could care for him better at home. What is crazy about all this is that state officials admit that Dominick's institutionalization would cost the taxpayers more than \$8000 a year. For half that amount, *we*, his parents, could care for him and save the taxpayers \$4000. Sadly, bureaucratic red tape makes this practical and humane solution impossible. Dominick is just another welfare case to them, a nonperson to be neatly numbered and tucked away with all the others like him whom the government feels nobody wants. It's all very efficient, except that it makes no provision for our feelings—or Dominick's. We're not asking for handouts or special favors, we just don't understand why the government is unwilling to subsidize the care of a handicapped child in a loving, concerned home when it routinely will provide funds for the child's institutionalization.

Florence Porcello
Hillside, New Jersey

ABORTION RIGHTS

The public seems unaware that 82 percent of all public hospitals and about 60 percent of all private and voluntary hospitals have refused to obey the 1973 Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion. Not one of 72 public hospitals in Louisiana, not one of 22 in West Virginia, for example, performs abortions. Only three of 52 public hospitals in Illinois, only five of 76 in Minnesota perform abortions.

Poor women suffer most from this blatant disobedience to the law. They may have to travel hundreds of miles at great expense to another medical facility. The result, as shown by a Planned Parenthood survey, is that 30 to 50 percent of women who want abortions cannot obtain them.

To stop this denial of abortion rights as provided by law, a new organization called Abortion Rights Mobilization has been formed. Its first objective is to help women who have been denied the right of abortion go into court and force offending hospitals to obey the Court decision. ARM also intends to organize community support and mount public-relations drives for each case.

The Playboy Foundation has helped ARM get started, but other contributions

"Playboy Forum" Casebook

PLAYBOY TO THE RESCUE

since 1975, our legal defense team has been helping the victims of bad laws and bad law enforcement; here's a quick review

Two years ago, PLAYBOY published the story of Thomas Francis Mistrot, a 28-year-old Texas State Prison inmate serving a life sentence as a habitual criminal. Mistrot was an orphan raised in state institutions, and the three felonies that qualified him for a life sentence consisted of twice stealing coins from vending machines as a teenager and later giving a tiny amount of marijuana to two Dallas undercover cops in lieu of some money he owed them. The laws had since changed, but not Mistrot's sentence. The case inspired hundreds of letters, both to PLAYBOY and to Governor Dolph Briscoe. After more than a year of negotiations with some very hard-nosed Texas officials, Tom Mistrot was released on parole.

The Mistrot story became the first of a series of reports on cases that demonstrated the need for certain law reforms long advocated in *The Playboy Forum* and supported by the Playboy Foundation. These reports in turn became the "Playboy Forum" Casebook, which now appears as a regular feature in the magazine and is based on the research and work carried out by our own Playboy Defense Team.

The man who edits and otherwise coordinates Casebook operations is Senior Editor William J. Helmer, a former free-lance writer on crime and social problems who came to PLAYBOY in 1969 by way of Texas, New York and Washington, D.C., where he served on the staff of the National Commission on the Causes and Prevention of Violence. He earned a master's degree in history by writing his thesis (later published as a book) on, of all things, the Thompson submachine gun. Besides Casebook, Helmer edits *Forum Newsfront*, writes many of our special reports and editorials and works on crime and law articles.

Burton Joseph, Executive Director of the Playboy Foundation, is a prominent Chicago civil-liberties attorney and a board member of the Illinois Civil Liberties Union. He reviews the cases that come to our attention, talks to any lawyers already involved and determines what legal assistance can be provided through the Foundation. Burt is also PLAYBOY's representative member of the Media Coalition, a national publishers' organization that fights cen-

sorship battles both in and out of court.

J. Russell Million, our legal investigator, is both an old and a new member of the team. He was the legislative assistant to Representative Ronald Earle of Texas, director of Project STAR (Social Transition and Readjustment), through which nearly 400 Texas pot prisoners were freed, and the man who negotiated the release of Tom Mistrot. Later, he worked for the state bar association and the National Council on Crime and Delinquency. Earle is now the district attorney in Austin and Russ Million has become our official paralegal. He has a journalism degree, is fluent in both cop talk and lawyerese and uses his expert knowledge of the procedures as well as the politics of the criminal-justice system to evaluate our cases.

At the risk of speaking too soon, while some cases still are pending, we can say that our record to date is a good one:

- James Oliver, a partially disabled barber who worked part time as a cashier at an adult bookstore in Tulsa, Oklahoma, was sentenced to an incredible 15 years in prison and fined \$25,000 for selling a sex magazine to a police informant. Although an appeals court upheld his conviction, it reduced his sentence to three years and the fine to \$5000. On the plea of Tulsa attorney Don Gasaway, a judge probated the sentence and is letting Oliver pay his fine at the rate of five dollars per month.

- Dr. Robert E. Hales, a suburban Indianapolis physician, ran afoul of Indiana's 19th Century law against oral sex—quaintly called "the abominable and detestable crime against nature"—and, on a legal technicality, was sent to a mental institution as a "criminal sexual psychopath." Indiana trial attorney Tom G. Jones, supported by PLAYBOY and much newspaper publicity, obtained the doctor's release, and we're pleased to report that the Indiana legislature has since repealed the state's ludicrous sex law.

- Daniel Atkinson, an Air Force veteran who became addicted to heroin while serving in Vietnam, was arrested on drug charges in Everett, Washington, and was facing a possible life sentence in state prison. At the urging of PLAYBOY and attorney John Leque, a merciful prosecutor allowed Atkinson's



A letter from a Texas pot prisoner inspired our first "case history," which has since evolved into "Playboy Forum" Cosebook, prepared by our own Defense Team. Left to right: Senior Editor Bill Helmer handles the story; the legal work is done by investigator Russ Million and Burt Joseph, Executive Director of the Playboy Foundation.

release to Seattle's Genesis House, whose program he completed in January. Since then, he has entered training as a rehabilitation worker and has been employed by Genesis House as its staff drug counselor. The case might have figured in a pending class-action suit to compel the state to set up drug-rehabilitation programs called for by law, but the Washington legislature avoided the issue neatly; instead of voting funds for such programs, it merely repealed the law.

• Bob Canney, a University of Florida instructor and political activist, spoke at a St. Petersburg peace rally in 1970 and said, "Let's bring the goddamn war home and begin dealing seriously with the problems that confront us here." He was arrested under an obscenity ordinance enacted two days earlier, convicted of resisting arrest and was still fighting for his freedom six years later. He is now out on parole and living in Maine while his conviction is appealed in Federal courts.

• Jerry Mitchell, 19, was sentenced to 12 years in prison (later reduced to seven years) for the nonprofit sale of five dollars' worth of pot to an undercover agent in West Plains, Missouri. The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML), supported by the Playboy Foundation, has appealed his conviction to the Missouri Supreme Court in hopes of overturning the state drug law that treats marijuana and heroin sales with equal severity.

Perhaps our most dramatic case is the one now pending in Red Lodge, Montana, where, because of peculiarities in the state drug law, five persons accused merely of growing marijuana are facing trial for "sale of dangerous drugs." The penalty: one year to life, which applies even to "offering to give" someone a joint of marijuana. One of the defendants, Lake Headley, believes the case was instigated by agents of the Drug Enforcement Administration to pay him back for the embarrassment he caused that and other Federal agencies as a licensed private investigator working for various "radical" groups in California and at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. At first, we wrote off his suspicions as political paranoia, but our own investigation is turning up evidence that he may be correct. If we are able to substantiate this information further and obtain certain sworn testimony, you may be hearing about this case on network newscasts.

As for Tom Mistrot, about whom we're still receiving letters: Last year, with some assistance from PLAYBOY, he underwent an operation to help correct a speech impediment caused by childhood polio, and he recently celebrated the first anniversary of his release from prison by opening a small craft and jewelry shop. It's called the House of Chokers and it's located at 202 South Moody in Victoria, Texas. He's struggling to get by, but if you tell him you read PLAYBOY, he might give you a discount, anyway.

are badly needed. ARM would also welcome hearing from all women who have been denied abortion rights of any kind and will do its best to see that those rights are restored.

Lawrence Lader, President
Abortion Rights Mobilization
333 East 23rd Street
New York, New York 10010

MORALITY AND LAW

I agree with PLAYBOY that "embryology can't tell us whether it is right or wrong to terminate a pregnancy" (*The Playboy Forum*, February) and I agree that the rightness or wrongness of abortion is a religious question. But I hesitate to agree that such a fundamental moral issue as abortion "should not be settled by law." Are not our other laws, to some degree, based on religion or morality? For example, we have laws that deny a right to steal and we also have laws that deny a right to kill.

A letter elsewhere in the February *Forum* errs in intimating that I "don't have budgetary constraints" because I live in "wealthy" Shaker Heights. The opposite is true. I have been unemployed for six months, fired because of philosophical differences with my employer. At the time I was fired, I was public-relations chairman for the Greater Cleveland Right to Life Society. Although I have no proof that my public anti-abortion position precipitated my getting my walking papers, I'm sure it helped.

When my employment was terminated, my wife was in the first trimester of her pregnancy, when it would have been safest for abortion. But statistics indicate that whenever a pregnancy is terminated, an infant dies before it is born. So my wife thought it would be in the child's best interests to carry her to term, despite our impending economic setback.

Louis Hausheer Pumphrey
Shaker Heights, Ohio

The law can't help reflecting some sort of value system. But the values reflected ought to be those on which there is general agreement, not those of a particular sect or faction. One such universal value in the U.S. is individual liberty, which makes the imposing of a religiously inspired morality on nonbelievers even less acceptable here than it would be in a country in which everyone professed the same faith.

Aren't you glad you had your baby by choice, rather than because the law required you to?

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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CRASH (continued from page 130)

"She stepped on something a little firmer than swamp mud but not as hard as solid ground. It was a human body."

underbrush and willow strands. He would be the first rescuer on the scene.

Two minutes after flight 401 disappeared from the airport radar, a telephone rang at the U. S. Coast Guard Air Station in Opa Locka, Florida, a Miami suburb. The time was 11:43 P.M. By 11:55, a white Sikorsky HH52A Sea Guard helicopter was airborne and receiving radio directions to the crash scene.

Senior member of the Coast Guard copter crew was Lieutenant Commander Allan Pell, a 39-year-old search-and-rescue veteran. He suspected the mission was a false alarm. Pell knew the Lockheed 1011 was a new, modern airplane. The weather's clear, he thought. It's a nice night. It couldn't happen.

One of the flight attendants took a tentative step into the darkness. She stepped on something a little firmer than swamp mud but not as hard as solid ground. It was a human body. The stewardess did not try to walk farther.

Jerry Eskow did not feel pain. He was naked from the waist up and trembling. Half-submerged in water, he was in his seat, which had separated from the rest of the plane. Eskow did not know that his pelvis was broken, causing internal bleeding that bloated his abdomen; he knew only that his seat belt seemed wedged into his stomach and that he could not unfasten it.

He thought of his wife. "You schmuck," he told himself. "You've never taken more than a week off. You were too busy."

Stewardess Mercy Ruiz, dazed, focused on what seemed to be a pressing problem—somehow, she had torn a nail on the middle finger of her right hand, and it hurt. The broken nail bothered her greatly and she told Beverly Raposa about it. Beverly told Mercy that the plane had crashed, but Mercy did not believe it. "No," she said. "We're going to be home soon."

Mercy thought she felt something hot on the back of her neck. She reached under her hair and her fingers went into a hole in her skull.

"We're going to walk away from here now," Beverly told her. "We're very close to the tail and it might explode."

The two stewardesses stood in the darkness. In the starlight, Mercy saw the remains of the empennage, still containing the number two engine. It seemed horrible to her, like a ghost.

When she tried to walk, the pain hit her. Like Eskow, she had a broken pelvis.

She screamed, felt nausea and fought to hold onto consciousness. "I wanted to think. I wanted to pray."

She began to grasp the reality of the crash. "Oh, my God," she cried. "I will never fly again! Never will I go two inches off the ground!"

Beverly and a male passenger moved her. Mercy held Beverly's hand and begged the other flight attendant not to leave her. "Beverly," she cried, "you've got to pray with me!" Together, in a whisper, the two young women said the *Lord's Prayer*. "Our Father," Mercy began, and her thoughts raced ahead: God, don't let my father and mother find out until they can see me alive.

In addition to comforting Mercy Ruiz, Beverly Raposa rallied the surviving passengers around her. They were soaked with fuel, and she reminded them not to light matches. At her initiative, the little group began to sing. They sang Christmas carols as loudly as they could. They did very well until they tried to sing *Frosty the Snowman*, and then no one could remember the words.

When Mercy complained that she was cold, Beverly brought an infant and laid him on top of the injured stewardess. "I want you to take care of him," she said. Mercy felt the warmth of the child's body and patted him. She thought she was holding a large child, six or seven years old. In fact, the baby—whose parents had died in the crash—was 11 months old.

Jerry Solomon, a young department-store buyer, stepped out of the wreckage assuming that if he was all right, most of the other passengers were also. Solomon did not feel as though he had been in a plane crash. "I didn't have a rip in my clothes. My watch was on my arm and running. I could have just gotten into a taxi and ridden away."

Nearby, a flight attendant was in agony. She said she needed to urinate but was afraid to walk into the darkness. Solomon and the other survivors assured her that it would not be inappropriate for her to relieve herself in front of them. Still, the young woman hesitated. From somewhere in the darkness came the sounds of Beverly Raposa and her little group singing Christmas carols. Solomon and the survivors around him began to sing, too. Solomon was aware of urine running down the stewardess' leg. He continued to sing.

Ronald Infantino came to on his back in saw grass six feet high. "I knew my arm was cut bad. I reached over and my

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fingers went inside my arm. My left knee was smashed; I hoped it was still there. I was cold, the coldest I've ever been." Like many other victims, Infantino had been stripped nude by the force of the crash. Of all his clothing, only the elastic tops of his socks remained. "I lay out there in the water and said, 'God, why me?'" Other people around him were screaming, and Infantino screamed with them, until his energy was exhausted. He thought of his bride, Lilly, to whom he had been married for only 20 days. She had been sitting beside him when they crashed. She is alive, he told himself. She is alive, too. In fact, Lilly Infantino, thrown unconscious into the shallow swamp water, had drowned.

It took Robert Marquis 15 minutes to reach the scene by air boat. "There were dead people everywhere. And half-naked people, some completely naked. I felt so helpless.

"The first one I came to was a man, looked like he was about to drown. Looked like both his legs were broken. Couldn't move. He said, 'Help me, I can't hold my head up much longer.' So I pulled him up and rested his head up out of the water. And then I started making the rounds, trying to help the ones that possibly were drowning."

After some minutes, Marquis noticed a helicopter in the sky. It was obviously searching for the crash, but it was sweeping the wrong area. He got a light from his air boat, turned it on and began swinging it around and around.

Commander Pell had flown over the Everglades enough to know that the dim light probably was only an air boat, giggling frogs. Nevertheless, the copter made a pass over the area where the light was moving. Behind Pell, a crewman focused the copter's Night Sun searchlight. Suddenly, the Coast Guard rescue team beheld devastation. The copter spiraled down for a closer look. The only distinguishable piece of airplane was one section of tail. Pell saw bodies. He saw a few hands waving, very slowly. How the hell did anybody live through this? he thought. "There were all kinds of nude people down there. I didn't understand this. It was the worst search-and-rescue case I have ever been on, the worst disaster." The copter made one full sweep of the wreckage area and climbed back to 300 feet to establish radio communication. Pell called the air station. "We've got one hell of a mess out here," he reported.

Surrounded by chaos, Anita Kent looked for her husband. They had been sitting together when the plane crashed; now he had disappeared. "The first thing I thought was: Where is Frank? I must find him."

Running through saw grass, she plunged waist-deep into water. The airplane had gouged ruts in the mud; when she encountered these, there was nothing to do but flounder through and climb out the other side. She kept on until she found Franklin Kent, trapped in a nightmarish tangle of wires and cables that pinned both his wrists and half-observed his face.

Kent had no recollection of the crash; his first memory was one of being caught in shredded metal. He thought: Damn it, I want to get out. But when he struggled, he had the sensation that the wires were severing his wrist. In fact, a tendon was cut through. He lapsed in and out of consciousness. He knew he was badly hurt. He thought: I may not get out of here.

Anita Kent determined that her husband had a large gash in the front of his skull. Wires were cutting into his face. She tried to rip them away with her hands, and when that failed, she tore at them with her teeth. She was able to loosen some of the metal cables and some she gnawed apart.

In the blind belly of the electronics bay, Angelo Donadeo took inventory of his plight and that of Donald Repo, the flight engineer. "I was lying on him, and he was lying on me. Our legs were sort of intertwined." It was apparent to Donadeo that the other man was in great pain.

"I've got two busted arms," Repo said. "My legs are busted. We're going to drown."

Donadeo tried to move his weight to ease Repo's suffering. "I tried to pull myself up the ladder. But I couldn't stand the pain in my back. I had to relax and fall back down into the hole. We were both screaming our guts out."

Above the hellhole, Adrienne Hamilton lay against the toilet of the right forward lavatory. Fearing fire, she had unfastened her seat belt and fallen across the slippery deck, which was tilted at a steep angle. Her white telephone and black cabin microphone dangled toward her on their twist cords.

She knew that another flight attendant, Sue Tebbs, was lying helpless a few feet away. There was nothing she could do to help her. "Once I moved, it was like somebody was sticking a hot knife in my back. I had never felt anything like that in my life."

By now, ambulances were shrieking their way west from Miami. No road came within eight miles of the crash site, but it would be determined eventually that rescue vehicles could proceed single file along the top of a flood-control levee to within 100 yards of the scene.

The levee also became the first helicopter landing pad. Pell tried various spots closer to the wreckage, abandoning each when his copter rotor stirred up

storms of flying jagged metal. Finally, he landed on the levee without difficulty and was met there by Marquis. The frog hunter and the Coast Guard officer conferred; they agreed that Pell would try to land closer to the crash and that Marquis would ferry victims to the copter in his air boat. After two more unsuccessful attempts, Pell managed to land within 20 yards of the wreckage and took on four survivors. They were among 176 crash victims who eventually would be transported from the scene, dead or alive.

A second helicopter had left the Coast Guard Air Station at 12:10 A.M., piloted by Lieutenant Commander Bobby Kingery. Among those aboard was an enlisted man, Petty Officer Second Class Don Schneck. A mechanic, Schneck had volunteered for the mission. The officers in charge had seemed reluctant to take him, but he jumped aboard, anyway. "I presumed," he would say later, "that permission had been granted." No one had any way of knowing that Schneck was about to experience an adventure that would be unduplicated by any of the other rescue workers.

The copter dropped Schneck on the levee and started back to the air station for more medical aid; a medical corpsman had been lowered by hoist into the crash site, but Schneck could not see him, and for all practical purposes the mechanic was alone. His only equipment was a yellow landing wand, which someone had handed him when he yelled for a flashlight as he left the air station, and a two-way radio that had been thrust into his hands as he leaped from the copter. Schneck tried the radio and found it useless. His voice, however, attracted the attention of a survivor.

"I calmed him down, and I gave him the radio because I knew it was no good. I gave him the radio and told him to keep calling. It gave him something to do.

"I kept walking. I heard a female voice calling, and it seemed to me like she was up in the air. It was kind of strange. Eventually, I located a woman up on a part of the fuselage. She seemed to be fine, but she was standing there shaking and scared, and I told her to sit down because she was high and dry and in a great place.

"I turned to my left and encountered my first body, which kind of shook me up a little bit. It was a man laying face down in the water." Schneck made a fundamental decision. "I felt that it was my responsibility to pull the living people out. I felt no responsibility toward the people that had died." He left the body in the water and moved on to the nose section of the plane.

Schneck found Sue Tebbs first. The stewardess had suffered a greenstick fracture of her lower left leg. "It wasn't bleeding, and I decided to move her off



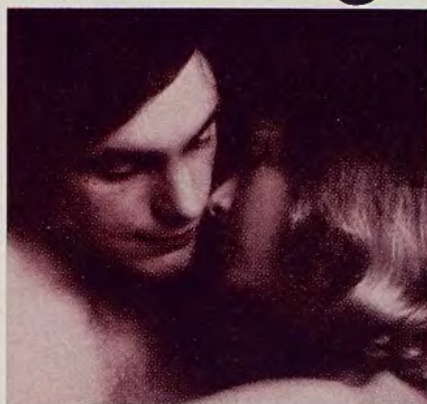
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the aircraft. There was a piece of debris that seemed high and dry, so I put her on that.

"Then I approached Adrienne Hamilton. I asked her if she hurt anywhere, and she said her back hurt. Right away, I decided against moving her."

Schneck was tugging loose debris from around the injured flight attendant when he uncovered the body of Albert Stockstill, the copilot. Stockstill lay face down in the shambles of what had been the flight deck. "He was up against the right side of the bulkhead. I could see approximately from the top of his shoulders up." In the yellow light of his landing wand, Schneck examined the copilot's eyes. "They were dilated. I assumed he was dead." The mechanic felt Stockstill's neck for pulse and found none. Adrienne Hamilton has always been convinced that both Stockstill and Captain Loft survived the impact long enough to carry on a conversation. She heard voices and assumed it was Stockstill who commented that his arm was severed.

Schneck straightened and shone his light around the wrecked cockpit. That was when he spotted Bob Loft, the pilot. "He was laying on his back. I believe he was just coming to, because he had just started to move around. I talked to him, and it seemed like he was in shock. I told him to lay still. I said, 'We'll be getting you out pretty quick,' and I said, 'You made it this far.'"

Loft seemed to listen. Lying in the ruins of his flight deck, the captain looked up at the young man with the yellow landing wand and told him, "I'm going to die."

Schneck assured Loft that he was not dying. He told him he would be rescued soon. But now Schneck no longer could ignore the shouts of Donadeo and Repo in the hellhole. They were yelling, "We don't want to drown!" The mechanic left Loft and climbed down into the dark hole.

"The first man I saw was in great pain. I checked him, loosened his clothing and prayed that the corpsman would come to help me. The other man seemed angered, which is a good sign. I reassured him that he was not going to drown; the water was only a foot or so deep."

Both helicopters had left the crash scene. The medical corpsman was somewhere outside in the darkness, but in the nose of the shattered airplane Schneck was alone with five badly injured people, whose lives seemed awesomely to rest upon his efforts. He went furiously to work, doing what he could: "I pulled the ladder out, because it seemed to be resting on one of the men. Then I crawled out of the hole and kicked the hatch out."

Once more, Loft attracted Schneck's attention. "He started moving around again. He rolled over a chair and made an ungodly noise. I knew that if he

continued this, he would cause himself further injuries. I put my hands on both of his arms and held him down."

By this time, Sue Tebb's broken leg was bleeding. Schneck applied a tourniquet. As he worked, he was acutely aware of screams from the hellhole; one of the men down there, he knew, was in excruciating pain. Finally, Schneck spotted the medical corpsman's light moving in the wreckage. The mechanic shouted until the corpsman joined him in the cockpit. Schneck briefed the medic and then remained with Adrienne Hamilton while the corpsman examined Loft and the men in the hellhole. He returned and told Schneck that the pilot was in shock. He said he had given morphine to the man who was screaming below.

Adrienne Hamilton blocked the only exit from the flight deck, but the two Coast Guardsmen hesitated to move her because of her back injury. Schneck continued to make pragmatic decisions. "I put my hand underneath her shoulder blades and started moving it slowly down. I told her to tell me when it really hurt and I would stop. But I went all the way down to the small of her back, and she said, 'It hurts, but it is not extreme.' So I picked her up like a baby and put her next to Sue."

While Schneck and the corpsman were moving the stewardess, they heard a noise behind them. Schneck turned his light

toward the sound. Loft was sitting in the flight engineer's seat. Then he fell from the seat onto the floor, landed on his back and struggled until his right foot protruded through a windshield frame.

Now Schneck saw lights coming from the east. Soon there was a roar of rotors, and several helicopters landed directly into the crash site. Rescuers appeared with backboards, and Schneck helped them move Sue Tebb and Adrienne Hamilton. The mechanic returned to find a man examining the remaining cockpit victims. Schneck challenged the stranger. "I didn't want him fooling around with these people if he wasn't qualified."

The man told Schneck he was a doctor. "And I said, 'Very good, because these people really need help.' I told him there were two people in the hole, and he went down there. I walked up to the cockpit again, to the pilot. The doctor yelled from below. He said, 'Don't worry about that man. He's gone.'"

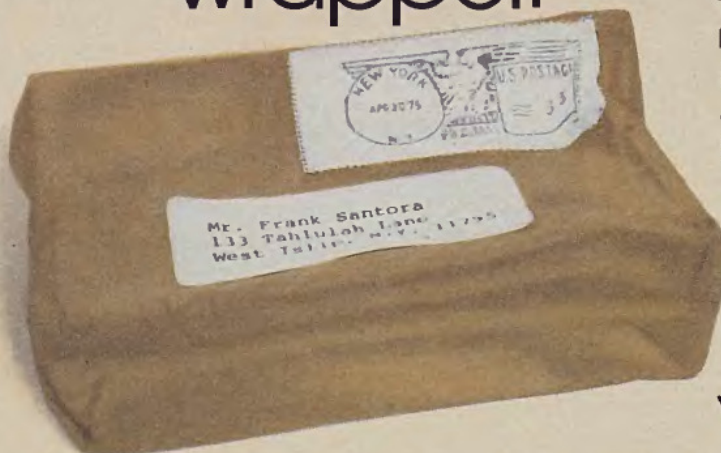
Schneck was incredulous. Struggling against death in the darkness, the young Coast Guardsman had identified with the airline captain; he wanted urgently for Loft to live. He refused to believe that Loft was not alive until he had examined the pilot himself.

It was the job of Ray Egger, homicide sergeant, Dade County Public Safety

Department, to secure the crash scene. This meant protecting the dead, their possessions and all physical objects related to their dying. It was more than a legal formality. The Dade County Medical Examiner, Dr. Joseph H. Davis, was a forensic scientist of the highest order, a physician-detective dedicated to the proposition that dead men do tell tales if one knows how to interpret them. But for this to be possible, strict rules had to be observed. No corpse could be moved until it had been numbered and until a yellow flag with matching number had been planted in the ground to mark where the body was found. Egger understood the common sense behind Davis' rule. "If you start moving things, then you don't know what happened."

In the midst of the rescue effort, Egger found himself explaining the rule to Frank Borman, the former astronaut who was then vice-president, and who would become president, of Eastern Air Lines. "Mr. Borman made the comment that rather than us waiting around, he wanted the bodies moved right then," Egger recalls. Egger was sympathetic. "I would think his concern would be the publicity and the relatives and everything," he says of Borman. But the police sergeant was in no position to comply. "I explained that we couldn't—that no one could move any bodies, his company or

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anyone else—until Dr. Davis arrived on the scene. I explained that we would do the scene work and then we would move the bodies; that the details were being set up on how it was to be handled, and he would just have to wait." Borman waited.

Even as survivors were being pulled out of the swamp, and as Egger was insisting that the dead could not yet be moved, dozens of journalists began covering the story of flight 401. Many attempted to reach the scene that night; one of the very few who succeeded was Fred Francis, a 27-year-old general-assignment reporter for Miami's television channel 4, WTVJ.

Francis was asleep at home when a news editor called at 12:15 A.M. to tell him of the crash. He dressed quickly, looked into a mirror and saw a stubble of beard and decided not to take his electric razor and shave in the car. "The ego of the TV reporter took over," he says. "I thought: If I get on camera tonight, that will look good. It'll look like I've been working all night."

Learning that police had blocked the highway into the Everglades, Francis telephoned a private helicopter pilot who had once told him, "If you ever need to get somewhere, call me." The pilot was out drinking, but with the help of the man's wife, Francis eventually located him by telephone in a bar. A slur in his voice gave Francis pause, and the reporter made himself ask, "Are you half in the bag?"

"Well, I've had a few drinks," the pilot said. "But, hell, this is a story, isn't it?" Francis did not argue.

The pilot agreed to pick up Francis and a cameraman, Randy Fairbairn, on

Watson Island in Biscayne Bay. The copter arrived with one working headlight, faded paint and no radio. Francis looked at Fairbairn and grinned; no one could order them to turn back.

Over the Everglades, however, the copter began dropping. Francis could smell whiskey on the pilot's breath. He yelled a question: "Why are we going down?"

"Every now, and then I get vertigo," the pilot yelled back.

Fairbairn turned on his camera light. It reflected on the water below and gave the pilot a reference point. The copter stopped losing altitude. Within minutes, the lights of the crash scene came into view, and Francis directed the pilot to land on the levee, 50 yards north of a group of highway-patrol cars. "Now, leave!" Francis yelled as he and the cameraman scrambled out of the copter.

The pilot was puzzled. "How're you going to get your film out?"

"Let me worry about that," Francis told him. "You leave."

"Why?"

"Number one, if you're here, they can make me leave. And number two, they're gonna get the number of your helicopter."

For the first time, the pilot seemed to realize the risk he had taken. Highway patrolmen were jogging toward them along the levee. Francis turned to face them. Between him and the patrolmen, two forms lay across the levee. One was the body of a man, the other of a young, attractive woman. Francis noticed that the woman had not worn a bra.

He was now face to face with the two state troopers. He pointed to the bodies. "Why are they here?" he demanded. He knew the rules; none of the dead should have been moved.

"Well, that was a mistake," one of the patrolmen said. For an instant, Francis had the officers off balance. The bodies had been moved by wildlife officers from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Sergeant Egger of Homicide had been quick to stop the game wardens, but no one knew exactly where the bodies had come from, and there had been no choice but to leave them on the levee. That, however, was not Francis' affair. "Forget that," one of the troopers told the reporter. "You've got to get out of here."

"How?"

The troopers looked north. The helicopter was lifting into the darkness, already too high for anyone to read the registration number.

From the levee, Fairbairn began filming the removal of survivors. Francis stood behind the cameraman, holding a light and battery pack. "I'm debating whether to try to ask the people anything. I told myself: 'You've got to. You're supposed to. You've gotta ask *something*.' But for a little while, I couldn't bring myself to do it. I was just in awe."

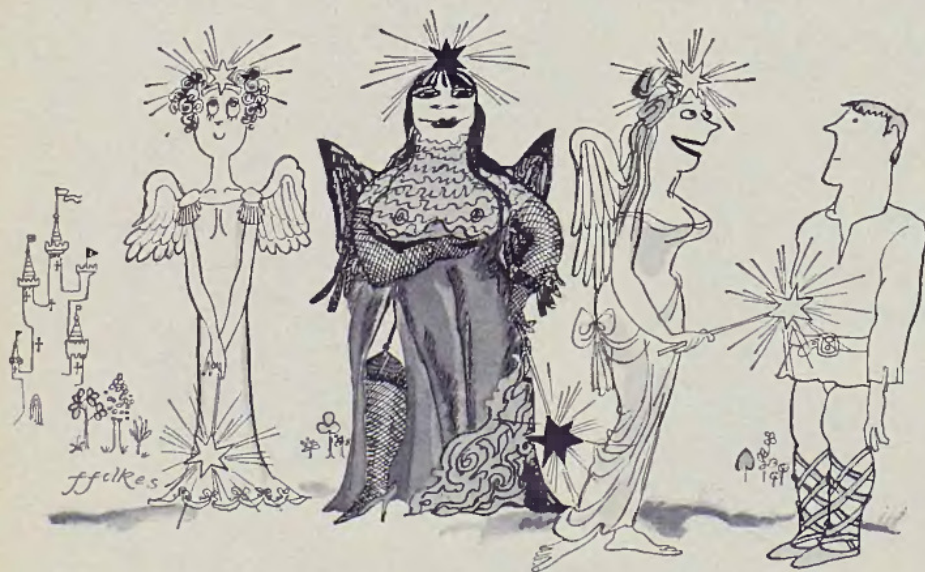
Rescue workers unbuckled Jerry Eskow's seat belt and lifted him onto a stretcher. Within minutes, he was on the levee, being loaded into an ambulance. Jerry Solomon and the Connells were brought out by a helicopter that landed at Hialeah Race Track; a station wagon took them from there to Hialeah Hospital. Ron Infantino went all the way by ambulance, as did Franklin and Anita Kent.

Someone took the baby from Mercy Ruiz. Another man bent over the injured stewardess. He was a fireman in a hard hat, and Mercy thought him very handsome.

But when he and other rescuers attempted to load her aboard a helicopter, she refused. "I don't want to go!" she screamed. "Don't put me in that thing!" She became so agitated that the men placed her aboard an air boat instead and took her to the levee, where she was transferred to an ambulance with several other victims. Mercy glanced at a man beside her. "He was muddy and had kerosene on him. I thought his face was burned. He looked awful; I have never seen anybody like that. I didn't know I was worse than he was."

In the warmth of the ambulance, she became less frantic. The ambulance attendant held a cigarette to her lips as she inhaled. Finally, from the window, she saw familiar lights. The ambulance was on the Palmetto Expressway, en route to Palm Springs Hospital, near her apartment in Hialeah.

"I was so happy. It was like coming back from a long trip and seeing something familiar. It was the first indication I was home."



"I'm the one who's basically good but open to suggestions."

THE OTHER

(continued from page 104)

"Our situation was unique and, frankly, we were unprepared for it."

of poems that would be called *Red Hymns*. He said he had also considered calling it *Red Rhythms*.

"And why not?" I said. "You can cite good antecedents. Rubén Dario's blue verse and Verlaine's gray song."

Ignoring this, he explained that his book would celebrate the brotherhood of man. The poet of our time could not turn his back on his own age, he went on to say. I thought for a while and asked if he truly felt himself a brother to everyone—to all funeral directors, for example, to all postmen, to all deep-sea divers, to all those who lived on the even-numbered side of the street, to all those who were aphonic, etc. He answered that his book referred to the great mass of the oppressed and alienated.

"Your mass of oppressed and alienated is no more than an abstraction," I said. "Only individuals exist—if it can be said that anyone exists. 'The man of yesterday is not the man of today,' some Greek remarked. We two, seated on this bench in Geneva or Cambridge, are perhaps proof of this."

Except in the strict pages of history, memorable events stand in no need of memorable phrases. At the point of death, a man tries to recall an engraving glimpsed in childhood; about to enter battle, soldiers speak of the mud or of their sergeant. Our situation was unique and, frankly, we were unprepared for it. As fate would have it, we talked about literature; I fear I said no more than the things I usually say to journalists. My alter ego believed in the invention or discovery of new metaphors; I, in those metaphors that correspond to intimate and obvious affinities and that our imagination has already accepted. Old age and sunset, dreams and life, the flow of time and water. I put forward this opinion, which years later he would put forward in a book. He barely listened to me. Suddenly, he said, "If you have been me, how do you explain the fact that you have forgotten your meeting with an elderly gentleman who in 1918 told you that he, too, was Borges?"

I had not considered this difficulty. "Maybe the event was so strange I chose to forget it," I answered without much conviction.

Venturing a question, he said shyly, "What's your memory like?"

I realized that to a boy not yet 20, a

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man of over 70 was almost in the grave. "It often approaches forgetfulness," I said, "but it still finds what it's asked to find. I study Old English, and I am not at the bottom of the class."

Our conversation had already lasted too long to be that of a dream. A sudden idea came to me. "I can prove at once that you are not dreaming me," I said. "Listen carefully to this line, which, as far as I know, you've never read."

Slowly I intoned the famous verse, "*L'hydre-univers tordant son corps écaillé d'astres.*" I felt his almost fearful awe. He repeated the line, low-voiced, savoring each resplendent word.

"It's true," he faltered. "I'll never be able to write a line like that."

Victor Hugo had brought us together.

Before this, I now recall, he had fervently recited that short piece of Whitman's in which the poet remembers a

night shared beside the sea when he was really happy.

"If Whitman celebrated that night," I remarked, "it's because he desired it and it did not happen. The poem gains if we look on it as the expression of a longing, not the account of an actual happening."

He stared at me openmouthed. "You don't know him!" he exclaimed. "Whitman is incapable of telling a lie."

Half a century does not pass in vain. Beneath our conversation about people and random reading and our different tastes, I realized that we were unable to understand each other. We were too similar and too unlike. We were unable to take each other in, which makes conversation difficult. Each of us was a caricature copy of the other. The situation was too abnormal to last much longer. Either to offer advice or to argue was pointless, since, unavoidably, it was his

fate to become the person I am.

All at once, I remembered one of Coleridge's fantasies. Somebody dreams that on a journey through paradise, he is given a flower. On waking, he finds the flower. A similar trick occurred to me. "Listen," I said. "Have you any money?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have about twenty francs. I've invited Simon Jichlinski to dinner at the Crocodile tonight."

"Tell Simon that he will practice medicine in Carouge and that he will do much good. Now, give me one of your coins."

He drew out three large silver pieces and some small change. Without understanding, he offered me a five-franc coin. I handed him one of those not very sensible American bills that, regardless of their value, are all the same size. He examined it avidly.

"It can't be," he said, his voice raised. "It bears the date 1964. All this is a miracle," he managed to say, "and the miraculous is terrifying. Witnesses to the resurrection of Lazarus must have been horrified."

We have not changed in the least, I thought to myself. Ever the bookish reference. He tore up the bill and put his coins away. I decided to throw mine into the river. The arc of the big silver disk losing itself in the silver river would have conferred on my story a vivid image, but luck would not have it so. I told him that the supernatural, if it occurs twice, ceases to be terrifying. I suggested that we plan to see each other the next day, on that same bench, which existed in two times and in two places. He agreed at once and, without looking at his watch, said that he was late. Both of us were lying and we each knew it of the other. I told him that someone was coming for me.

"Coming for you?" he said.

"Yes. When you get to my age, you will have lost your eyesight almost completely. You'll still make out the color yellow and lights and shadows. Don't worry. Gradual blindness is not a tragedy. It's like a slow summer dusk."

We said goodbye without having once touched each other. The next day, I did not show up. Neither would he.

I have brooded a great deal over that meeting, which until now I have related to no one. I believe I have discovered the key. The meeting was real, but the other man was dreaming when he conversed with me, and this explains how he was able to forget me; I conversed with him while awake, and the memory of it still disturbs me.

The other man dreamed me, but he did not dream me exactly. He dreamed, I now realize, the date on the dollar bill.

—Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni



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ORAL HISTORY (continued from page 113)

"Unfamiliar faces have become unusual. If the firelight caught such a face, it backed into total darkness."

given him a car, he would have had no use for it. There is no road; the army-patrol Land Rovers come upon the people's cattle, startled as buck, in the mopane scrub. The village has been there a long time. The chief's grandfather was the clan's grandfathers' chief, and his name was the same as that of the chief who waved his warriors to down assagais and took the first Bible from a Scottish Mission Board white man. "Seek and ye shall find," the missionaries said.

The villagers in those parts don't look up anymore when the sting-shaped army planes fly over twice a day. Only eagles are disturbed, take off, screaming, keen swerving heads lifting into their invaded domain of sky. The men who have been away to work in the mines can read, but there are no newspapers. People hear over the radio the government's count of how many army trucks have been blown up, how many black men out there in the bush have been captured or killed and how many white soldiers are going to be buried with full military honors—something that is apparently white people's way with their dead.

The chief had a radio and he could

read. He read to the headmen the letter from the government saying that anyone hiding or giving food and water to those who were fighting against the government's army would be put in prison. He read another letter from the government saying that to protect the village from these men who went over the border and came back with guns to kill people and burn huts, anybody who walked in the bush after dark would be shot. Some of the young men who, going courting or drinking to the next village, might have been in danger were no longer at home in their fathers' care, anyway. The young go away; once it was to the mines; now—the radio said—it was over the border to learn how to fight. Sons walked out of the clearing of mud huts, past the chief's house, past the children playing with the models of police-patrol Land Rovers and army planes they made out of twisted wire. The children called out, "Where are you going?" The young men didn't answer and they hadn't come back.

There was a church of mopane and mud, with a mopane flagpole to fly a white flag when somebody died; the funeral service was more or less the same Protes-

tant one the missionaries had brought from Scotland and it was combined with older rituals to entrust the newly dead to the ancestors. Ululating women with whitened faces sent them on their way to the missionaries' Last Judgment. The children were baptized with names chosen by portent in consultation between the mother and an old man who read immutable fate in the fall of small bones cast like dice from a horn cup. On all occasions and most Saturday nights, there was a beer-drink, which the chief attended. An upright chair from his house was brought out for him, though everyone else squatted comfortably on the sand, and he was offered the first taste from an old decorated gourd dipper (other people drank from baked-bean or pilchard tins)—it is the way of people of the village. It is also the way of the tribe to which the clan belongs and the subcontinent to which the tribe belongs, from Matadi in the west to Mombasa in the east, from Entebbe in the north to Empangeni in the south, that everyone is welcome at a beer-drink. No traveler or passer-by, poling down the river in his pirogue, leaving the snake-skein trail of his bicycle wheels through the sand, betraying his approach—if the dogs are sleeping by the cooking fires and the children have left their homemade highways—only by the brittle fragmentation of the dead leaves as he comes unseen through miles of mopane, is a presence to be questioned. Everyone for a long way around on both sides of the border near Dilolo has a black skin, speaks the same language and shares the custom of hospitality. Before the government started to shoot people at night to stop more young men from leaving when no one was awake to ask "Where are you going?" people thought nothing of walking ten miles from one village to another for a beer-drink.

But unfamiliar faces have become unusual. If in Dilolo the firelight caught such a face, it backed into total darkness. No one remarked the face. Not even the smallest child who never took its eyes off it, crouching down among the knees of men with soft open little-boy's lips held in wonderingly over teeth, as if an invisible grown-up hand were clamped there. The young girls giggled and flirted from the background, as usual. The older men didn't ask for news of relatives or friends outside the village. The chief seemed not to see one face or faces in distinction from any other. His eyes came to rest instead on some of the older men. He gazed and they felt it.

Coming out of the back door of his brick house with its polished concrete steps, early in the morning, he hailed one of them. The man was passing with his hobbling cows and steadily bleating goats; stopped, with the turn of one who will continue on his way in a moment almost without breaking step. But the summons was for him. The chief wore a



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frayed collarless shirt and old trousers, like the man, but he was never barefoot. In the hand with a big steel watch on the wrist, he carried his thick-framed spectacles by one arm and drew down his nose between the fingers of the other hand; he had the authoritative body of a man who still has his sexual powers, but his eyes flickered against the light of the sun and secreted flecks of matter like cold cream at the corners. After the greetings usual between a chief and one of his headmen together with whom, from the retreat in the mopane forest where they lay together in the same age group recovering from circumcision, he had long ago emerged a man, the chief said, "When is your son coming back?"

"I have no news."

"Did he sign for the mines?"

"No."

"He's gone to the tobacco farms?"

"He didn't tell us."

"Gone away to find work and doesn't tell his mother? What sort of child is that? Didn't you teach him?"

The goats were tonguing three hunch-back bushes that were all that was left of a hedge round the chief's house. The man took out a round tin dented with child's tooth marks and, taking care not to spill any snuff, dosed himself. He gestured at the beasts, for permission: "They're eating up your house. . . ." He made a move toward the necessity to drive them on.

"There is nothing left there to eat." The chief ignored his hedge, planted by his oldest wife, who had been to school at the mission up the river. He stood among the goats as if he would ask more questions. Then he turned and went back to his yard, dismissing himself. The other man watched. It seemed he might call after but, instead, drove his animals with the familiar cries, this time unnecessarily loud and frequent.

Often an army-patrol Land Rover came to the village. No one could predict when this would be, because it was not possible to count the days in between and be sure that so many would elapse before it returned, as could be done in the case of a tax collector or a cattle-dipping officer. But it could be heard minutes away, a crashing through the mopane like a frightened animal, and dust hung marking the direction from which it was coming. The children ran to tell. The women went from hut to hut. One of the chief's wives would enjoy the importance of bearing the news: "The government is coming to see you."

He would be out of his house when the Land Rover stopped and a black soldier (murmuring toward the chief the required respectful greeting in their own language) jumped out and opened the door for the white soldier. The white soldier had learned the names of all the local chiefs. He gave greetings with white



"Now, then, Mr. Wheeler, just exactly where is it you feel you've been fucked?"

men's brusqueness: "Everything all right?"

And the chief repeated to him: "Everything is all right."

"No one been bothering you in this village?"

"No one is troubling us."

But the white soldier signaled to his black men and they went through every hut, busy as wives when they are cleaning, turning over bedding, thrusting gun butts into the pile of ash and rubbish where the chickens searched, even looking in, their eyes dazzled by darkness, to the hut where one of the old women who had gone crazy had to be kept most of the time. The white soldier stood beside the Land Rover waiting for them. He told the chief of things that were happening not far from the village, not far at all. The road that passed five kilometers away had been blown up. "Someone plants land mines in the road and as soon as we repair it, they put them there again. Those people come from across the river and they pass this way. They wreck our vehicles and kill people."

The heads gathered round weaved as if at the sight of bodies laid there horrifyingly before them.

"They will kill you, too—burn your huts, all of you—if you let them stay

with you."

A woman turned her face away: "Aie-aie-aie-aie-aie."

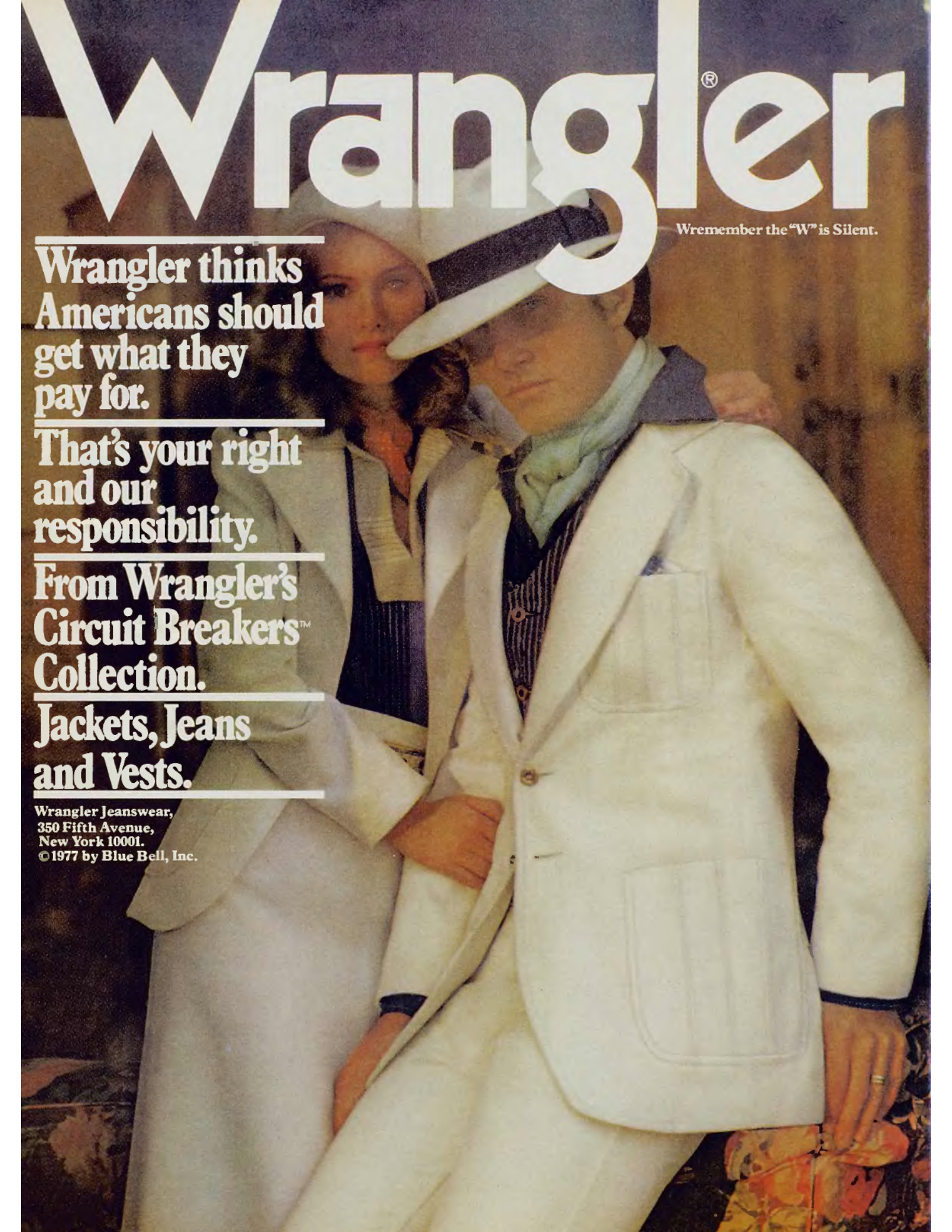
The chief's latest wife, taken only the year before and of the age group of his eldest grandchildren, had not come out to listen to the white man. But she heard from others what he had said and, fiercely smoothing her legs with grease, demanded of the chief, "Why does he want us to die, that white man?"

Her husband, who had just been a passionately shuddering lover, became at once one of the important old with whom she did not count and could not argue. "You talk about things you don't know. Don't speak for the sake of making a noise."

To punish him, she picked up the strong, young girl's baby she had borne him and went out of the room where she slept with him on the big bed that had come down the river by barge, before the army's machine guns were pointed at the other bank.

He appeared at his mother's hut. There, the middle-aged man on whom the villagers depended, to whom the government looked when it wanted taxes paid and culling orders carried out, became a son—the ageless category, no matter from which age group to another

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A man and a woman are featured in the background, both wearing white suits. The woman is on the left, wearing a wide-brimmed white hat and a dark vest over a light-colored top. The man is on the right, wearing a white blazer over a striped shirt and a light-colored scarf. They are standing close together, with the man's arm around the woman's shoulder. The background is a warm, textured brown.

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he passed in the progression of her life and his. The old woman was at her toilet. The great weight of her body settled around her where she sat on a reed mat outside the door. He pushed a stool under himself. Set out was a small mirror with a pink-plastic frame and stand, in which he caught sight of his face, screwed up. A large black comb, a little carved box inlaid with red lucky beans she had always had; he used to beg to be allowed to play with it 50 years ago. He waited, not so much out of respect as in the bond of indifference to all outside their mutual contact that reasserts itself when animals and their kin lie against one another.

She cocked a glance, swinging the empty loops of her stretched ear lobes. He did not say what he had come for.

She had chosen a tiny bone spoon from the box and was poking with trembling care up each round hole of distended nostril. She cleaned the crust of dried snot and dust from her delicate instrument and flicked the dirt in the direction away from him.

She said, "Do you know where your sons are?"

"Yes, I know where my sons are. You have seen three of them here today. Two are in school at the mission. The baby—he's with the mother." A slight smile, to which the old woman did not respond. Her preferences had no connection with sexual pride.

"Good. You can be glad of all that. But don't ask other people about theirs."

As often when people who share the same blood share the same thought, for a moment mother and son looked exactly alike, he old-womanish, she mannish.

"If the ones we know are missing, there are not always empty places," he said.

She stirred considerably in her bulk. Leaned back to regard him: "It used to be that all children were our own children. All sons our sons. Old-fashioned, these people here"—the hard English word rolled out of their language like a pebble and came to rest where aimed, at his feet.

It was spring; the mopane leaves turned, drying up and dying, spattering the sand with blood and rust—a battlefield it must have looked from the patrol planes. There was no rain to come for two months yet, in August. Nothing grew, but the flies hatched. The heat rose daily and the nights held it, without a stir, till morning. On these nights, the radio voice carried so clearly it could be heard from the chief's house all through the village. Many were being captured in the bush and killed by the army—*seek and destroy* was what the white men said now—and many in the army were being set upon in the bush or blown up in their trucks and buried with full military honors. This was expected to continue until October, because the men

in the bush knew that it was their last chance before the rains came and their tracks would be impossible to cover.

On these hot nights when people cannot sleep anyway, beer-drinks last until very late. People drink more; the women know this and brew more. There is a fire, but no one sits close round it. Without a moon, the dark is thick with heat; when the moon is full, the dark shimmers thinly in a hot mirage off the river. Black faces are blue, there are watermarks along noses and biceps. The chief sat on his chair and wore shoes and socks, in spite of the heat; those drinking nearest him could smell the suffering

of his feet. The planes of jaw and lips he noticed in moonlight molten over them, moonlight pouring moths broken from white cases on the mopane, mosquitoes rising from the river, pouring glory like the light in the religious pictures people got at the mission—he had seen those faces about lately in the audacity of day, as well. An ox had been killed and there was the scent of meat sizzling in the village—just look at the behavior of the dogs, they knew—though there was no marriage or other festival that called for someone to slaughter one of his beasts. When the chief allowed himself, at last, to meet the eyes of a stranger,

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the whites that had been showing at an oblique angle disappeared and he took rather than saw the full gaze of the seeing eye: the pupils with their defiance, their claim, their belief, their hold on him. He let it happen only once. For the rest, he saw their arrogant jaws lifted to each other and warrior smiles to the girls, as they drank. The children were drawn to them, fighting one another silently for places close up. Toward midnight—his watch had its own glowing galaxy—he left his chair and did not come back from the shadows where men went to urinate. Often at beer-drinks the chief would go home while others were still drinking.

He went to his brick house whose roof shone almost bright as day. He did not go to the room where his new wife and sixth son would be sleeping in the big bed but simply took from the kitchen, where it was kept when not in use, a bicycle belonging to one of his hangers-on, relative or retainer. He wheeled it away from the huts in the clearing, his village and his father's and his grandfather's village that disappeared so quickly behind him in the mopane, and began to ride through the sand. He was not afraid he would meet a patrol and be shot; alone at night in the sand forest, the forested desert he had known before and would know beyond his span of life, he didn't believe in the power of a roving band of government men to end that life. The going was heavy, but he had mastered when young the art of riding in this, the only terrain he knew, and the ability came back. In an hour, he arrived at the army post, called out who he was to the sentry with a machine gun and had to wait, like a beggar rather than a chief, to be allowed to approach and be searched. There were black soldiers on duty, but they woke the white man. It was the one who knew his name, his clan, his village, the way these modern white men were taught. He seemed to know at once why the chief had come; frowning in concentration to grasp details, he opened his mouth in a smile and the point of his tongue curled, touching at back teeth, the way a man will verify facts one by one on his fingers. "How many?"

"Six or ten or—but sometimes it's only, say, three or one . . . I don't know. One is here, he's gone; they come again."

"They take food, they sleep, and off. Yes. They make the people give them what they want, that's it, ay? And you know who it is who hides them—who shows them where to sleep—of course you know."

The chief sat on one of the chairs in that place, the army's place, and the white soldier was standing. "Who is it?"—the chief was having difficulty in saying what he wanted, in English; he had the feeling it was not coming out as he had meant nor being understood as he had expected. "I can't know who is it"—a

hand moved restlessly, he held a breath and released it—"in the village there's many, plenty people. If it's this one or this one—" He stopped, shaking his head with a reminder to the white man of his seniority, authority, which the white soldier was quick to placate.

"Of course. Never mind. They frighten the people; the people can't say no. They kill people who say no, ay; cut their ears off, you know that? Tear away the lips. Don't you see the pictures in the papers?"

"We never saw it. I heard the government say on the radio."

"They're still drinking. How long—an hour ago?"

The white soldier checked with a look the other men, whose stance had changed to that of bodies ready to break into movement: grab weapons, run, fling themselves at the Land Rovers guarded in the dark outside. He picked up the telephone receiver but blocked the mouthpiece as if it were someone about to make an objection. "Chief, I'll be with you in a moment. Take him to the duty room and make coffee. Just wait"—he leaned his full reach toward a drawer in a cabinet on the left of the desk and, scrabbling to get it open, took out a half-full bottle of brandy. Behind the chief's back, he gestured the bottle toward the chief, and a black soldier jumped obediently to take it.

The chief went to a cousin's hut in a village the other side of the army post later that night. He said he had been to a beer-drink and could not ride home because of the white men's curfew.

The white soldier had instructed that he should not be in his own village when the arrests were made, so that he could not be connected with them and would not be in danger of having his ears cut off for taking heed of what the government wanted of him or of having his lips mutilated for what he had told.

His cousin gave him blankets. He slept in a hut with her father. The old deaf man was aware neither that he had come nor that he was leaving so early that last night's moon, the size of the bicycle's reflector, was still shiny in the sky. The bicycle rode up on springhairs without disturbing them in the forest; there was a stink of jackal fouling still sharp on the dew. Smoke already marked his village; early cooking fires were lit. Then he saw that the smoke, the black particles spindling at his face, was not from cooking fires. Instead of going faster as he pumped his feet against the weight of sand, the bicycle seemed to slow along with his mind, to find in the revolution of each wheel the countersurge: to stop, not go on. But there was no way not to reach what he found. The planes only children bothered to look up at any longer had come in the night and dropped something terrible and alive that no one could have read or heard

about enough to be sufficiently afraid of. He saw first a bloody kaross, a dog caught on the roots of an upturned tree. The earth under the village seemed to have burst open and flung away what it carried: the huts, pots, gourds, blankets, the tin trunks, alarm clocks, curtain-booth photographs, bicycles, radios and shoes brought back from the mines, the bright cloths young wives wound on their heads, the pretty pictures of white lambs and pink children at the knees of the golden-haired Christ the Scottish Mission Board first brought long ago—all five generations of the clan's life that had been chronicled by each succeeding generation in episodes told to the next. The huts had staved in like broken anthills. Within earth walls baked and streaked by fire, the thatch and roof poles were ash. He bellowed and stumbled from hut to hut: Nothing answered frenzy; not even a chicken rose from under his feet. The walls of his house still stood. It was gutted and the roof had buckled. A black stiff creature lay roasted on its chain in the yard. In one of the huts, he saw a human shape transformed the same way, a thing of stiff tar daubed on a recognizable framework. It was the hut where the madwoman lived; when those who had survived fled, they had forgotten her.

The chief's mother and his youngest wife were not among them. But the baby boy lived and will grow up in the care of the older wives. No one can say what it was the white soldier said over the telephone to his commanding officer, and if the commanding officer told him what was going to be done, or whether the white soldier knew, as a matter of procedure laid down in his military training for this kind of war, what would be done. The chief hanged himself in the mopane. The police or the army (much the same these days; people confuse them) found the bicycle beneath his dangling shoes. So the family hanger-on still rides it; it would have been lost if it had been safe in the kitchen. No one knows where the chief found a rope in the ruins of his village.

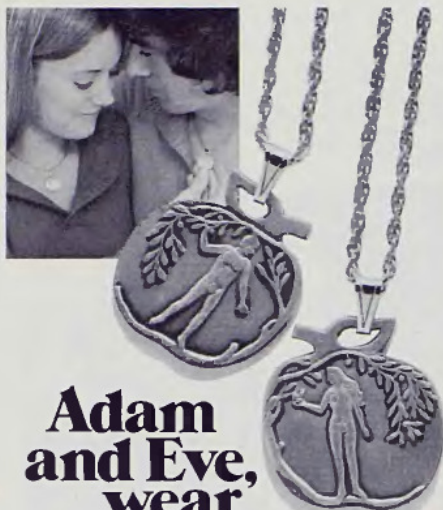
The people are beginning to go back. The dead are properly buried in ancestral places in the mopane forest. The women are to be seen carrying tins and grain panniers of mud up from the river. In talkative bands they squat and smear, raising the huts again. They bring sheaves of reeds exceeding their own height, balanced on their heads like the cross stroke of a majuscular T. The men's voices sound through the mopane as they choose and fell trees for the roof supports.

A white flag on a mopane pole hangs outside the house whose walls, built like a white man's, stand from before this time.





"OK, you go get your hair done and I'll see you back here at four."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

(continued from page 88)

When something calculated to go for big laughs gets complete silence from the audience, that's scary. You can feel it in the studio when that happens. And, for me, it has a great deal to do with the integrity of the show. In the beginning, what sometimes happened was a performer would give a great performance in dress rehearsal, and then, on the air, it would go right down the dumper. Now the cast tends to hold back more until air time. They won't give me everything at the dress rehearsal; they'll be saving it.

PLAYBOY: How does a live audience affect you, Chevy?

CHASE: Well, I've never seen a dead audience. I think that might be our next step, maybe the last taboo we can break—an entire audience of corpses.

PLAYBOY: Which brings to mind another thing we've been wondering about—why are there so many death-related jokes on the show?

AYKROYD: Give us an example of that.

PLAYBOY: We just talked about one. Franco's continuing death.

AYKROYD: That isn't death. That's Spanish.

PLAYBOY: Oh.

O'DONOGHUE: Basically, I don't think we're living in a very healthy age. When anybody does humor, he reflects what worries and distresses people around him. And we're dying. We're second-rate, sliding into third. Death humor is popular because it releases fears and anxieties about that.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think the show gets a little harsh sometimes?

O'DONOGHUE: Sometimes it gets too harsh and sometimes it gets too sweet. For example, those fucking Muppets, those little hairy facedclothes. I'd deep-six them in a second. You'd write a comedy line for them and they'd stick in three "Holy Guacamoles!" You know how they made those things?

PLAYBOY: How?

O'DONOGHUE: They cleaned up after Woodstock. That was the refuse. They made the garbage into Muppets.

PLAYBOY: Aside from death, another one of your favorite topics seems to be drugs. Chevy, you don't admit to being part of the TV generation. How about the drug generation?

CHASE: Well, the generation that we happen to appeal to is the drug generation. We all grew up together. We all know what drugs are about, we've all smoked pot. Nowadays, people are getting to know that being straight is a wonderful high, but they had to go through a period where they tried drugs first.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it safe to assume that a large part of your audience watches the



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show under the influence of some sort of drug?

DAVIS: Let us say that we are aware that there are many people out there who are taking chances experimenting with uncontrolled substances and I think those people know who they are. If they want to go ahead and do that, well, that's their business. If it makes them laugh more at the show, I guess it's OK. As long as they don't go out and drive, I guess it's OK. I don't know if that stuff is good or bad, but if those kids out there, those crazy kids, want to smoke that hemp, then I think there should be less of a penalty for it.

PLAYBOY: That's very touching, Tom, but what we were going to ask you was whether you'd heard any statistics on how many people watch the show stoned.

MICHAELS: It's an impossible guess. Say

there are 25,000,000 viewers—if ten percent of them are stoned, that's 2,500,000 people, smoking, say, two joints each during a 90-minute show—that's 5,000,000 joints. If 50 percent of them are stoned, that's 25,000,000 joints being burned in a 90-minute slot. That's a lot of grass.

PLAYBOY: During one show, on "Weekend Update," we believe, Chevy asked viewers to send in samples of suspect killer grass. Was the response very big?

MORRIS: Chevy got an enormous response to that. Mostly, though, he got rolling papers. He looked sort of stupid for a couple of weeks, his eyes were glassy. But they kept sending him that cherry rolling paper, which is the worst. Of course, I don't smoke grass.

PLAYBOY: Of course not.

MORRIS: But if I did, I'm sure I would find that cherry rolling paper the worst, too.

MICHAELS: Yeah, we got a lot of joints as

a result of that thing. I remember when the first one came in, no one would smoke it. At least for the first few weeks. It could have really been killer dope. We hyped ourselves to the point of actually believing it. Who are they out there? Why would they send us dope?

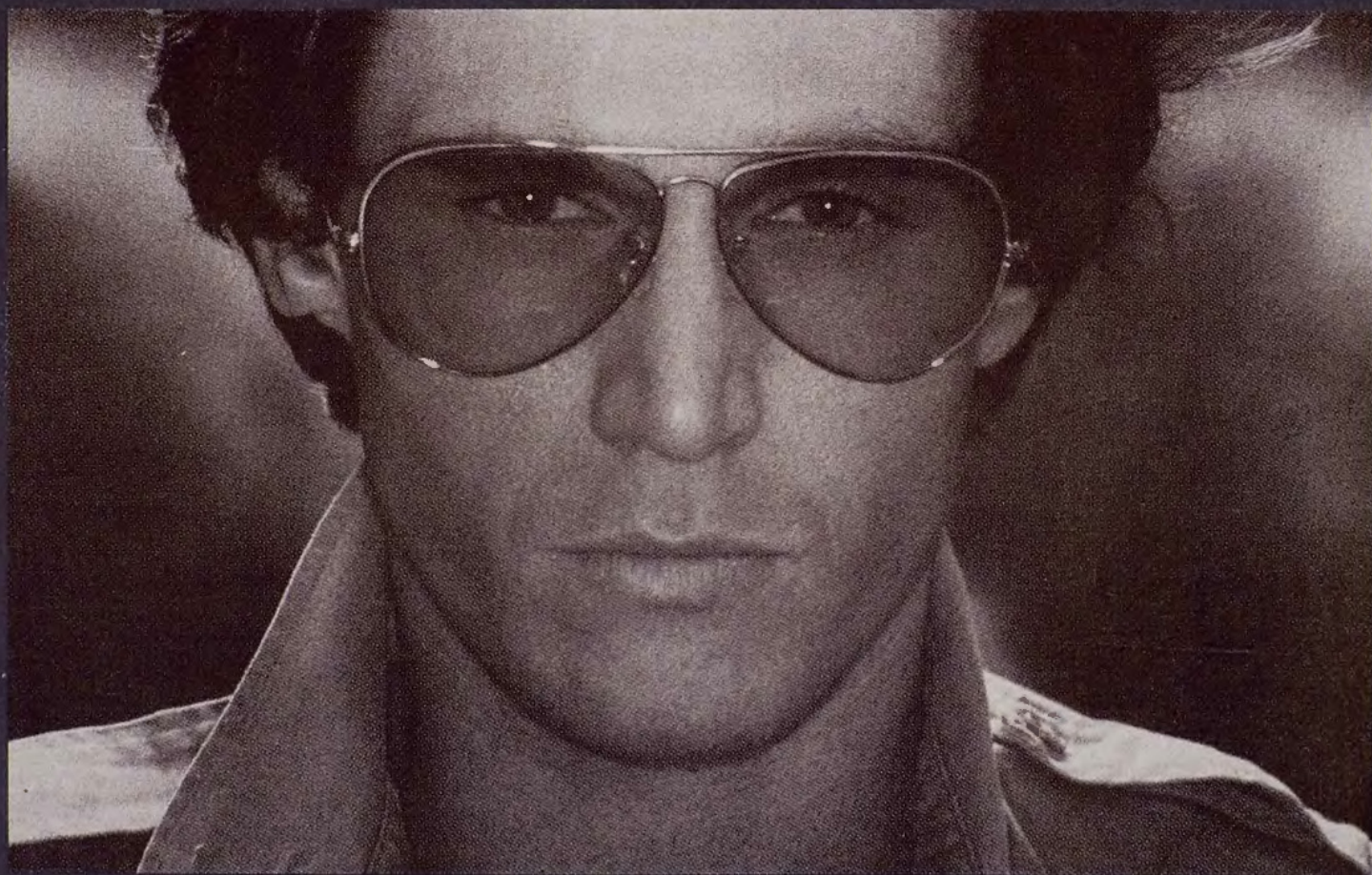
PLAYBOY: Do any of you write or perform under the influence of—

BELUSHI: No!

PLAYBOY: Never?

AYKROYD: I would lodge a personal protest if I knew anybody was working under the influence. I would refuse to go on camera with him. That's the way I feel about it. It's a matter of breaking the law that's there to legislate physical purity, which is all we have to work with, this body.

BELUSHI: It's a discipline. It's like Muhammad Ali when he trains for a fight. He's been in there this long because of



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discipline. If we burn ourselves out with drugs or alcohol, we won't have long to go in this business. You can't work with an alcoholic or a drug addict.

AYKROYD: It's a mix of exercise, theater and robotic function. At show time, there are five or six red tape marks on the floor. The camera shoots you at one and you move on to the next mark and read off the cue cards. You have to read off the cards, because everything is changing—you can't memorize your lines, because later, things get cut or changed.

BELUSHI: You want to be your brightest then.

AYKROYD: If they could build humanoids or clones to do what we do, then they'd have the cast of *Saturday Night*.

BELUSHI: Except they wouldn't have the talent or the likability.

AYKROYD: Discipline, exercise and talent channeled into a robotic function.

BELUSHI: If you want to compare it to anything, compare it to athletics.

PLAYBOY: OK. Using that as a springboard, do you think a performer should refrain from having sex before a show?

BELUSHI: There's no time.

AYKROYD: Right. For a fulfilling sexual experience, I require at least 25 seconds.

BELUSHI: I think it would hurt. The night before, maybe, but that day you're just too busy. But I want to stress this point and make it perfectly clear. You can't perform under the influence of any drug to your capacity. John Barrymore could do *Hamlet* drunk and get great reviews,

but that's what eventually turned him off acting.

AYKROYD: I've written letters to the United States Treasury Department, asking whether I could be of help in informing on anybody in the entertainment industry who uses drugs. I'm quite happy to cooperate with the Federal Government.

BELUSHI: Two or three vice-presidents at NBC are not here now because of Dan's undercover work. You're going to blow your cover, Dan.

AYKROYD: No. Right now, I'm not much good to the Feds, because the people I've informed on know about me. I can never be a law-enforcement officer—my right eye is bad, I've got webbed toes on both feet, both eyes are a different color, curved spine, sway-back. I'm a genetic mutant.

BELUSHI: Genetically, I'm perfect.

PLAYBOY: From what you say, Dan, it sounds as if you once considered being a cop.

O'DONOGHUE: He just likes to wear the uniforms. If he weren't in *Saturday Night*, he'd be in some fetish show. We're paying him big bucks to be able to put on a state-police uniform.

AYKROYD: Yeah, there was one cop sketch on the show that Michael wrote—

O'DONOGHUE: It was a parody of those Southern California cop shows. We had a couple of mindless robot cops going around saying, "What do you want to eat tonight, Mexican or Chinese? We ate Chinese last night." Then they'd

just kill people and you'd see cars crashing into each other and squeals and shots, and now they're saying, "You want to kill Mexican tonight? No, we killed Mexican last night. How about Chinese?"

PLAYBOY: Let's backtrack for a while. Can you tell us how some of the regular bits on the show originated? Things like the bees, the samurai, Emily Litella, "Week-end Update"?

CHASE: Tom Schiller thought up the samurai thing. It came out of nowhere, really—he just said, "Samurai Hotelier," and I said, "That's great!" We'd seen Belushi do a samurai imitation at his audition and we always wanted to use that character. We changed it to "Samurai Hotel," because we thought nobody would know what a hotelier was.

PLAYBOY: How did you get into that whole samurai thing, John?

BELUSHI: I studied *kendo* in Japan for three years. Under the master, Tochi-yama.

PLAYBOY: Really?

BELUSHI: Actually, I saw it on TV and I was blown away by it. I saw it three times in one week and I started doing it at home. I had a pole like a ballet bar and I put a robe on and put my hair up and I walked around doing that voice.

PLAYBOY: You've cut through a lot of things—sandwiches, tomatoes—with that samurai sword. It must take practice.

BELUSHI: No, I never knew I could cut through that tomato until dress rehearsal. You have to *think* through the tomato. It's a Zen discipline.

RADNER: I knew Belushi long before that and he'd cut anything in half with that sword. He's really an accomplished samurai.

PLAYBOY: Does he cut his furniture in half?

RADNER: You bet he does. He's that type of guy. Belushi's one of the few people in the world I'd let beat me up. He really hits me. None of this fake stuff. But I can tell when a punch is coming and I can go with it so I don't get hurt. Most comedy shows just use sound effects and fake punches.

PLAYBOY: John, do you enjoy beating up poor, defenseless women?

BELUSHI: Yes. Especially Gilda. Pain is part of comedy.

PLAYBOY: Gilda, how did Emily Litella originate?

RADNER: Emily originally came out of our Monday-night improv sessions and was later assigned to Franken and Davis, who named her. We used her in a talk-show scene in which she was a woman who wrote teeny-tiny fairy-tale books. Then Rosie Shuster had this idea about "busting school children" and we gave it to Emily Litella. That was followed by things like "Firing the Handicapped" and "Presidential Erections." To this day,



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I don't know how we got away with that one.

PLAYBOY: "Presidential Erections"?

RADNER: Yeah. The initial laugh is a sexual laugh, right? But then we talked about the word erect only in terms of buildings, monuments, so the censor let it by.

ZWEIBEL: If we had gone on about the President's sex life—

RADNER: Then we couldn't have gotten away with it.

PLAYBOY: Have you phased Emily Litella out or just given her a rest?

RADNER: For a while, we didn't do her because the public got ahead of us on it. They were sending in requests. I wanted to go on Chevy's last show because he and Emily had worked together a lot, and I was going to say, "Cheddar." That's what I called him. "Cheddar, what's all this fuss I hear about your teething? I thought you had all your permanent teeth by now." And he said, "No, Mrs. Litella, I'm leaving. I'm leaving *Saturday Night*. I'm going." And I said, "Oh. That's better. At least you're not in pain." And the "never mind" thing—it used to be a surprise, but after doing it so much. . . .

ZWEIBEL: I was in the supermarket once and this guy was announcing the daily specials over the loud-speaker. He said, "Shoppers, now for only ten minutes on this aisle, pork loin, 59 cents a pound." And he gives the whole spiel, and then you hear him say, "What? Oh, that was yesterday? Sold out? Not now? Well, *never mind*." And he said it like Emily Litella and the whole supermarket went bananas.

RADNER: I love to do her. I'd do her every week.

PLAYBOY: How about the bees? How did they originate?

ZWEIBEL: The bees were Rosie's idea, I think.

SHUSTER: I hate to blow that myth, but I actually originated the ants. I'd seen this horror movie that had the marching of the marabunta—

PLAYBOY: The marabunta?

SHUSTER: The marabunta was an army of red ants and it gave rise to this *non sequitur* idea about what it would be like to have ants in a maternity ward. You know, "Congratulations, it's a drone."

PLAYBOY: Ants don't have drones; bees do.

SHUSTER: Oh. Then it must have been bees.

PLAYBOY: How did "Weekend Update" originate?

ZWEIBEL: It was Lorne's idea. The fact that we're a live show makes it important that we do news. Things can happen on Saturday and we talk about it on *Saturday Night*.

PLAYBOY: That's one of the things that's so interesting about "Update"—that you seem to do it right up to the minute.

ZWEIBEL: If something happens between dress rehearsal and air time—dress rehearsal ends about 9 or 9:30 and the show



"Would you water this plant, please? The damn thing just drank my martini!"

starts at 11:30—we often come up with a joke about it and you'll see it an hour or two later on the show. Sometimes we even pre-empt the real news that way.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it difficult to come up with jokes that close to show time?

ZWEIBEL: When you're under pressure, you can pull it out of somewhere. I'm not saying they're always gems. Here's an example of a joke I wrote between dress and air: When Patty Hearst was caught, the news stories said that she might have had group sex when she was a fugitive. I wrote a joke saying that she admitted having group sex with the S.L.A. but only up to a point—that, basically, she was an old-fashioned girl who was saving herself for the right army. It was an immediate joke—there was a situation and there was a joke for it.

PLAYBOY: What are some of your favorite "Update" lines?

NEWMAN: My favorite was a joke Zweibel and Herb Sargent wrote based on Elton John's interview in *Rolling Stone*, where he came out of the closet as a bisexual. The joke was related to that, but instead of Elton John, it was Speedy Alka-Seltzer coming out of the medicine cabinet to reveal that he was a bicarbonate. It went on, saying, "In anticipation of the criticism that he might receive, Speedy threw himself into the bathtub and his spirit effervesced. Grief-stricken close friend Poppinfresh, the Pillsbury dough boy, said that Speedy left a note

that read simply, 'Plop, plop, fizz, fizz, oh, what a relief it is.' Memorial services will be tomorrow at ten, to be repeated every four hours."

PLAYBOY: Chevy, you were originally hired as a writer, not as a performer. How did you make the transition?

CHASE: Lorne and I originally met in a line waiting to see *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* and I was hot, making comments, and I guess I was funny, so a couple of months later, Lorne called me and asked me to write for the show. The transition was simple. When the Not Ready for Prime Time Players were hired, there were six—everybody except me. Then there was a screen test, not an audition, a screen test, just to see how everybody came off, what they looked like, and I got in on that. I wrote a news item on a piece of paper—the final story of the night—something about a newborn baby sandpiper—one of those sweet, sentimental horseshit stories—and, of course, at the end of the story, the baby sandpiper gets stepped on and killed by a baby hippo. It got laughs and on top of that, we were doing commercial parodies and I'd written a few and I seemed to be the right character for them.

PLAYBOY: Which commercial parodies are you referring to?

CHASE: The Geritol take-off, for one. It was Michael and I, two guys; we were

(continued on page 220) 215



INVESTING IN GOLD

You've seen the commercials on television. The ones that tell you that all the gold mined throughout history would form a cube only 18 yards on each side. (If that doesn't sound like much, consider that this block of gold would contain 157,464 cubic feet and would weigh 2.8 billion troy ounces.) And what are those ads selling? Quite simply, they are selling *money*—because the Krugerrand, the South African gold coin they are pushing, is legal tender in that country and is freely convertible into dollars.

To those of a Marxian bent—either Karl or Brothers—commercials urging people to buy money would seem to indicate that our capitalist, consumerist society has reached an ultimate state of decadence. However, gold is more than money—at least according to its numerous and passionate advocates. To them, gold is stability in an unstable world, a hedge against an increasingly inevitable inflation, an immutable store of value safe from the politicians who long ago learned how to take a few cents' worth of ink and paper and call it a \$20 bill.

Before you rush out to convert your rapidly deflating dollars into gold, you'd best ruminate on some questions that are more teleological than economic: Is gold money? And, more important, is money money? Essentially, anything can be used as

THINK TANK

an insider's look at everything you need to know to keep up with, and flourish in, the latter part of the 20th century

money. It need meet only a few simple tests: It should be easily portable; it should either exist in quantities limited by nature or—in the case of paper money—be difficult to counterfeit; and, most important, it should be generally accepted as a means of exchange.

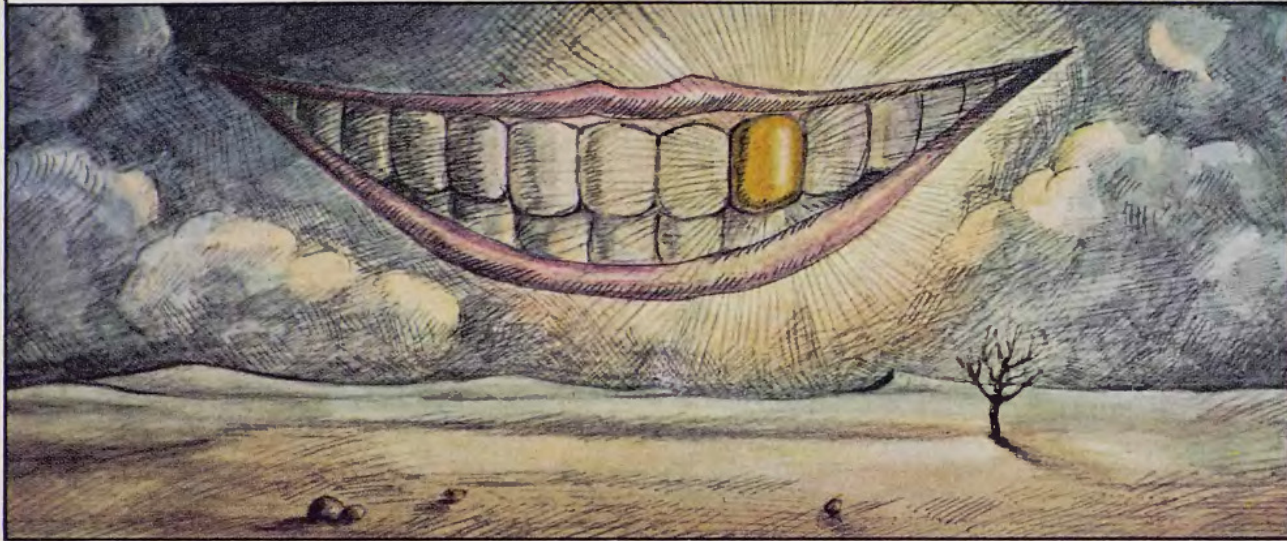
Historically, gold and silver—and, to a lesser extent, copper—*were* money. These precious metals met the above tests quite admirably, and the history of money for 2000 years is the history of the coinage of precious metals. It was, fittingly, Croesus who first minted gold coins, back around 550 B.C. The appearance of paper money is a much more recent event, being coincident with the rise of nation-states and banking during the 15th and 16th centuries. And until extremely recently, currency met the acceptability test only as long as it was clearly backed by precious metals and freely redeemable for them. People's natural distrust of government made them leery of paper money whose quantity was limited only by the good sense and honesty of frequently hard-pressed kings and ministers of finance. The convertibility of money into gold was universally viewed as a reasonable check on the natural speculative instincts of those entrusted with the public treasury. The fact that money has therefore traditionally been defined in terms of gold, the fact that governments have frequently tried to limit the right of their citizens to hold precious metals and the fact that paper money can be easily debased have combined to give gold its unique luster in men's eyes.

Gold thrives on disaster. War, famine, runaway inflation, economic

collapse, revolution and milder forms of collective unhappiness have throughout economic history caused people to take refuge in what John Maynard Keynes called a "barbarous relic." At the outbreak of World War One, the major European countries suspended—permanently, as it turned out—the convertibility of their currencies into gold. In 1933, at the bottom of the Depression, Franklin Roosevelt took the U.S. off the gold standard, at least as far as its own citizens were concerned. Foreign central banks remained able to exchange *their* dollars for gold but at a newly fixed rate of \$35 per ounce. This \$35 price was to remain the official value of gold in terms of the dollar until 1971, when Richard Nixon devalued the dollar and—more significantly—eliminated the right of foreign central banks to swap their excess dollars for gold. The last vestige of an international gold standard had been removed and, with it, the last governor on the free-market price of gold.

From Nixon's dramatic speech in 1971 to the end of 1974, the free-market price of gold soared from \$40 to \$195 an ounce. In the same three-year period that the price of gold nearly quintupled, the average price of all listed common stocks fell almost 40 percent. Anyone prescient or lucky enough to have bought gold in 1971, especially if he had sold stocks and put the proceeds into gold, was greatly increasing his wealth while others were being effectively wiped out. Ah, but there's a catch. In 1971, it was illegal for U.S. citizens to own gold directly. (It was, however, legal to own shares of gold-mining companies and gold coins minted prior to 1934, both

MONEY



of which also prospered.) On December 31, 1974, it became legal for Americans to own gold in any form they wished; unfortunately, this date almost coincided with the price of gold reaching an all-time high of \$195 an ounce. European speculators had driven gold to this level in anticipation of an American gold rush that never materialized.

By the fall of 1976, the price of gold had fallen to \$106, as inflation abated somewhat from its disastrous 1974 levels and a key development occurred: The United States Treasury and the International Monetary Fund succeeded in driving down the price of gold via a steady stream of auctions of only a small portion of their vast hoards. Its price has since recovered to \$135, and the vital question for anyone considering the purchase of gold is this: Do I want to take 135 of my paper dollars and switch them into an ounce of gold, on the theory that it will at the very least hold its purchasing power—or perhaps rise significantly—while inflation continues to reduce the value of paper money?

The answer to this question is, like anything surrounding gold, complicated. The classic "gold bug" view runs as follows: Governments, particularly democracies, are subject to constant pressure to provide their citizens with at least the appearance of a rising standard of living. The result of this pressure is inflation of the money

supply, beyond the reasonable level allowed by increased productivity. The outcome of this process is a steady erosion of the value of paper money. There's more money but not necessarily more goods and services to buy with it. *Ipso facto*, prices rise. By placing your assets in gold, you can, however, ignore the inevitable decline in the purchasing power of the dollar, as the price of gold will rise to reflect its shrinking value. Ultimately, as rapid inflation becomes the runaway kind, everyone will be fleeing from paper money into the only true store of value—gold. Given the fact that annual production of gold mining is finite, with the amount having averaged about 43,000,000 ounces for the past decade, the growth in demand will force prices sharply upward.

But there's another point of view. The official central banks of the non-Communist nations hold about 1.2 billion ounces of gold as part of their monetary reserves. This is worth about 160 billion dollars at today's free-market price. The United States and the International Monetary Fund have already begun the process of disposing of their gold reserves, which alone equal nearly one third of these "official" gold holdings. In essence, this supply overhangs the market and can be expected to be periodically sold as the price of gold rises. Every trading day, approximately 160,000 ounces of gold actually changes hands

world-wide; thus, the U.S. and the I.M.F. alone could supply current demand for the next *ten years*, not including the annual mine production, which also comes onto the market. And what if the other countries of the world, holding about 750,000,000 ounces, also decided to sell? This process of selling off the official gold reserves of the central banks would swamp the market with amounts far beyond what speculators and industrial users of gold could begin to purchase.

The long-term outlook for gold prices is in the hands of people with a sworn policy of "demonetizing" gold, of reducing ultimately to zero the role it plays as an official monetary reserve. Why have the United States and the I.M.F. taken this posture? Beyond the fact that the demands of international trade are so great that all the gold in the world would not be sufficient to enable currency to be once more freely redeemable in gold, there is a key political consideration: South Africa and the Soviet Union account for about 80 percent of the world production of gold. The United States is not about to place such vast economic power in the hands of those countries.

All of these conflicting views take us back to that basic question: Should I take some part of my net worth and buy gold with it? The answer is a clear, resounding maybe. The intellectual attractiveness of the argument about the inevitability of inflation is

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

LAW



undeniable, but markets do not rise or fall on the basis of pure reason. The case that is being made for gold today at \$135 an ounce was being made for it two years ago at \$195. Supply and demand is, in fact, far more influential in the course of markets. The supply could come from those billions of ounces held by central banks. But it isn't certain that there will be an equal demand from speculators and hoarders. Yet gold *does* represent a chance to profit from rising inflation rates, declining confidence in governments, political upheaval and economic chaos. The past few years suggest that betting on the occurrence of these events—and at more frequent intervals—is not a bad move.

Thus, one is attracted by the idea of putting a small percentage of one's liquid assets into gold and praying that one will *lose* money on his investment. Because if the price of gold falls, it will be because the world is slowly working its way out of the problems of inflation and economic upheaval that have bedeviled it of late. But avoid attaching any mystical significance to gold. It is just another commodity and, like many others, can be expected to rise in price if inflation persists. Ultimately, though, it is money that you must spend, and you can't take your Krugerrands down to the supermarket—except, of course, in Johannesburg. —JOHN B. TIPTON

PLAT TEAM

Anyone who has ever wondered if that finny creature on his plate really was "swimming just this morning," as the menu claims, or if there is even a chance of finding any "imported Roquefort cheese" in the salad dressing that costs 75 cents extra should know about the "truth in menu" squad that is currently terrorizing Los Angeles restaurateurs. The menu "investigators," as they prefer to be called, are part of the consumer-protection division of the Los Angeles Department of Health Services and they're responsible for making sure that what is offered on the menu is what you get on your plate. Since poetic license is not uncommon on menus, it comes as a shock to an owner who is suddenly confronted with an I.D. and a summons or a fine because his chicken salad is actually made with turkey or his Idaho baked potato has never been north of Grass Valley. Sanka, maple syrup, whipped cream and Jell-O are also frequently victims of substitution, and, as Dale Reeves, who heads the L.A. program, notes, no one ever serves something better than what's on the menu. Things often go even further, though. One expensive dining room was discovered serving the same inexpensive fish under five different names. Once they collared a top-rated eatery for serving kosher pastrami that wasn't

kosher. Los Angeles and adjacent Orange County were the first to have a vigorous program of menu enforcement, but other cities are following suit. "We're in an era in which the public is going to get what it's promised," says Reeves. Ever think of going into politics, Dale?

GENETIC SHOOT-OUT

In the past few years, the debate over the safety of nuclear power plants has gone from scientific journals to public hearings and even to the ballot box. Now the potential hazard of genetic experiments that recombine or transplant the basic structure of organisms into new life forms is being examined in city-council halls and public forums all over the country. For the first time, elected officials have questioned the right of basic research to take place on campuses located in their jurisdictions. "People want to know what the hell they're doing in these laboratories," said Mayor Alfred Vellucci of Cambridge, Massachusetts, whose city council had twice voted short bans on recombinant DNA molecule research before allowing it to go ahead, under guidelines, a few months ago. What everyone fears is that when scientists modify genetic codes by breaking off sections of the DNA chain from a gene and grafting them onto unrelated chains, they may create disease bacteria for which there is no

"What really tends to sober the experimenters is the warning that they may be liable for damages if they are responsible for a catastrophe."

known cure. It was the realization of this possibility that prompted researchers in 1974 to voluntarily stop the most dangerous experiments and then, at the Asilomar Conference in California a year later, to set up guidelines to regulate safety conditions under which such work would be conducted. Both moves were unprecedented in the scientific world, and more detailed guidelines were soon set by the National Institutes of Health. While some labs, such as those at Stanford, adopted the guidelines with very little debate (too little, according to some researchers), others, such as Harvard and MIT, became embroiled in intense controversy as city fathers and others tried to have the guidelines beefed up or have the research banned entirely. It is a clash that has left scientists, unaccustomed to dealing with their legal and moral responsibilities to the general public, somewhat shaken. One biologist said, "It's like having a town meeting in which Galileo gets five minutes to say why the earth is round and then the Pope gets five to say why it isn't. Then everybody votes." Whenever very high-risk experiments are to be done, elaborate and costly precautions must be taken, such as installation of air locks at lab entrances and the decontamination of all workers when they leave. Currently, there are said to be six labs equipped to handle such work in the United States and some laymen aren't impressed even with precautions such as these, which "make one suspicious as to just how safe it is," as Mayor Vellucci put it. What really tends to sober the experimenters is the warning that they may be liable for damages if they are

SCIENCE



responsible for a catastrophe. "Prior restraint is appropriate where physical harm is at stake," one lawyer warned the scientists when they gathered at Asilomar. It all has echoes of those "mad scientist" flicks that pervade the telly *Late Shows*. But in this case, how it comes out may be a matter of life and death.

OUT, DAMNED SMELL

Till now, when people were confronted with a foul odor, there wasn't much they could do. They might have sprayed something in the air to make it smell like sylvan glades or bosky dells, or held their nose until the odor went away, or gone away themselves. But now, Monsanto's Flavor/Essence division has come up with a chemical that seems to leave your nose literally senseless. It's been claimed that Veilex is the first true "malodor counteractant" and that, unlike other products that merely mask offensive odors, a minute quantity of Veilex selectively prevents the receptors of smell in the nose from detecting odors that the brain perceives as unpleasant. What's more, Veilex works perfectly at any concentration down to one part per million, so a little goes a very long way. What Veilex does is apparent; just *how* it does it is somewhat more uncertain, since smell is the least understood of the five senses. For example, it has

ENVIRONMENT



been known since the turn of the century that certain odor pairs can be mixed in a proportion that seems to make both of them disappear; but scientists still have no idea if the odors are being eliminated or merely masked. Most perplexing is how Veilex manages to block only unpleasant odors while letting others come through. None of this, of course, has stopped the Monsanto people from beginning to market their new wonder product to the consumer-products industry (though it did take them five years after Veilex was discovered to realize what they had on their hands). Since it takes such minute amounts to block odors effectively, it will be much cheaper for a company that must cover up an unpleasant scent in its product to use Veilex than to use other masking ingredients that have the same base cost but must be used in much greater quantities to be effective. But even with such a tremendous advantage in the highly competitive fragrance industry, problems may arise. Critics have already begun to wonder about the long-term effects of this kind of sensory padlock. Also, Veilex has been tested on the assumption that it is a cosmetic rather than a drug, and the safety standards for the former are much more lenient than for the latter. The ultimate deodorant would seem still to be a few steps away from the sweet smell of success. 

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 215)

clearly homosexuals, but we played it straight. I said, "This is my wife. I love her very much." And Mike said, "I take care of myself. I get plenty of rest and I take Jamitol whenever I get the chance." And then I said, "He makes me take it, too." Another ad parody I did was Tom Schiller's "Tryopenen" ad, which was about those arthritic pain pills in the bottle that's so fucking hard to open—it had one of those tops—and, of course, the guy's trying to open the damned thing, but he can't, because he's got arthritis. The whole thing was my hands trying to open this Tryopenen bottle, banging it and hitting it. Anyway, I came off well on those, so Lorne decided to give me a spot on the show.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think you became the best-known performer on the show?

CHASE: The fact that I used my name and said, "I'm Chevy Chase and you're not"—the connection of this guy with the odd name—got me visibility right away. That, more than anything, made

me stand out. Not that I was better than the others, which I clearly was, anyway, but. . . Here's the secret, and I might as well tell you, so the others can learn something from it, because even as this interview comes out, I'll be making millions while they're just trying to get out another show. The secret is the way you play the camera. *You must play the fuckin' camera.* You've got to look into that lens and do a job on it. I learned this early on, because I was fuckin' around for four years with Ken Shapiro and *Groove Tube*, and all we had were these little cameras that we played with. Basically it was mugging, but it was all connected with the camera. Anyway, on *Saturday Night*, I had a showcase—"Weekend Update"—and you heard my name every week and I got to play the camera. I wasn't forced into awful situations like John, into sketches where you can't play the camera, where maybe the jokes aren't that good and you have to act the shit out of it to make it work,

and boy does he do it. And he can do it—he's as good as you can get.

PLAYBOY: You also got a lot of visibility because of your impersonation of Gerald Ford.

CHASE: Right.

PLAYBOY: How did you develop that?

CHASE: I used to put up a card on Lorne's routine board and it said, "Trust me," and it meant don't worry about opening the show, I'll come up with something and it'll be fine. Just trust me. And Lorne would, because he knew that if I had the confidence in it, it would probably work. One day, Ford fell over a wheelchair onto a little girl with a flag or some kind of inept move, and it was just too much. It was the same week, I think, that he'd announced he was running. So I told Lorne that I had a good opening, that I'd be Ford giving his acceptance speech and then I'd fall. And that was it. I came out to the podium in a tuxedo and I said, "Good evening, my fellow Americans. I am here tonight, good evening, my fellow Americans." He'd read the line twice. I did every possible inept thing I could. I'd fall then say, "Uh-oh, sorry, no problem," get up, then fall again. For some reason, we repeated it every week—much to my pain.

PLAYBOY: You actually hurt yourself badly once doing your Ford bit. What happened?

CHASE: I broke my podium. Broken podium is no big thing.

PLAYBOY: How long was the podium in the hospital?

CHASE: Just a few days, in bed for three or four weeks.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you hurt yourself before dress rehearsal and go on to do the show anyway?

CHASE: Yeah, I didn't know till later that night that it was really serious.

PLAYBOY: Before we go on, there's one crucial question our readers *must* have answered. What's your announcer, Don Pardo, really like?

AYKROYD: Don Pardo is a 15-year-old boy who has a very deep voice.

CHASE: Actually, Don's half Chinese and also has only one arm. He's a very interesting guy. He's been doing methadone for years now, to break him from this awful smack habit. You have to carry him in and put him there, sit him there, because he's always nodding out.

ZWEIBEL: He's great. He's a regulation-looking guy, grayish hair and he likes very, very young girls.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of girls—are there any *Saturday Night* groupies?

FRANKEN: There are these two teenage girls who hang around the studio all the time, but they're not really groupies.

O'DONOGHUE: Unfortunately, writers don't have groupies.

DAVIS: If you want to know about



"I heard that sigh!"

groupies, ask Chevy or John.

PLAYBOY: OK. Chevy, how do you handle groupies?

CHASE: I like to fondle them between the thighs. No, there aren't really any groupies, not in the sense of jumping up and down and fucking you in the back room.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about guest hosts for a while. How do you go about writing for one?

SHUSTER: It's mostly based on preconceived notions.

BEATTS: And a little research based on prejudice.

PLAYBOY: When do the hosts come in?

SHUSTER: You meet them on Monday, the Monday before the show, and you have to pitch your ideas Monday night. Then the show gets assembled.

BEATTS: And they have their own ideas of what they'd like to do. Sometimes we're influenced by that. Some of them want to sing, like Elliott Gould. It was kind of sweet, I guess, Elliott's song. Elliott's mother probably liked it.

PLAYBOY: You sometimes require your hosts to participate in somewhat compromising situations. How did you talk Ralph Nader into that "Party Doll" sketch?

O'DONOGHUE: I don't know if Ralph quite understood what the actual function of the dolls was. The premise of that sketch was that Ralph was testing these blow-up

dolls. That's what he claimed. But then he also bought them music boxes for their birthdays and treated them as real people and had forced one, because she was naughty, to sit backward on the chair. At one point, he mentions a nail test and he starts talking to one of the dolls. "Excuse me," he says, "Rita had better sit up straight. Does Rita remember what happened to Yvonne? Yvonne failed the nail test. Yvonne got nailed to the door." And a guy says, "The nail test?" And Nader says, "To test puncture resistance in vinyl." He has a consumerism-type answer to every question, but he dresses the dolls up and paints their nails. It was really pretty odd. And he did a damn good job. He really got into it. At the end of the show, he was nuts. He was throwing peanuts to the crowd. He looked like a Rose Bowl float or something at the end. He's insane.

PLAYBOY: Did Nader ask you to change anything in the sketch?

O'DONOGHUE: He made us change one line in the end because it was sexist and I changed it to something equally sexist. The ending had Nader saying, "Excuse me, I'm going to have to cut this interview short. Rita is beginning to leak." And the reporter says, "Do you pump her up?" and Nader says, "Usually, but I have a headache tonight." And he found that sexist, so we changed it to, "Usually,

but I have a yeast infection." I guess Ralph thought that a yeast infection was something safer, an organic kind of disease; I didn't want to disturb that belief.

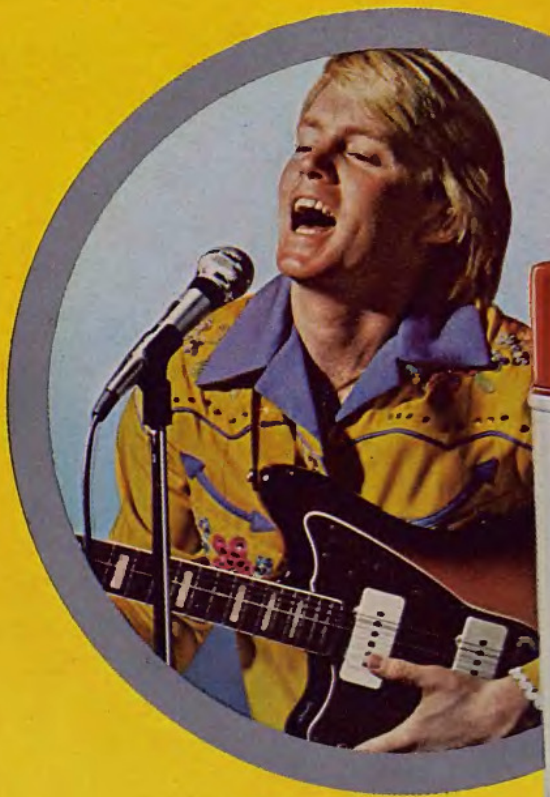
PLAYBOY: Why do you suppose Nader consented to do the show?

O'DONOGHUE: I don't know why he did. Everyone who does this show does it for a reason. You get paid, I think, \$2500 for a really grueling week's work, not much money, really. People do it to change their image, to show they have a good sense of humor. So I guess Ralph did it to show he's a regular guy. Nessen did it to co-opt us and we did it to co-opt him, so that was a trade-off.

PLAYBOY: What constitutes a good host?

BEATTS: What we basically ask the hosts to do is to trust us with their lives, careers and reputations. You can see why some hosts might be a bit reluctant to let us maniacs come in and just say, "It's all right. The sketch will be there. Don't worry, it'll be fine," and it's 4:30 Friday and it's not written yet. Some people just have more confidence than others as far as saying, "OK, whatever you do, I'm with you." Those are the ones we like the best, whether they're the best hosts or not.

PLAYBOY: Hosting the *Saturday Night* show has become something of a sought-after honor for celebrities. But if you could have your choice of any one person



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in the world as a host, whom would you choose?

O'DONOGHUE: Laszlo Toth.

PLAYBOY: Who?

O'DONOGHUE: Laszlo Toth. The man who took a hammer to Michelangelo's *Pietà*.

PLAYBOY: What sort of sketches do you envision writing for Laszlo?

O'DONOGHUE: Basically, I see Laszlo breaking a lot of very expensive sculpture, preferably priceless, and leaving it in rubble at the end of the show.

AYKROYD: I wanted King Olaf of Norway to host.

MICHAELS: We pursued King Olaf. The only reason I liked the idea was so I could say, "The king's guests tonight will be. . . ." Also, we were talking about having a Slinky as a host and that might still happen.

ZWEIBEL: George Burns would be my choice. If we got him, I'd like to see him host it standing in front of a TV set, watching the show and commenting on it, like he did on the old *Burns and Allen Show*. Some of us would love to have Squeaky Fromme host. I'd love to do a show with her and not make one mention of the fact that she tried to kill President Ford. Treat her as if she were Tatum O'Neal. I love the type of comedy where something is really evident but you don't make any mention of it. Like the debates sketch we did with Chevy portraying Ford with a hypodermic needle sticking out of his sleeve during the whole thing. It was a parody of Ford's getting his swine-flu vaccination and Chevy came out and did the whole debate wearing a suit with this hypodermic just sticking in his arm. Nobody even mentioned it. If Squeaky did the show, we'd make it like she was the girl next door.

BEATTS: I wanted to have Marshal Ky. Remember Marshal Ky—the Vietnamese guy? He and his wife used to dress in those identical black-satin jump suits. We approached him, but he wasn't interested.

PLAYBOY: One of you was quoted as saying that you'd have Nixon host the show in a minute.

MICHAELS: No, what was said was we'd like him to host for a minute.

SHUSTER: You know how I'd like to have Richard Nixon? On the end of one of those two-way mirrors, so that when he thought he was just looking in the mirror, we'd be looking at him through the goldfish bowl.

PLAYBOY: Alan, you're shaking your head.

ZWEIBEL: No, Nixon's not for me. The only way I would do it with Nixon would be to handle it as if he were Robert Goulet. If you ask me, Howdy Doody would be a great host.

PLAYBOY: What would you do with Howdy Doody as host?

ZWEIBEL: After each sketch, we'd clip another one of his strings, so at the end of the show there's just this dead puppet lying there. We had a midget do our first show last year; he was a tall midget but still a midget. I'd love to see him become a permanent member of the rep company. What TV show has a resident midget?

PLAYBOY: Are there any ideas that haven't completely germinated yet that you'd like to do on upcoming shows?

O'DONOGHUE: I want to do a Western thing called "Ambush at Medicine Breath." Just a silly little Western parody with an Indian named Yellow Snow and these settlers who are trying to smuggle—they get it wrong—firewood to the Indians. They get out there and the cavalry catches them. The settler says, "Isn't it firewood that drives them Indians loco?" And the cavalryman says, "No, no, it's firewater." And there's an inept wagon master who yells, "Pull the wagons

*"Here's what I'd
like to do: a full
embalming on television."*

into a rhomboid!" when the Indians attack. Another thing I want to do eventually is a quiz show called *Begging for Dollars*, in which people just plead for the money. There's no game at all, just humiliation.

SHUSTER: This isn't a piece for the show, but I wrote a *Playboy Party Joke* once. Wanna hear it?

PLAYBOY: If you insist.

SHUSTER: [Reading from a piece of paper] "Two imbibers were imbibing when a comely coed wiggled by, her dimpled derrière all aquiver. Needless to say, the a posteriori charms of the generously endowed young thing did not escape the by-now-aroused attention of the twin souses. Pausing to query, the first tippler quipped with a twinkle in his by-now-not-unreddened eyes, "Wanna fuck?" "Tits?" retorted his by-now-inebriated crony with a lascivious wink. "I thought those were grapefruits."

PLAYBOY: You wrote it for *PLAYBOY*?

SHUSTER: Yes, after I read this incredibly complex *Playboy Party Joke* and just thought how stupid it was. It seemed to have that kind of language in it.

AYKROYD: Here's what I'd like to do: a full embalming on television in which you take a male teenager, 16 or 17 years old, do the V incision at the pelvis, peel it back and remove all the major organs, use an I.V. of formaldehyde, drain the blood out. An actual embalming!

BELUSHI: Doug Kenny's *TV Dance Party* is one I'd like to do. A parody of Dick Clark where you'd have these real bad groups from Long Island come on and have the kids dancing and Dick Clark would say, "I don't know much about music, but you guys are really bad."

AYKROYD: Wisdom teeth removed on the air. Actually get a guy who needs his wisdom teeth pulled, have a dentist there and say, "Hi, I'm Marty Fein and what we're going to do here is actually take out four wisdom teeth. As you can see by the X rays, we have a vertical impaction up here, and now we're going to put the patient to sleep."

FRANKEN: We wrote a piece called "The Planet of the Enormous Hooters" that didn't make it on the air but might on some future show. The planet of the Enormous Hooters is inhabited by amazon women and all the girls, Gilda, Laraine and Jane, have these enormous prop breasts. Huge breasts.

DAVIS: And Raquel—we were going to use it on the Raquel Welch show—Raquel has only her normal-size breasts. And Gilda and Jane and Laraine say, "Look at her. Ha, ha, ha. Her breasts are so small, they look like melons. We are going to banish you to the planet Earth, where you will live in anonymity and your small breasts will go unnoticed."

PLAYBOY: Why did it get cut?

DAVIS: There were too many breast jokes that week and Raquel didn't want to do that kind of joke—it'd been done before.

O'DONOGHUE: Here's a sketch I want to do someday, if Stevie Wonder ever hosts the show. What I'd do is come out and present him with a painting, an original Monet. The painting is completely draped. So I pull the drape off and it's an empty canvas that just reads, DON'T TELL HIM. PLEASE DON'T TELL HIM. And I'm going on about this painting, describing the period, saying, "Note the attention to the water lilies; of course, this was the late Monet, and you can see the subtle use of . . ." and just go on and on in this manner. It's a sweet idea.

PLAYBOY: Where do you get those sweet ideas? Where does your sense of humor come from?

AYKROYD: Fiberglass.

PLAYBOY: Fiberglass?

AYKROYD: We take fiberglass tablets, but I wouldn't recommend them to everybody.

PLAYBOY: Let's rephrase the question. When did you first know you were funny?

AYKROYD: I was a month old. I was a riot.

ZWEIBEL: It comes out of nowhere.

SHUSTER: Sometimes it comes from catching images off the tube. I was always transfixed by the cat-food commercial where you see a line of nine cats nudging each other from bowl to bowl. So I wrote a "Purina Rat Chow" ad. I don't want to sound like Sammy Davis Jr., but



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it was a tremendous thrill to see nine rubber rats rigged up to nudge each other from bowl to bowl.

BEATTS: I think we're all misfits. Everybody on this show's a misfit and some of the humor comes from that.

PLAYBOY: In what way do you consider yourself a misfit?

BEATTS: I mean, do I look regular? I wasn't the class clown, but I certainly was the class freak in some sense in high school. Being an alien helps you develop a satirical viewpoint. That's the basic ABC of humor. Some of my humor comes out of the fact that I come out of an advertising background, so I know how commercials work and how they ought to be. The first thing I did for the show was my speed commercial—I wrote it and performed it.

PLAYBOY: Can you remember how it went?

BEATTS: "Hi, I'm Mrs. Ellen Sherman, Cleveland housewife and mother. I'm an astrophysicist and Commissioner of Current Affairs. In my spare time, I do needlepoint, sculpt, read, brush up on my knowledge of current events and take riding lessons." And she goes on and on like that and the voice-over says, "How does she do it? She takes speed." There are still people who think that was a real commercial for speed.

PLAYBOY: Is your humor motivated at all by revenge?

BEATTS: Definitely. There's a certain satisfaction to be derived from the fact that the people who made you miserable in high school are now alcoholic housewives married to insurance salesmen. But, on the other hand, that might not be such a bad life, so you can't go back and say, "Hey, I've made it." But it's always a fantasy to feel that.

ZWEIBEL: I tried to get even with my old rabbi in a thing I did for "Update" recently. This guy with a hammer and chisel breaks into a museum in Italy and circumcises the statue of David and we show the statue with a bandage, over the groin—

O'DONOGHUE: That would have been a great part for Laszlo Toth.

ZWEIBEL: Right. Anyway, then I came in—I performed in this one—as a rabbi and somebody asked me, "Rabbi, what do you think of what this culprit has done?" And I said, "In my opinion, he did a beautiful job." The name of the rabbi I used was the actual name of my old rabbi, who ten years ago wouldn't let me go out with this girl who wasn't Jewish. I've had this vendetta against this rabbi ever since. And Christ, if I can't work his name into a piece. . . .

PLAYBOY: You want to work his name into this interview?

ZWEIBEL: Uh, no. Funny—the next day was Yom Kippur and I went to temple.

When I got home, my cat was dead.

RADNER: It's not really revenge. Here's this thing I figured out the other day; here's my definition of comedy: When I was a little girl, seven years old, this kid who lived nearby came over and said, "Yesterday morning, I saw you outside in your underwear." I said, "I didn't come outside in my underwear." And he said, "Yes you did." And I went into the house and cried and cried. And I thought, what happened? Did I go out of my mind? Did I go outside in my underwear by mistake? Did I mistake the front door for the bathroom door? You know how something like that can hurt you when you're a kid? I'm not sure to this day whether he really saw me outside in my underwear. But, anyway, I decided that this is what comedy is: If you do go outside in your underwear, when you get out there, you yell, "Hey, everybody, I'm outside here in my underwear!" So they can't get you, like that kid got me.

ZWEIBEL: You turn what you're usually

*"I don't always have to
take a piss on the
Pope when I have
something to say."*

defensive about into the offensive so people can't touch you.

PLAYBOY: It's been said in the press that for a lot of you, the *Saturday Night* show is just a steppingstone to bigger and better things. What is the next step?

ZWEIBEL: Possibly junior high.

AYKROYD: A featured panelist on the \$20,000 Pyramid.

O'DONOGHUE: The movies, I hope, and ditch this fucking show behind me. It's 110 hours a week—it's really an annoyance. It's not much of a life. I'd like to do heavy drugs, I'd like to go out, go to fancy parties, restaurants, dress, change my clothes a lot of times a day, drive fast. . . .

PLAYBOY: What about you, Rosie? Where do you go from here?

SHUSTER: I'd like to go to the Caribbean.

PLAYBOY: How about you, John?

BELUSHI: Who knows? I've got a long life ahead of me. I might just do anything.

AYKROYD: I heard John whistling around the office the other day, thinking, Governor of New Jersey. It ain't that far off.

BELUSHI: Who knows? Ronald Reagan did it.

AYKROYD: It's a marvelous country, a fantastic planet—you can do anything. Christ Almighty, there's a universe waiting out there. Duality, yin and yang,

positive, negative, male, female, there are two hemispheres, two poles. . . .

BELUSHI: There's gravity out there, don't forget. Gravity that holds you down.

AYKROYD: The next step? You want to know about the next step? The next step is to stay away from the biological time bomb that's going to explode in this country in about 1979. There's going to be about four or five weird viruses, a natural biological check. The thing to do is stay away from it.

PLAYBOY: How?

AYKROYD: What it's going to require is the cooperation of General Motors. The Cadillac Division of General Motors should bring out, right now, all those old body dies from 1959. What they should do is get those body dies, get a cheaper grade of metal and produce those exact cars, exact replicas of the 1959 Cadillac, and distribute them to everyone in America. Given the fact that they have the technology to produce them, I think there's hope for America.

PLAYBOY: That's very reassuring, but we're not sure that it answers the question. Let us put it this way: Do you think you'll ever end up regularly on prime time?

O'DONOGHUE: I don't mind ending up on prime time. We were talking about doing a musical comedy or something. I don't have to always take a piss on the Pope when I have something to say.

PLAYBOY: What about you, Chevy? To start with, do you think your leaving the show will hurt it?

CHASE: No. In a sense, it's good for the cast that I've left. It gives them all more of a chance to have the kind of luck I had. That's what they want. That's what anybody wants. I was kind of overshadowing them. All the articles were coming out saying, "Chevy Chase's Not Ready for Prime Time Players" or "Chevy Chase's *Saturday Night*." Well, fuck that—it never was my show.

BEATTS: It was always a little out of kilter with Chevy there, though he was good for the show. But when Chevy was in the hospital, it gave us a preview of what the show would be like without him and it gave everybody a lot of confidence, because we got some great reaction to those shows and to Jane's doing "Update."

PLAYBOY: Chevy, you've been called more commercial than some of the other cast members. Do you think that's true?

CHASE: Who knows what's commercial? I guess I'm commercial because I look straighter. I look preppy and straight.

PLAYBOY: What about all the rumors that NBC is grooming you to take over the Johnny Carson show?

CHASE: Absolutely true.

PLAYBOY: Really? When do you start?

CHASE: As soon as Johnny gets the balls to ask me to be a guest on the show and
(concluded on page 228)

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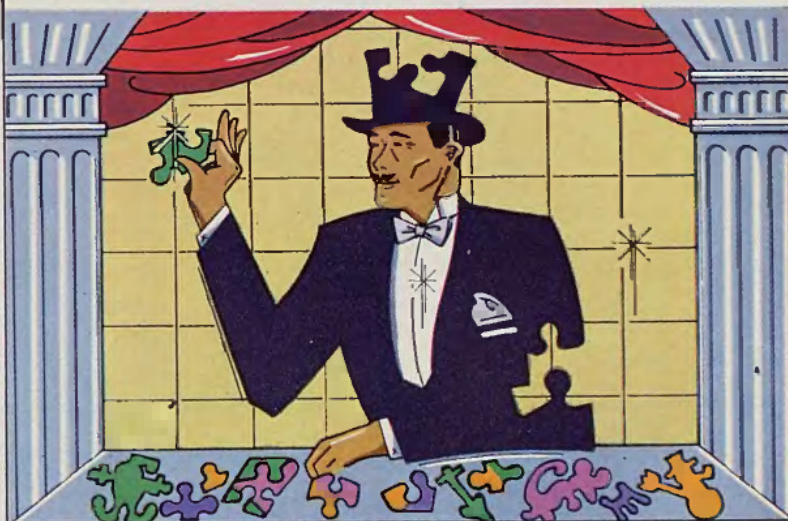


WIRED DICE

Baby may need new shoes, but they'll have to wait until after you've spent \$22 on a computerized gizmo called *Paradice* that's comprised of two electronic dice that have been fitted into a dice cup. Each shake generates a random roll with the same odds as regular dice, says the manufacturer, Dynatronics, Inc., 1575 N. Central Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45432. And when you're through playing, the dice turn off automatically. We'll bet you won't.

GOING TO PIECES

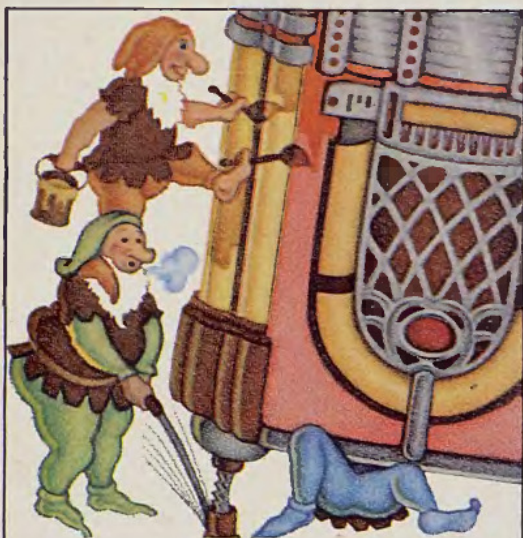
"Stave wooden jigsaw puzzles are not for everyone," cautions the brochure of Stave Puzzles, Inc., Norwich, Vermont 05055. Why? For one, they can be immensely difficult, with irregular edges and silhouette shapes. For another, they're expensive; prices begin at \$45. A 1000-piece puzzle (all Staves are mahogany-backed) goes for \$350. Or you can order a custom puzzle and provide your own picture. Sound like a challenge? See you at the funny farm.



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PUT ANOTHER NICKEL IN

Old jukeboxes never die, they end up in J & B Associates, a cluttered store at 4117 E. Fourth Street, Long Beach, California 90804, where Wurlitzers, player pianos, nickelodeons, mutoscopes (those hand-cranked girlie-picture viewers), pinball and gum-ball machines, and penny scales, you name it, are rejuvenated and sold. Like a nice funky old jukebox that plays 78s and glows indecently? The price: \$3000, plus shipping. Too steep? But gee, Dad, it's a Wurlitzer!

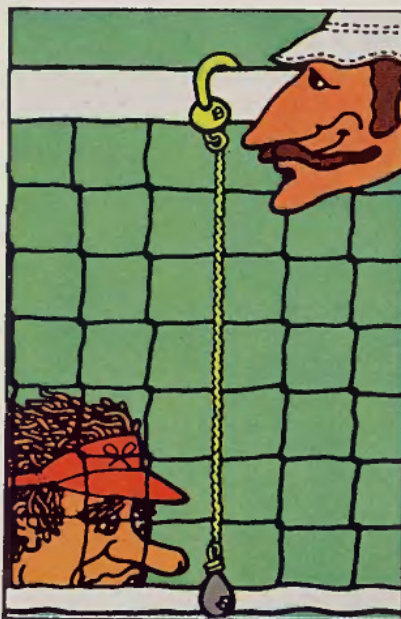


GOOD VIBES

Uptight? Try calming down with a galvanic-skin-response meter—a walnut device that audibly indicates how cool or tense you are by the mere touch of two fingers to its sensitized plates. As you relax, the GSR's tone changes, telling you that all is well in body and soul. Order one, from Thought Technology, Ltd., 2193 Clifton Avenue, Montreal, Quebec, H4A 2N5, for \$62, postpaid. Your boss will thank you, your girl will thank you, your dog will thank you. . . .

DOG DAYS

We've all had pet dogs that could perform tricks—roll over, fetch, play dead, kill! But are these examples of intelligence or just sneaky ways to get a cookie? Kathy Coon (no coon-dog jokes, please), a psychologist, became intrigued by this question, so she developed a dog-I.Q. manual to help canine owners test their own pooches' smarts. The illustrated booklet, which contains ten tests, sells for \$3, postpaid, sent to Dog, Inc., P.O. Box 14808, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70808. If old Bowser comes up stupid, you can always use the manual for paper training.



NET GAME

The game of tennis is more than just putting that white or yellow pellet by your opponent in such a way that he can't return it. Various ploys come into play, such as pausing to open a can of balls just when the opposition is hot. As a counterpart to such poor sportsmanship, Ego, Inc., 7607 East Greenway Road, Suite 400, Scottsdale, Arizona 85255, is selling for \$10.50, postpaid, a simple device called the Official Ego Gauge, which enables you to determine if the net over which you're playing is the correct height. If it is, no problem. If it's not, well, no wonder your game is off. And wasn't it nice to take a break while you measured . . . ?

KING OF KINGS

In 1922, the British archaeologist Howard Carter peered through a hole that he had just made into an Egyptian tomb and said that he saw "wonderful things." And if you'd like to see some of the wonderful things Carter saw in what's considered to be the most spectacular archaeological discovery of the 20th Century, don't miss the Treasures of Tutankhamun exhibition that's now touring the country, visiting Chicago (April 15–August 15), New Orleans (September 15–January 15, 1978), Los Angeles (February 15–June 15, 1978), Seattle (July 15–November 15, 1978) and New York City (December 15–April 15, 1979).



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 224)

I can show him and everybody in this country that he's had it. He's finished. He's old and his time is up. The man is a waste. He should go home, read a couple of books and find out what it's all about. He should get a nice pad in Vegas, go buy a Buick and enjoy life.

PLAYBOY: Assuming that you're putting us on, what kind of guests do you plan to have on *The Tonight Show*?

CHASE: I'd have Johnny on as much as I could. We want *draw*, don't we? No, actually, the rumors are totally false. It's a load of shit. Everybody and his uncle who seems to be somebody new on TV this year gets slated as the next Johnny Carson. Nobody's going to take over Carson's spot until Carson is good and ready to leave. And then he won't give a shit *who* replaces him. Second of all, nobody does it as well as he does. He's remarkable—after 14 years, he's still fresh. But that's the worst kind of job in the world.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CHASE: Can you imagine coming out nightly and having to interview people about their books—some guy who's not really a doctor who wrote a book about goiters—and interviewing your Las Vegas Connie Stevens-type night-club acts? I can't think of anything more atrophying to my brain. There's no amount of money you could offer me to take that job, and nobody has. Nobody even suggested it. Only the press. And now Johnny Carson hates my guts and he doesn't even know me.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps he's heard the rumors, too, and believes them. We read somewhere that he recently called the *Saturday Night* show "tasteless, sophomoric and cruel."

CHASE: I'm sure he did. And I'm sure he's felt that way from time to time. But his standards are not my standards. I'm a younger guy. I come from a different perspective and I just don't feel the way he does. He's a very funny man, I will say that, and I've noticed that I seem to have mannerisms that are similar to his, particularly when I did "Update." I touch my nose, I play with a pencil, I have a way of doing takes when a joke is bad—those are all Johnny Carson mannerisms. I'm not consciously imitating him, but I must have been influenced by him somewhere along the line.

PLAYBOY: How do you know he dislikes you?

CHASE: I sent him a very nice note when he was given a special Emmy or something, congratulating him and saying, "You're the best." I never heard from him. All I heard was that he told a friend of mine, "Chevy Chase couldn't ad-lib a fart at a bean-eating contest." Which to

me is an extremely funny line, Johnny. But if that's the best he can come up with, I'm sorry for the guy. I understand that he's funny and that at dinners he'll piss in ice buckets under the table and do all kinds of great outrageous things, but how many of us *haven't* done that? He dislikes me so intensely that he won't ask me on the show. Frankly, I think he was a lot funnier seven or eight years ago, when he didn't have to get so uptight. I honestly believe that we would get along very well, that we would like each other. On the other hand, I really don't care about him.

PLAYBOY: Chevy, where do you see *Saturday Night* going from here?

CHASE: The show's going to be less ga-ga ha-ha and more odd as time goes on. Because, first of all, people are genuinely burned out—you just can't keep it up. Secondly, because every other show on TV is copying this one, they've got to stay ahead. These are bright people, and

*"The show's going to be
less ga-ga ha-ha and more
odd as time goes on."*

they're not going to put up with something that's not interesting. So what happens is, the ideas, the sketches tend to get weirder. Danny came up with this "Blog Diet" sketch in which you're sent up to Alaska and an Eskimo takes your food away from you. That's how you lose weight. You're sent up there and told to catch fish. Now, that's odd to play to 20,000,000 people. There aren't going to be a lot of guffaws, but at least no one's going to say, "I've seen that before." No one's seen that before.

BEATTS: Actually, I look forward to seeing more sketches involving fine food and wine.

PLAYBOY: But don't you think a lot of the show's success comes from the shock of seeing somewhat outrageous humor on television for the first time? Stuff that nobody else is doing, that nobody else could get away with?

MICHAELS: Yeah; unfortunately, within the context of television as it now exists, it seems like shock value. But I don't think we ever truly shock. Who's being shocked? I'm not shocked. Are you shocked?

NEWMAN: One thing that shocked me was Michael—*naturally*, Michael. He'd found this photo of a kid under a truck, crying, and it looked like half the kid's body had been run over and the

"Update" caption was that the truck driver got a ticket for parking on a child. **SHUSTER:** There's something about laughing at tasteless things, though. You laugh at what you're nervous about. One of my comedic philosophies is that comedy is about flirting with taboos. You try to tickle the taboo and just turn it around a little bit more or rub up against it and that has a shock value, because the taboo is something that you don't often hear mentioned.

BEATTS: It's all such hypocrisy, because there's this fiction that what we all really should be doing is watching Kenneth Clark's *Civilization*, that that should be what we're really interested in, and, actually, we all know that what we're really interested in is sex, drugs and violence.

ZWEIBEL: It's never the intention of the show to shock people. It's just perceived as shocking because this kind of stuff has never been done on television before.

PLAYBOY: What happens when the shock value wears off?

BEATTS: We'll just have to explore the limits of the American people's disgust.

NEWMAN: Or we won't do it anymore.

O'DONOGHUE: You can get tired and not want to keep doing it. Eventually, it becomes a big hat and a small rabbit.

BEATTS: It's funny that people are still shocked. I don't think you're seeing much on the show that isn't available elsewhere in the culture. It's just not available on TV.

PLAYBOY: Some of you worked for the *National Lampoon*. Does the show's humor grow out of that magazine's humor?

MICHAELS: No. I never liked the *Lampoon*. If anything, it comes out of *The New Yorker*.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about that, Michael?

O'DONOGHUE: No, the show's got a lot of different elements in it. Some are a logical extension of the *Lampoon*, I suppose, but there's also a California sweetness about it.

PLAYBOY: All right, here we are at the door, on the way out. Sometimes we **PLAYBOY** interviewers ask one final question and even we don't know what the political effects will be. Anyone have anything he or she would like to say before we wrap it up?

MORRIS: Aw, you mean Carter at the end of *his* interview. You all didn't have no little Playboy Bunnies with you down in Plains? Come on, man, you tellin' me you didn't have no Bunnies?

PLAYBOY: No, honest.

O'DONOGHUE: OK, it's up to me, I guess. I'll reveal something. I keep a dead col-
lieskin on a coat hanger in my closet. Now, if *that* doesn't lose the election for me, I don't know what will.



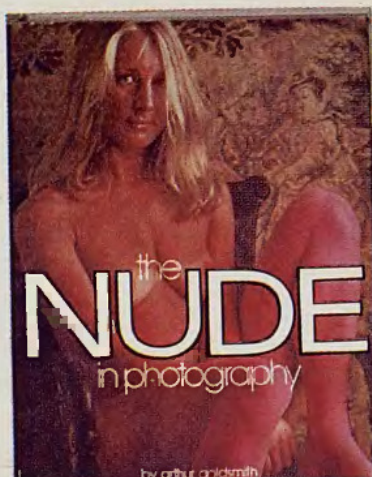
*Evenings that memories are made of
so often include DRAMBUIE.*



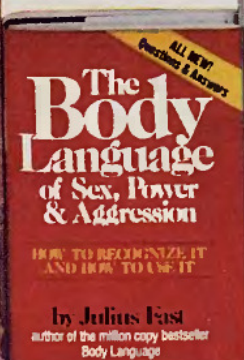
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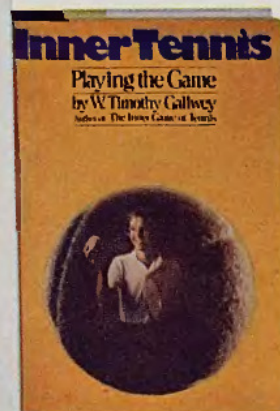
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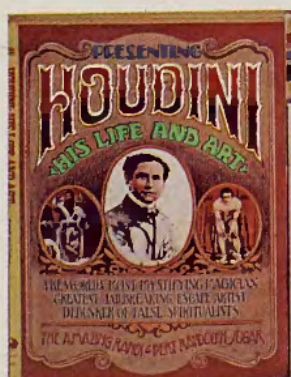
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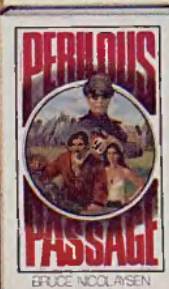
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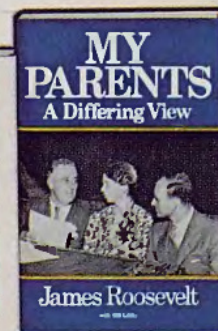
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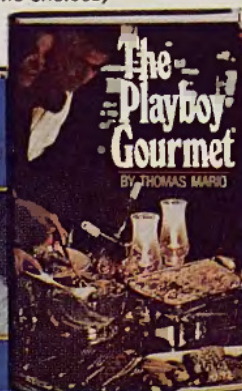
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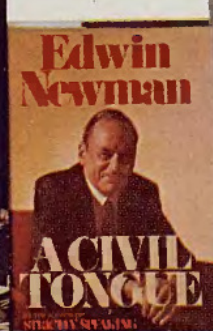
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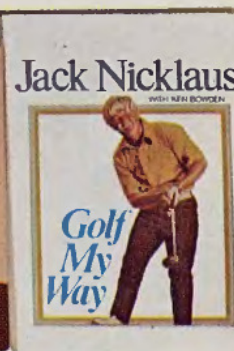
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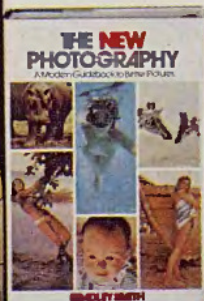
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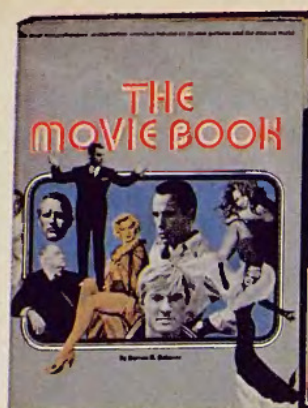


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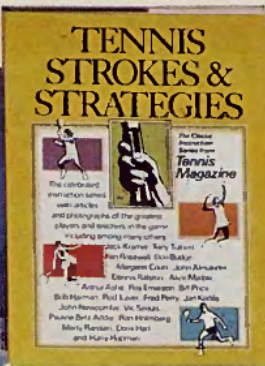
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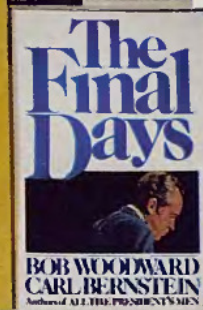
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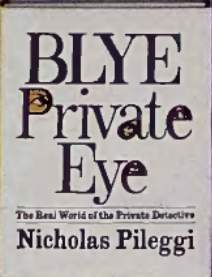
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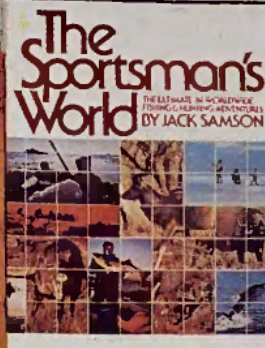
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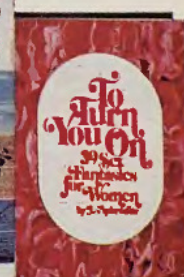
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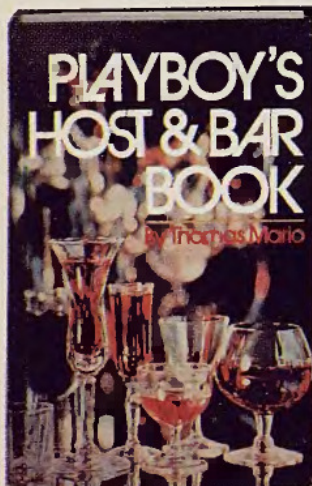
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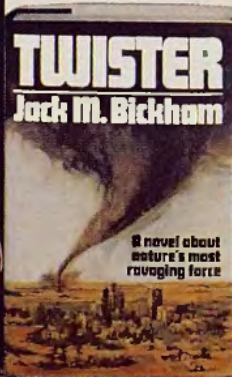
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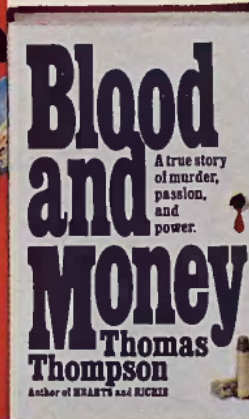
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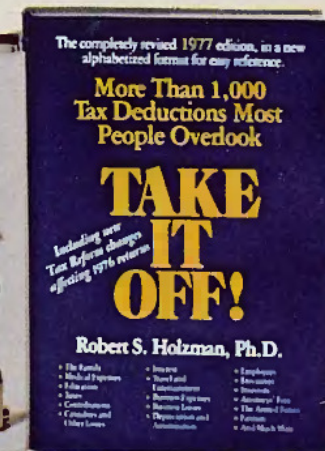
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MALE ORGASM

(continued from page 92)

"Having risen to the occasion, he enjoys himself, as is his wont. Slipping and sliding. Back in the saddle again."

orgasm in someone's mouth. Or when to come. The girl was moaning, swirling her tongue around my cock, sucking, playing with my balls—every sensation was new to me. I didn't want it to end, you know, and she seemed willing to keep it up all night. To keep me up all night. I kept having miniorgasms. I would get very excited, but I would pull back this side of shooting my load. I would shiver and shudder, and the girl said she could taste a little of my cum, but I didn't lose my erection. Finally, after about a half hour, I pulled out the chocks and started thrusting—sort of fucking her mouth. Then I knew where I was and let go. It was a blast."

I called Dr. William Masters to get his reaction to the media reports. His answer: "You can get many of the same responses—increased heartbeat, muscle tension, anal contractions—without being close to climax. Just thinking about sex can give you those symptoms. Prostatic contractions are the key. If you can show me prostatic contractions—presuming there is no prostatic pathology present—in the absence of ejaculation, then I'm impressed. I'm not sure that what Robbins and Jensen describe is an orgasm, but I'm sure it's great fun."

Masters knows more about sexual response than any other person in the history of Western man. He was the first to describe the physiology of intercourse. The mechanics. The fundamentals. What happens, when it happens. We are all lovers under the skin. Masters described the tiny anatomical events that are present in any act of love. *Human Sexual Response* is an owner's manual for the body. It can tell you what—if anything—is wrong. And when to take yourself into the shop. For future reference, here are the bare facts:

Masters and Johnson found that male and female orgasms are essentially identical—with male ejaculation being the one critical difference. Both sexes go through four stages of response: the excitement phase, the plateau phase, the orgasm phase and the resolution phase. During the excitement phase, the male develops an erection. Having risen to the occasion, he enjoys himself, as is his wont (the plateau phase). Slipping and sliding. Back in the saddle again.

The orgasm phase is a two-stage affair, comprised of emission and ejaculation. Or, in the words of the old Army com-

mand, "Load and fire!" Toward the end of the orgasm phase, seminal fluid and prostatic fluid begin to gather in the prostatic urethra. The fluid is pumped into the chamber by contractions of various accessory organs, including the prostate. The male identifies this as the feeling "My ejaculation is coming." The demand to come increases and, after two to three seconds, the proverbial cup overrunneth. The external sphincter of the bladder relaxes and a series of violent contractions spaced at eight-tenths-of-a-second intervals forces the fluid out of the chamber, through the penile urethra and out into broad daylight. Or wherever.

The major contractions are followed by a series of slowed, almost tensionless final contractions. According to Masters, "There is no associated level of pleasure response [to the final contractions] similar to that identified with the first strong expulsive contractions."

Following ejaculation, the male immediately falls into the refractory (or resolution) period. His erection diminishes to a size some 50 percent larger than that of the penis in a flaccid state. After several minutes, he may develop another erection. However, with each subsequent orgasm, the amount of fluid ejaculate diminishes, as does the subjective pleasure.

It is vital to note just how the presence of the ejaculation shapes your sense of pleasure. The more you come, the more you like it. In Masters' words, "A specific appreciation of fluid volume develops." Oddly, this unique trait makes men's sexual response different from that of women. "When female study subjects were interrogated in the laboratory after multiorgasmic experiences," Masters says, "the second or third orgasmic episode usually was identified as subjectively more intense than the first orgasmic episode. When male study subjects were multiejaculatory, the first episode usually was reported as the most intense experience."

Women do not immediately go into a resolution phase following orgasm. They can dip back into the plateau phase, crossing the border into orgasm at will. Imagine a girl on a swing arcing higher and higher—into weightlessness and back—finally to land on solid ground. The orgasms have been described as a hop, skip and jump, a series of punches leading up to a knockout that flushes the

blood out of the pelvic region and leaves the woman satisfied.

"Back in college, my girlfriend and I tripped on psychedelics one day and decided to make love. It was pure science fiction. I felt like my whole body was a hard-on. Every nerve was sensitive and she was playing me like an ocarina. Every note was an orgasm. I began to wonder where it would all end. I mean, if my whole body was an erection, then when I came, I would blow the top of my head off. My prick was twitching, leaping, surging—every time she touched me—just like when I usually come. The only thing missing was the cum, the fluid. When that finally happened, there was no mistaking the sensation. I turned inside out. Drained. What a gas. Since then, I've learned to view orgasms like punctuation marks. For most people, the orgasm is the period at the end of a sentence. By relaxing and going with the flow, you can have orgasms that are like commas—pauses, breathing spaces. You can write very long, involved sentences, instead of simple declarative sentences."

Masters feels that the two stages of the male orgasm are inseparable. Emission (the feeling of fullness as the seminal fluid collects in the prostatic urethra) and ejaculation (the contractions) go together like a horse and carriage. "Load and fire!" is a single command. You are not allowed to put the safety on, to wait until you see the whites of her eyes. Masters calls the sensation that occurs in the two-to-three-second interval preceding orgasm ejaculatory inevitability. The point of no return: "In contrast to the fact that orgasmic experience of the human female can be interrupted by extraneous stimuli, the male orgasmic experience, once initiated by contractions of the accessory organs of reproduction, cannot be constrained or delayed until the seminal-fluid emission has been completed. Regardless of the intensity of extraneous sensory stimuli, the male will carry the two-stage process to completion."

Robbins and Jensen believe that the urge to come is *not* overpowering, that ejaculation is *not* inevitable or involuntary. The two-to-three-second interval in which stage one becomes stage two is an eternity. A friendly one. Heaven should be so nice. A lot can happen in two to three seconds. At 60 miles an hour, you would travel 264 feet. (Broken down into seven-inch strokes, that figure adds up to a lot of hard traveling.) Once you acquaint yourself with the sensations that occur in that time, you can develop control. Promise not to come in her mouth and, with practice, you can keep the promise. Jensen told me, "We are

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not talking about a multiple ejaculatory orgasm. These men experience a different phenomenon—immediately recognizable when it occurs and, once experienced, something to be desired. What they go through has certain aspects in common with the orgasm as defined by Masters and Johnson, as we understand their

physiology. The subjective reports are also similar. The male begins to feel the contractions that usually precede ejaculation, but then he slows down to savor the fullness, the feeling of so-called inevitability. It's a nice feeling in its own right. He stops thrusting, tunes in to and exaggerates each sensation. He takes

deep breaths, purposely hyperventilating. [Deep breathing is already a natural part of the orgasmic experience.] He seems to go with the flow. Our guess is that he develops voluntary control of the external sphincter of the bladder, the muscle that operates as a floodgate for the seminal fluid. By inhibiting emission and ceasing all stimulation, he experiences the contractions without the fluid release. He can have the miniorgasms as frequently as one every minute. There is some control, but, like the female multiple orgasm, sometimes it happens and sometimes it doesn't. The male can ejaculate and go into a refractory period completely satisfied. All of our subjects viewed the final ejaculatory orgasm as the real thing, a superior orgasm. This phenomenon is not something that is necessarily an index of greater virility, greater masculinity. It is nothing to be achieved or striven for, it is simply a variation in the sexual response."

The pattern of response described by Robbins and Jensen is surprisingly similar to the pattern of the female multiple orgasm. A series of small orgasms leading to one climax, after which there is no more until next week. Jensen suggests that not all orgasms are climaxes but that all climaxes are orgasms. I'll take six of one and a half dozen of the other.

Now for the good part. If you want to experience the extended male orgasm, try the following: First, you must change your attitude. Stop to smell the roses. Man takes his orgasms for granted. You know your response like the palm of your hand. It's easy. Consequently, you may not be acquainted with the subtle signs leading up to the moment. You do not pay attention. The less you know about yourself, the more you take yourself by surprise. Men who suffer from premature ejaculation lie in fear and anxiety, waiting for the orgasm to strike. Before taking dates to bed, they give them a copy of *Two Minute Warning* and close their eyes. All because they don't know what to look for. Men who study their own reactions know what the edge looks like. They are less likely to wander off that edge in the dark. They learn to play with their response and can choose their own moment. The male orgasm is the result of friction and fantasy. The first is a simple matter of mechanics. The penis is contained by a hand, a mouth or a vagina. You move in the cadence most likely to produce a climax. All God's children got rhythm. The second element is subjective—how you view what's going on. Some men have favorite fantasies. They think of ten women and four dogs and, presto! Other guys think of Raquel Welch.

Jensen reports that the technique used



Model

"Hey! That's not what the Water Pic's for, you know."

Levi's??

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The fact is, good taste and sound construction and fiscal sanity can be combined in a single garment. Called Levi's Panatela.

Yes, Levi's Sportswear Panatela!!

by his subjects is fairly simple. The man who experiences the multiple or extended orgasm fakes his body out. He recognizes the signs of approaching orgasm—the sense of fullness, the slight increase in the size or hardness of his erection—and instead of yielding to the impulse to thrust harder and get it over with, he relaxes. He stops thrusting for a moment. He enjoys the scenery. He does not consciously resist the impending orgasm. Tension, jamming on of the brakes, is a sure-fire way to sail over the edge. Maybe instead of thinking about ten women and four dogs, he thinks about ten women and three dogs. Instead of thinking about Raquel Welch, he thinks about Jane Fonda. Whoops. Maybe not Jane Fonda.

The main obstacle to learning the extended orgasm is habit, the belief that the way you've always done it is "the way it's supposed to be." The new response may seem unnatural. Why abandon the tried and true? I once asked a friend if he had ever masturbated without reaching orgasm. His reply: "What do you think I am—incompetent? That's perverted." The impulse to thrust to orgasm during intercourse is strong, but it is subject to change. You have nothing to lose by trying the alternative. Change your habits. If you usually make love to one side of a Rolling Stones record, put a scratch in the last cut.

If you and your partner lie still and go with the flow, you may experience a partial orgasm. You can sense a contraction as a pleasurable event in and of itself. There may be a slight emission, but most of the seminal fluid that has gathered in the prostatic urethra will still be there and, far from contributing to a sense of frustration, will make your final orgasm a full-scale production.

In essence, the technique described by Robbins and Jensen is the stop-start

method introduced by James Semans as a means to control premature ejaculation. Slow down. Relax. Tell your partner to stop moving (if she was moving to begin with). The act requires a good deal of trust and a sensitive partner, one who knows how to read your reactions as well as or better than yourself. A partner who cares about improving the quality of the sex act. (With a friend like that, who needs orgasms?)

The phenomenon has been around for centuries. The Hindus call it *Karezza*. Members of the Oneida Community in New York State practiced something called ejaculatory control—loving without coming. My old college roommate called it fucking his eyeballs out. Turning his girl every way but loose. What happens should be called an extended orgasm instead of a multiple orgasm, but never mind. It is definitely fun.

I've given you the details, but, as hundreds of sex therapists can attest, no premature ejaculator ever learned self-control from a magazine article or a book and no lovemaking man will learn the technique of the extended orgasm from the printed word. You will have to practice, and practice hard. Success can occur—but it requires a fundamental shift in perspective. To obtain an extended orgasm, you have to forget about orgasm. Don't worry about coming too soon or coming before your partner. Learn to contain your excitement, relish it. Get on with it, and then get off on it. If you like what you're doing, why not keep it up forever? The extended orgasm is the secret of learning to like where you are at the moment, not where you want to be. To love what you have, not what you want. Togetherness is the measure of quality in sex, not the numerical count.

"Having multiple orgasms—if you count all the little ones—is a natural. It

is a matter of anticipation and control. When I'm feeling good and going strong, I like to make love to a woman in every position I know before I come. But sometimes, like when I'm fucking her from behind and sideways at the same time, the very sight of it almost trips me over. That's when I feel a short spasm, catch my breath and perhaps feel a drop of cum slipping out before I regain control. Thinking about soybean futures isn't enough. I literally have to stop thrusting for a minute, then begin again very slowly. Usually, I tell my lady how close I came or say, 'Hey, you're really knocking me out. Almost lost me that time.' That just gets her back into the rhythm and it is only a matter of time before I'm into sexual brinksmanship again. Often I notice the lady having the same thing—spasms and convulsions—sort of quick breaths just this side of the big one. Sometimes I can't take it if I'm on the edge at the same time. I'm gone, we're gone together. But usually, I'm able to skate on the edge—to be half swallowed by partial orgasms—before the inevitable catches up. Then it's the kind of orgasm where I'm sure I've ripped a hole in it."

OK, suppose for the moment that you have tried to learn self-control and have failed. (All failure should feel so good.) As a consolation prize, I offer you the secret of the old-fashioned multiple male orgasm. The secret of coming more than once in a session on more than one erection. The male sexual organ is an odd invention—it tells you things you may not always be aware of. For example, Masters and Johnson found that the longer a man spends in the excitement phase or the plateau stage, the longer it takes for him to lose his erection following orgasm. Foreplay is for your benefit as well as hers. There is grandeur in erection, magnificence in arousal. If your body has a good time, it is in no rush to leave the scene. Ironically, they also found that the amount of time it takes to lose an erection after orgasm depends on other circumstances. For example, "If the male walks about, talks on any extraneous subject or is otherwise diverted in an asexual manner, [loss of erection] occurs with relative rapidity." So don't be so quick to light that cigarette. Remember—after orgasm, the penis shrinks to a size some 50 percent larger than that of the flaccid penis. Not bad. If you are one of those flagrant optimists who believe that a glass is half full (as opposed to half empty), then you are well on your way to a second round. This one's on me.



"Let's have another look at that map."



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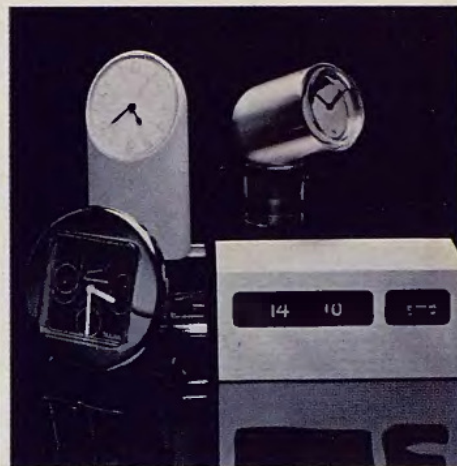
PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

HABITAT

CLOCK WATCHING MADE EASY



Pictured here is a variety of good-looking desk clocks that do more than just pass the time of day. From below left: A space-age timepiece that can be read by digits or binary numbers, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$200. Above it (left to right): A brass-cased 36-hour alarm desk clock that doubles as a paper clip, \$70, a quartz battery-powered clock with automatic world time, \$510, and a brass letter opener with a clock in the handle, \$70, all from Alfry. Next: A quartz battery-operated marine chronometer housed in a mahogany case, \$860, and an aviator's battery-powered calendar desk clock, \$170, both from Alfry. Proceeding left to right: An executive battery-powered four-faced brass clock that swivels on its base, also houses a barometer, thermometer and hygrometer, from Alfry, \$450; The Triumph, a dramatic timepiece in a metal case with matching dial, from Bulova, \$39.95; and an eight-day carriage clock with repeater and alarm, all housed in a brass case with beveled glass panels and top, from Alfry, \$800. Next (left to right): A round-square alarm clock, from Bulova, \$18.95; a Tantalo clock, from Ambienti Design, \$94; a stainless-steel bullet-shaped clock, \$230, and a rhodium-cased alarm clock, \$280, both from Alfry. Below them: A Sony digital clock-radio, from Hammacher Schlemmer, \$80. Last: An electric Solari wall or desk clock that's similar to the kind seen in European train stations, from Ambienti, \$240.—ROBERT L. GREEN



SPORTS

TOOLING UP

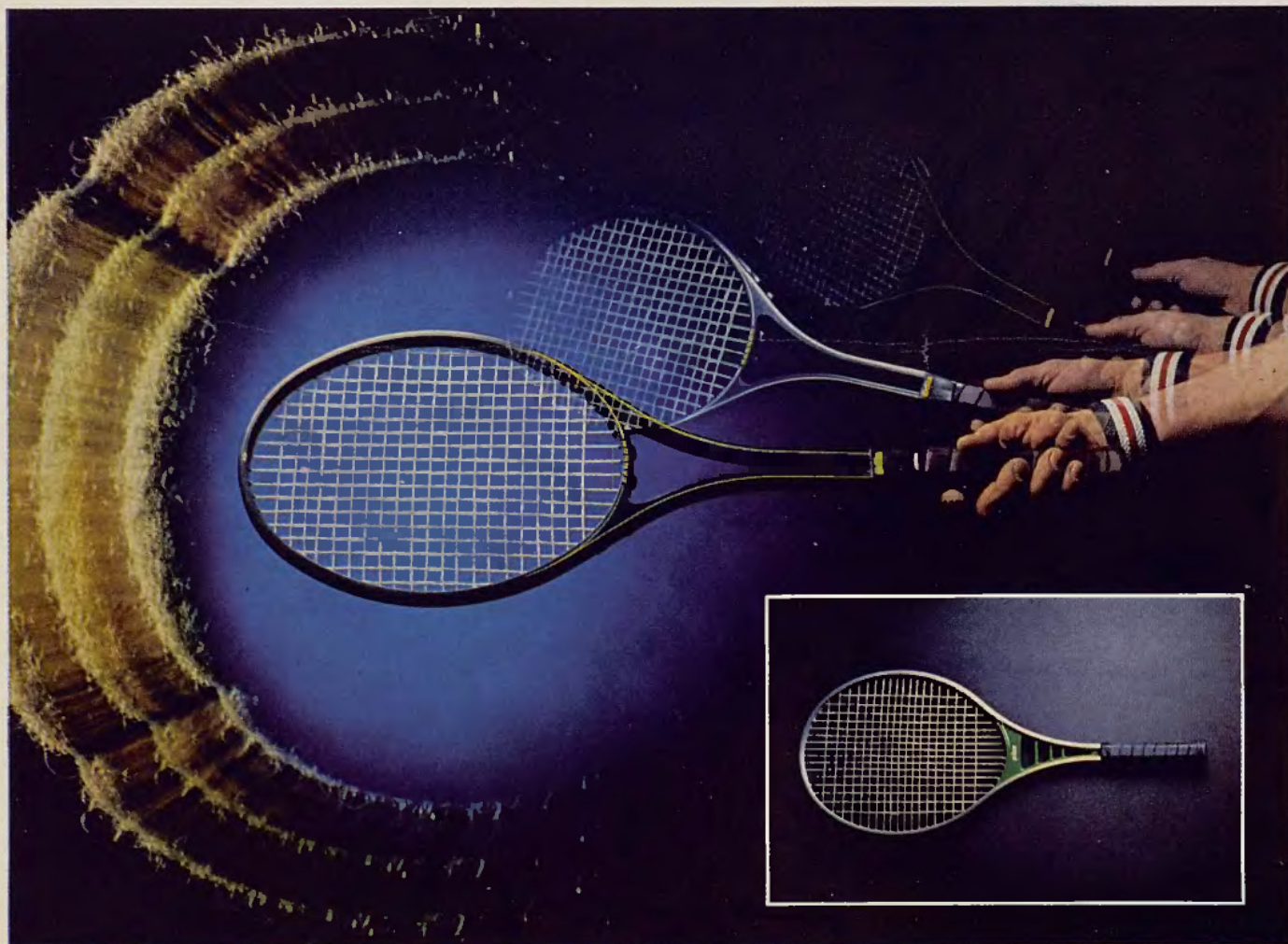
Unlike most of what's available at the pro shop, the two rackets on this page were not designed with a tennis star in mind. (Haven't you ever wondered what on earth Bjorn Borg's tennis needs could possibly have to do with your own? If you don't have his strokes or his reflexes, why are they always trying to sell you on the advantages of his tennis racket?) The oversized Prince and the graphite-framed Aldila Cannon have been designed to meet the more pronounced needs of the non-professional (who said hacker?). Having long been a seeker of the perfect tennis weapon, and even longer a fully developed hacker, I set forth to road-test these tennis machines.

The Prince—the big one—is this year's radical chic in tennis gear. The larger string face is supposed to enlarge the "sweet spot"—the power point in the swing, which is not in the center of the racket, where the teacher always told you to hit the ball, but somewhat off-center toward the hand. Theory aside, how does it feel to hit the ball with a snowshoe? Remarkably natural, not at all clumsy. There's no sensation of the odd size, although you do get some of the excess jolt and loss of feeling associated with aluminum. The secret advantage of the racket's width is that you can angle the face and still have plenty of hitting surface left to do the job. That means you can chip, block and slice service returns and ground strokes without fear

of mis-hitting. (And the extra string area turns quite a few of those embarrassing, awkwardly hit rim shots into clean strokes.) The increased confidence about making each shot is so great that, although I knew the racket was actually no longer than others, I was reaching and making volleys I wouldn't even have tried for with a smaller-faced racket. For doubles, the thing is a wonder, transforming the faint-of-heart net man (like myself) into a fierce avenger (like myself). You feel like you've got a bigger thing than the guy across the net. And you do.

The Aldila Cannon is something else—clearly someone's idea of tennis perfection. Most rackets produce either power or "touch" but not both. The Cannon is lively without distorting your game. It combines an open throat for power with head lightness for hand speed and stiffness for placement accuracy. I am a hard hitter with a preference for rackets that swing easy, and the Cannon is the first one I've tried that has let me keep my power but become steadier, even deadly. It has given me hand speed but has nearly erased the fear of overhitting. It plays to your groove. As Tim Gallwey says in his lessons on the Inner Game, I can visualize a little top-spin wrist roll, ask my body for it and the Cannon produces. It's magic. It's also expensive as hell—around \$150-\$200, depending on where you shop. But then, how can you put a price tag on magic?

—ARTHUR KRETCHMER



RICHARD IZUI

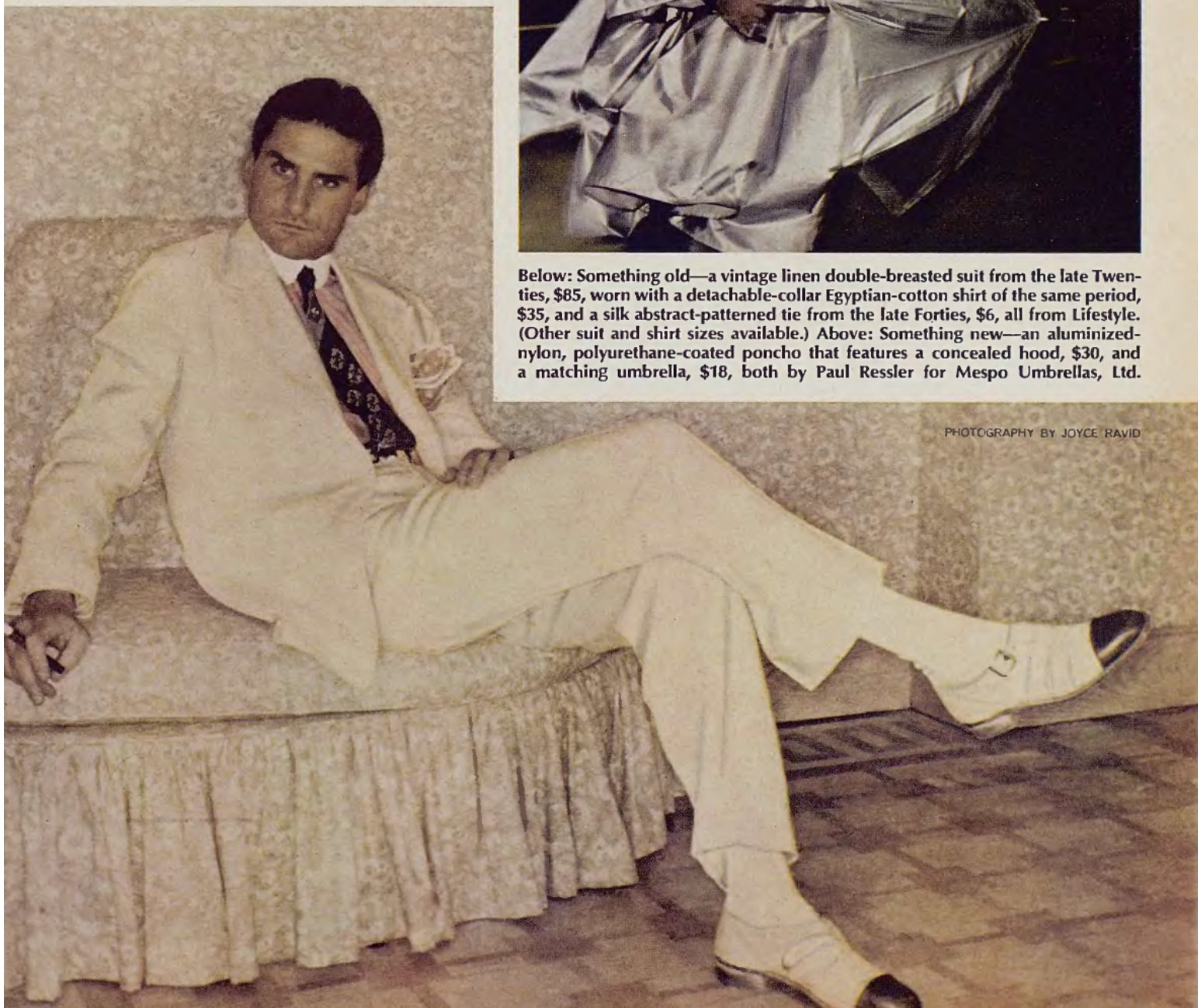
FASHION

ON WITH THE OLD, ON WITH THE NEW

They say that opposites attract; and when it comes to two current fashion trends, that couldn't be more true. One is the interest in antique clothes, the other is space-age fabrics. In the case of antique clothes, what was once a way for the hippie counter-culture to flaunt its independence has turned into an appreciation of the quality and aesthetics incorporated in yesterday's threads. So, as the supply of hip-looking antique duds dries up, expect to see an abundance of well-made vintage reproductions appearing on the market. Which brings us to the second trend: metallic fabrics spawned by the space age. (The shiny jackets of the Dallas Cowboys cheerleaders, for example.) The potential of this material is just being explored, but it shares with antique clothes an integrity of craftsmanship and design—rare qualities today. —DAVID PLATT



Below: Something old—a vintage linen double-breasted suit from the late Twenties, \$85, worn with a detachable-collar Egyptian-cotton shirt of the same period, \$35, and a silk abstract-patterned tie from the late Forties, \$6, all from Lifestyle. (Other suit and shirt sizes available.) **Above:** Something new—an aluminized-nylon, polyurethane-coated poncho that features a concealed hood, \$30, and a matching umbrella, \$18, both by Paul Ressler for Mespo Umbrellas, Ltd.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOYCE RAVID

GADGETS

LEFT-HANDED COMPLEMENT

Like it or not, it's a right-handed world. Statistically speaking, anywhere from a third to a half of the world's population is born left-handed, but only one out of ten is an "out of the closet" southpaw by the time he reaches adulthood. Why? Simple. It's easier to be a righty, because the world makes it tough to be a lefty. Ever see a left-handed dentist or a left-handed barber? They may exist, but where do they buy the tools of their trade, which are almost universally made only for righties? Put a deck of playing cards in your left hand, fan them and try to read the numbers. Try getting a number in a phone booth with your left hand. Try working a monkey wrench or a pair of scissors with your left hand.

In French, it's *gauche* (clumsy); in Italian, *sinistra* (sinister); in Scots, *gawk-handed* (gawk meaning fool); in Australian, *molly-dukers* (weak); and in Britain, it's *cack-handed* (cack meaning excrement).

Not that the conspiracy against lefties is anything new. Mythologically speaking, all gods are right-handed except one—Satan.

The Babylonians believed that large penises hung to the right meant power and success, small ones hung to the left meant weakness and failure. (What, then, of big ones that hung to

the left and small ones that hung to the right; and, anyway, what good in the end did their superstitions do the Babylonians?)

There are ancient Judaic and Scottish customs about putting on the right shoe before the left for good luck. Plutarch wrote that if you sneeze to the right, it's good luck. The Scots say an itching in your right palm brings money; an itching in your left palm loses it. Serve wine from the left in France and you're bringing bad luck to everyone at the table.

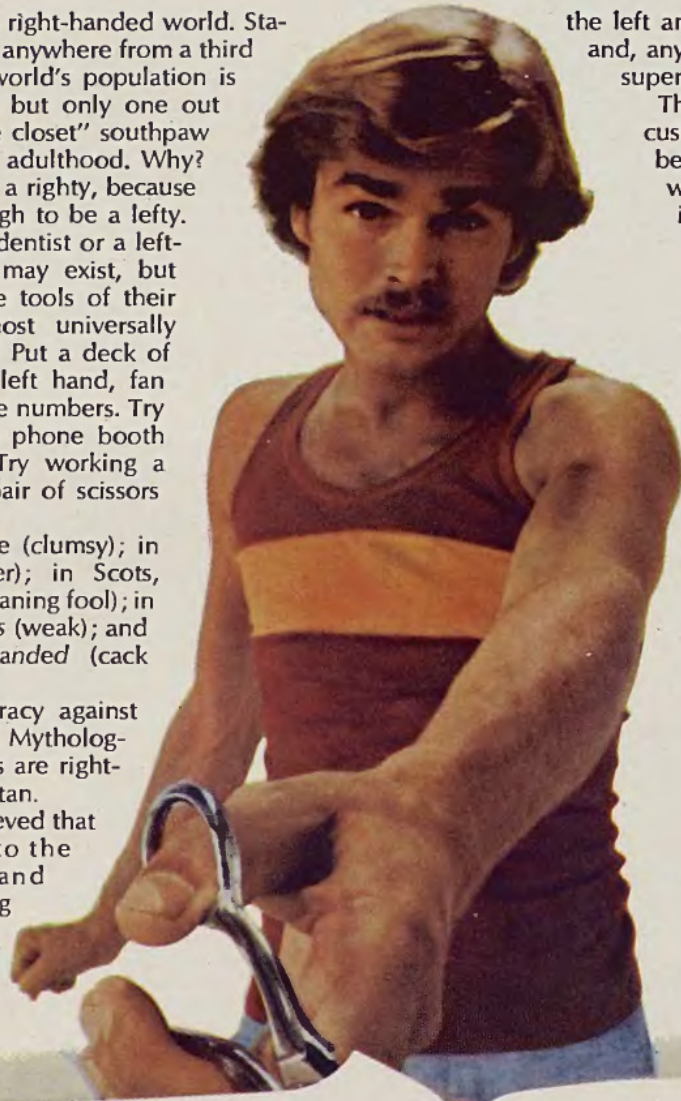
The Old Testament contains more than 100 references to the goodness of the right hand and more than two dozen to the evil of the left hand. In *Psalms* alone, you get such goodies as:

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

"The right hand of the Lord is exalted; the right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly."

But Benito Mussolini, Joseph Stalin and Adolf Hitler were all righties. On the other hand, Charlemagne was a southpaw, as were Cole Porter and Pablo Picasso. And so is Charlie Chaplin. So much for the concept of righteous right-handedness.

Today, the lefty is finally being given his due. There are left-handed scissors, watches, corkscrews, irons, pens, spoons, saucepans. About time. —JEFFREY ROBINSON



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



Above: For southpaw aborigines—a hand-crafted laminated boomerang with an 18 1/2" wing span, from The Left Hand, \$5.95.

Above: Left-handed steel shears, from Left Hand Plus, \$9.50; and, below, a dreadnought-bodied guitar, from Guild Instruments, about \$530.

Right: This man's automatic-winding wrist watch features the stem on the left side, from The Left Hand, about \$50.



Below: Lefty Robin Hoods will really dig a laminated Tamerlane II takedown compound bow, from Bear Archery, \$269.95.



Right: A deck of plastic-coated bridge-size playing cards with the numbers and suits in all four corners, from Left Hand Plus, about \$2.95.





BOB GRUEN

Five-Million-Dollar Man

An out-of-court settlement has finally put an end to an incredible shit storm of lawsuits between the Beatles and ALLEN KLEIN, their ex-manager. Klein (shown here with John Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono) and his company, ABKCO, got about \$5,000,000 in exchange for a tangle of rights, commissions and loans they held. But the big winners were the lawyers in the case, some 30 of them, who are reported to have taken an estimated \$8,000,000 in fees during the three-and-a-half-year battle. Klein gives the "Kissingerlike" efforts of Yoko Ono most of the credit for ending the contretemps. "She reached me on a purely personal level," he explained. "In a room with representatives from all sides present, she delivered an eloquent and poignant discourse on why we should settle and why it was important for us to be friends. It was such an honest statement I found myself unable to fight her." Once the deal was hammered out, Klein added, "John said he'd agree on two conditions: that this would end it all and that I'd go to dinner that night with him and Yoko. So I have two friends again."



RUTH BERNARD



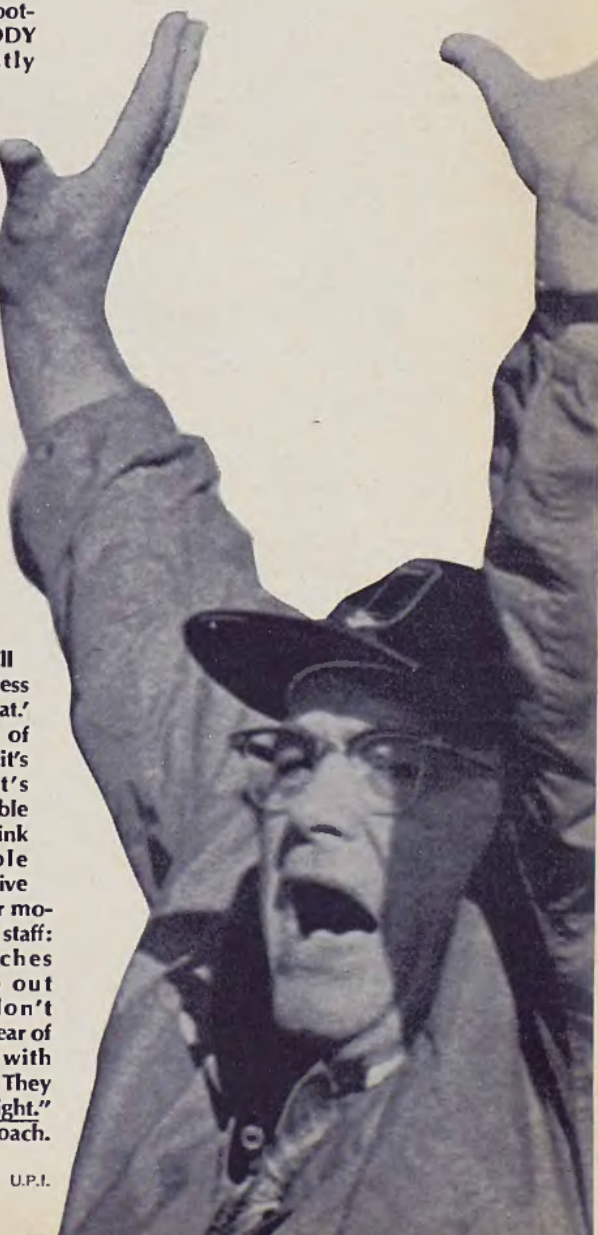
MARIO CASILLI

Bernard of the Bios

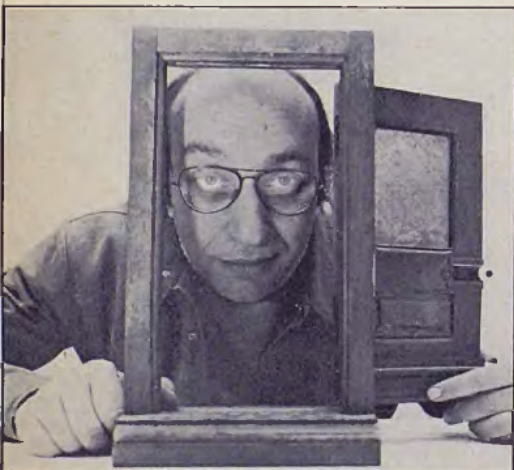
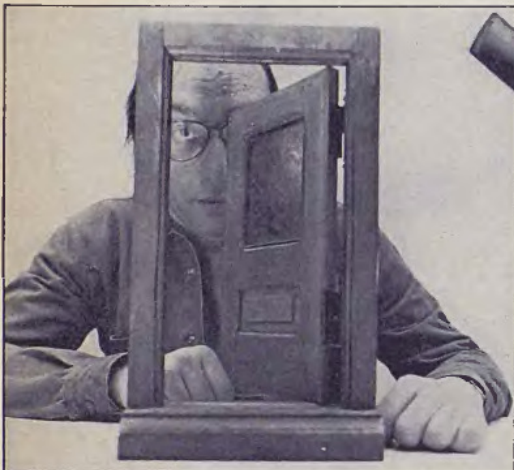
We've always had a weakness for local-girl-makes-good stories, particularly when they're about one of our own local girls, so to speak. So we're delighted to observe that SUSAN BERNARD, Miss December 1966, is making it as a film writer and producer. Deals in the works: an NBC-TV special (and a possible series spin-off) on America's pioneer woman reporter, Nellie Bly, with Dyan Cannon in the title role; a special with MGM on the late Ernie Davis, first black to win football's Heisman Trophy (O. J. Simpson's talked about for that one); and either a full-length feature or a TV film based on the diaries of Anaïs Nin, to which Sue has exclusive rights (Liv Ullmann and Jeanne Moreau have expressed interest). How did she land the Nin diaries? Bernard laughs. "Through a lot of persistence—and gall. Actually, I had talked to her about it, and various male producers had talked to her, too; but one day she called me and said, 'Let's do it.' She signed the contract about a month before she died." We noted a certain emphasis on biography in Sue's production deals and asked her about it. "Individuals who have made their mark on the world are fascinating to me," she says. Sue grew up around showbiz—her father is the famed glamor photographer Bernard of Hollywood—and was an actress ("The Toy Factory," "The Killing Kind," TV's "General Hospital") before turning to production. "I hope to write, produce and direct something I can star in." Watch out, Sly Stallone.

Don't Forget the Cold Showers

Ohio State football coach WOODY HAYES recently took time out to discuss morality. According to Hayes, it's magazines such as PLAYBOY that exemplify permissiveness in society and lead to a lack of discipline. "Those are the scummiest goddamn magazines that I ever heard of," he said. "They are unbelievable! Now, you put those into young people's minds and they'll say, 'Well, I guess I've got to try that.' It's the power of suggestion! But it's sodomy and it's everything horrible that you can think of. And people don't need to live that way." As for morality among his staff: "I tell my coaches when they go out recruiting, I don't even expect to hear of them sleeping with some other gal. They work . . . all night." If you say so, Coach.



U.P.I.



Cole Is Hot

"So many things have been happening, I'd have to sit down and cool myself out before I could think of them all," says NATALIE COLE, a R&B/pop singer whose robust music wouldn't suggest that she's the daughter of Nat "King" Cole, one of the smoothest interpreters Tin-Pan-Alley ever had. Natalie wasn't supposed to be a musician (the children of musicians rarely are); but while studying physiology at the University of Massachusetts, she went to a local pub looking for a waitress-ing job and was hired as a singer. After "This Will Be" turned into a monster hit, she knew she was into something serious; this past year found her playing gigs from Amherst to Japan (upcoming is a series of black-music festivals in the States), moving from New York to Los Angeles, getting baptized ("It's given me insight into what people are all about, helped me see a lot of things I couldn't see before") and getting nominated for a pair of Grammy awards. "I was shocked," she says of her early recognition. "Then I felt sentimental about it. And then I felt guilty because I was so young in the business, and I thought maybe I'd gotten all these wonderful things too soon." We don't think it's ever too soon, Natalie.

Off with the Old

"I'll undoubtedly start a new magazine with Clay Felker," says former "New York" magazine design director MILTON GLASER. "Also, I've gotten a slew of magazine offers." Which is understandable, since Glaser, who once studied in Italy as a Fulbright scholar, is cofounder of Push Pin Studios, the only commercial-art studio ever to have a show at the Louvre. A pioneer in contemporary graphic-art design, Glaser started "New York" ten years ago with Felker, only to leave in January when Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch gained control in a bitter stock battle. "The staff felt very deep resentment toward Murdoch," declares Glaser. "It was a hostile take-over." As for all those other offers, he says, "Apparently, there are a lot of magazines out there that need redesigning."



BIG MOUTHS

To whom do you go when you really want to open up and share your thoughts in an intimate conversation? In an interview with psychologist Valerian Derlega of Old Dominion University in Virginia, we found that "most men tend to confide macho sexual exploits or business successes to their male friends, but they'll share their feelings and failures with their lovers." Derlega says this is a fairly recent phenomenon. "Women's lib has made a lot of changes in middle-class values; men are beginning to view women as psychosexual companions rather than as sex objects. This has meant a shift in self-disclosure patterns. Women may now be intelligent buddies, but they're still women, which means they're nonthreatening. Men can tell them anything, because, deep down inside, most guys feel that women still are not equal to males."

There is, however, one person in whom both men and women are likely to confide. There's something called the "stranger-on-the-train phenomenon." People with long-term relationships may be even less open with each other than are people who have no future together. There are no consequences when you bare your soul to a stranger.

GAUL BREAKERS

Those lusty French have always been considered the world's greatest authorities on love. They invented French kissing, French letters, even (from the seamy side of the blanket) French pox. But now the myth of French eroticism has been exploded by science, and it turns out that the frogs are in even worse shape than Yanks are when it comes to worrying about their sex lives.

According to Dr. Michel Meignan, one of France's leading sexologists, "an astonishing 50 to 60 percent of Frenchwomen are nonorgasmic—it's our number-one sexual problem. And Frenchmen are very fragile. They're expected to have a good erection all the time, be good lovers. It is not surprising, therefore, that premature ejaculation is the most common sexual problem among them." A recent article in *Medical Tribune* indicates that these worries stem from French sexual mores, which are still based on the Napoleonic code—it pushes the belief that men are supposed to be sexual supermen and that their women should passively take whatever is dished out to them. In the past five years, however, France has received all the media messages we've been initiating about women's liberation, self-fulfillment and orgasm. This has flung open the closet doors on bourgeois bedding behavior and from under the sheets has crept—*anxiety*.

The harder they are, the bigger they fall? Well, something like that. This Casanova in a carapace, a 260-pound tortoise in a Seattle zoo, was reduced to scooting around on a skate board as a result of an amatory accident. Seems he broke his left front leg during an unsuccessful attempt to woo a lady tortoise, who must have had a headache that night.



Cheeks, a new style of form-fitting trousers, has been getting a lot of attention—and not just because of the product itself. This ad set "Time" magazine to fulminating about the new trend toward misogyny in advertising. Said Cheeks' agency exec Loren Miles: "We decided to develop a campaign men could identify with. We wanted to give it to women." Better stay away from ladies who know karate, Loren.

BALL BARINGS

Ah, the perfection of the male body! Especially as revealed in ancient statuary. Those powerful pectorals, those brawny arms, those sinewy thighs, those lopsided balls . . . lopsided balls? Yes, or asymmetrical testicles, as the classical scholars call them—they're a sign that the ancient Greeks and Romans paid close attention in their sculpture to testicular imperfection. In one of those wonderfully pithy and obscure reports, a scientist from New Zealand analyzed the genitals of Greek and Roman statuary in regard to scrotal misalignment. His analytical observations were for the purpose of finding out when the Greeks discovered this peculiarity and began to depict it. And, sure enough, through measuring the height of the testicles on sculptures dating from 600 B.C. to 480 B.C., Dr. A. F. Stewart of the University of Otago found a pattern emerging. We now know that in 600 B.C. all testicles were created equal, but by 480 B.C. there was a definite classical schema to the scrota—the right one was regularly the higher and the left one regularly the larger. Isn't science grand?

BRAIN DRAIN

Ever wonder what it's like to make love with a genius? Are people with superhigh I.Q.s better in the sack than the average individual? Not necessarily, according to Dr. Max Fogel, research director of the American Mensa Society (membership open only to those with I.Q.s over 130). "With most people, a happy sex life is based on compatibility that is mental as well as physical."

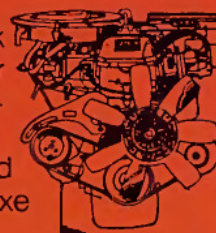
People with higher I.Q.s want more out of life than most people, says Dr. Fogel, and look for an intense level of sensuality in their lovers. If they find someone to match them, great; but many really bright people have trouble finding both a body and soulmate. It's Fogel's opinion that because of this frustration, superintelligent people experiment with sex a great deal more than your average horny human being in their search for the ideal coital companion.

—HOWARD SMITH AND BRIAN VAN DER HORST

TOUGH CHOICE

For 1977 Toyota makes five of the toughest, most durable trucks around. All are built with a rugged, welded-steel frame that makes them strong enough to carry up to 1,100 pound pay-loads.

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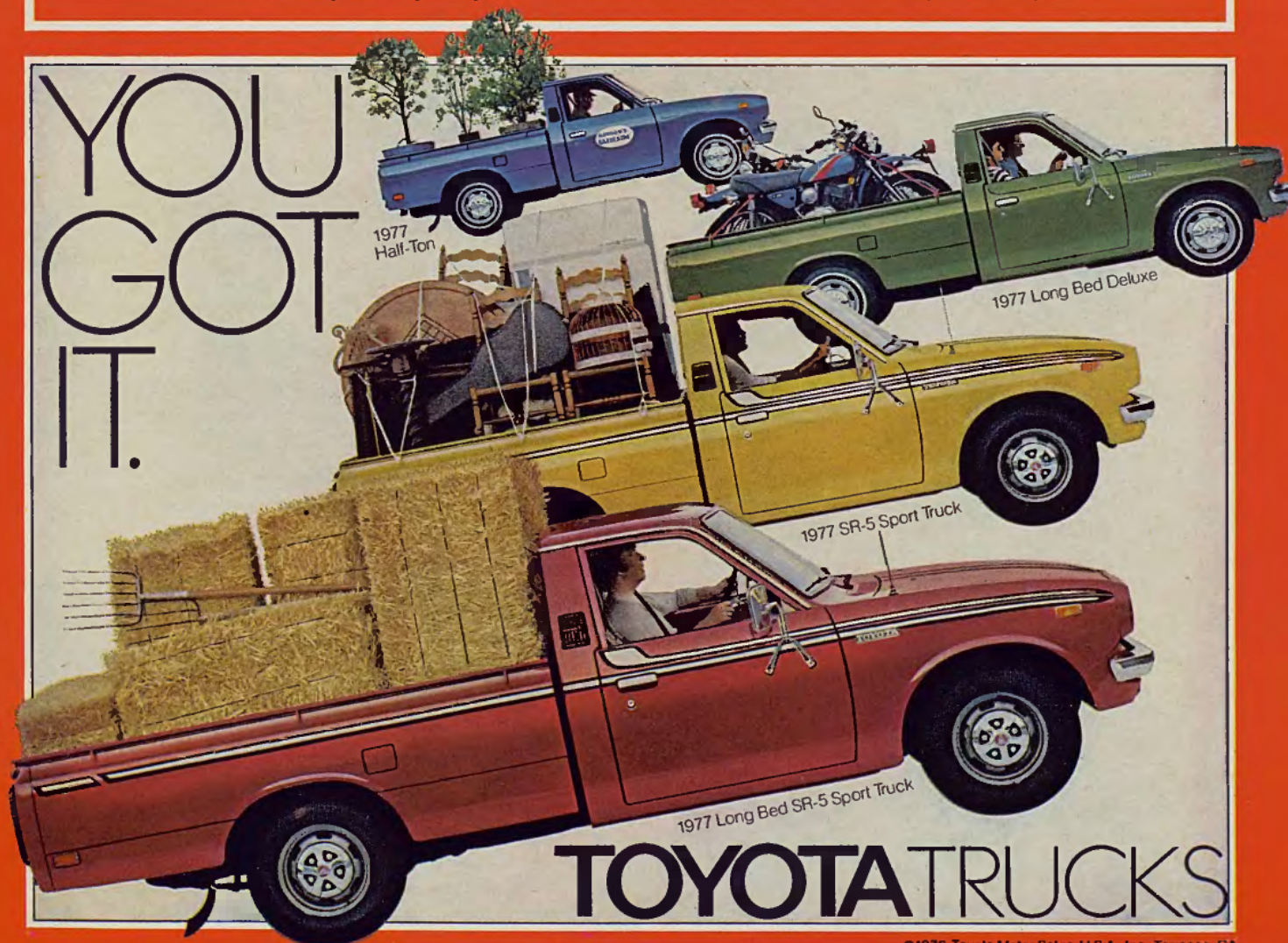


Talk about tops in its class. The big news for '77 is that Toyota trucks give you the best EPA gas mileage ratings in their class. For example: In 1977 EPA tests, the Long Bed Deluxe model, with 4-speed manual transmission, and all Toyota trucks, with 5-speed manual transmissions, got 34 mpg highway, 24 mpg city. These mileage figures are estimates. The actual mileage you get will vary depending on your driving habits and your truck's condition and equipment. California and EPA designated high altitude ratings will be lower.

Talk about a tough choice. For '77 we've got the widest selection of trucks in our class including our newest entry, the Half-Ton Standard Bed—Toyota's lowest priced truck. All have cabs with lots of head, shoulder, and hip room. Take your pick: Standard Beds, Long Beds, Sport Trucks—5-speed, 4-speed, and 3-speed automatics—highest torque, best mileage, big cabs, we've got 'em all. That's why we say...if you can find a better built truck than a Toyota...buy it.



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TOYOTA TRUCKS

PLAYBOY

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